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**IRISH PARLIAMENTS, AND THE FORTY SHILLING
FREEHOLDERS.**

It had been our intention to make no further reference to the Roman Catholic Question. During the progress of the measure we had unhesitatingly resisted it; and the decision to which the Legislature finally arrived, seemed to us founded on reasons too feeble for the conviction of any man thoroughly aware of the consequences. But the bill was now a part of the law of the land; and we had too much reverence for even the shadow of the Constitution, to offer such resistance as the press puts into every man's power, to a measure whose results were still in theory.

But totally distrusting the declarations that all was to be peace, and that the fortunate period was at hand, when political faction was to disturb men's minds no more, on the most important topic that had come before England for a hundred years, we will own, that we expected to find in those who had gained the triumph, at least the prudence to keep the more obnoxious sources of irritation from the national eye. In this we have been signally disappointed. The possession of power, has taught the Irish leaders only the way to gain still more hazardous power; and the submission of Protestant England, has been made without any other profit than the keener exacerbation, and the more unmeasured boasting of its enemies. Mr. O'Connell has just been making a tour through the south of Ireland. What the final issue of his canvas is to be at the hustings, will be settled before these sheets come from the press. But the final issue is totally unimportant, contrasted with the previous proceedings. It is not in the town of Ennis, but on the highways, that his true election is carried on; and it will not be in the paltry distinction of being a representative for Clare, but in the solid possession of the whole delegated authority of Irish party, that Mr. O'Connell's entrance into the House of Commons will be an omen of public evil.

The country sees him marching at will, with his tens of thousands, through the most inflammable portion of Ireland, making the most violent harangues, declaiming against the British Government, and avowing his full determination to overthrow the Union: an overthrow which must result in a final separation of the empire. On this career he goes, with the most open scorn of public propriety. We see him invested with his green ribbon and medals, the Order of *Liberators*, the new Irish Legion of Honour. We read his motto:—

M.M. *New Series.*—Vol. VIII. No. 43.

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" Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not

" Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?"

We hear of a long succession of acts, the least of which has, at all times stimulated the populace into excesses. Yet, what stop has been put to his career ? What attempt has been made by the authorities to restrict a conduct, which, in the case of Hunt, and other demagogues, had instantly brought down the most angry grasp of law ? Of the Duke of Wellington's conduct in the popish question, we have already given our opinion more than once. We think that his views of the true policy were altogether in error. But it would be absurd to suppose, that, with his abilities, and his eminent share in the triumphs of the country—a share which we are as ready to acknowledge as the most prostrate of his political adherents—he must not look to the progress of those rash and violent proceedings with anxiety. We are satisfied that the true means of conciliating Ireland have been infinitely mistaken. But we are convinced that the Duke of Wellington would resist to the uttermost the dismemberment of the empire. We call on him to exert his powers, before all exertion will be too late. That we are not in love with the present Cabinet, is tolerably well known. But we are no lovers of tumult : we think that obedience to the laws is a paramount duty ; we think that it is the corresponding duty of every government to protect the subject from violence of all kinds ; and we shall not regret to see the utmost activity of the Duke of Wellington's government exerted to suppress the disturbers of our Protestant brethren in Ireland. We are, therefore, compelled to ask, why are these things suffered ? The violence has uprisen again ; the Association is recovered ; the orator harangues ; the multitudes assemble ; the villages are traversed by furious crowds ; the hills are covered by beacons and signal-fires ; the new and deeply intelligible feature of feuds among the soldiery is introduced ; the whole ancient apparatus of " agitation " stands forth reinforced by military partizanship. We shall say no more. Let those who know the history of the human mind conjecture for themselves.

To Mr. O'Connell, and the faction whom he guides, we impute comparatively but little blame. They have never deceived us ; for we never believed them. Yet they can scarcely be charged with hypocrisy ; that basest of all the vices they left to the smooth-tongued servitors to whom education could not teach honour ; nor public favour, gratitude ; nor height of power, dignity of mind ; nor the consciousness of having the noblest treasure of national rights and memories committed to their keeping, inspire with a sense of fidelity, manliness, or honest pride.

Among those men we certainly see no twenty years of game of miscreancy—no systematic and contemptible trickery. They spoke falsehoods when falsehoods would serve their purpose ; but they were too confident in the pretence and rottenness of those with whom they had to struggle, to think it worth their while to suppress their conviction of the final and rapid victory of their own abomination, the natural delight with which bold ruffianism tramples on timid artifice ; or the daring determination to hazard all, and have all, even to the utmost possession of the most extravagant desire of bigotry, popular faction, and personal lust of power.

We call the attention of our conciliatory Cabinet to the speech which Mr. O'Connell is stated, in the newspapers, to have made to the mob at Tulla, a town in the county of Clare, on his way to the hustings. In that speech we find the following language :—

"By your cordial co-operation with each other, you gained your emancipation: you compelled your enemies to do justice to you at length. We have gained our object; but we *must not stop there*. We must *advance further*. I would as soon rob the altar, as take a single farthing from government for doing nothing but keeping up a *system of corruption*, by which the people have been, for centuries, oppressed and insulted." (Hear this, my lords of the cabinet.) "My object is to get *justice and liberty* for Ireland! You had *once a parliament* of your own in Ireland. You were basely and treacherously deprived of it. It ought to be *near you*, that it might be in your power to go there and petition whenever you were aggrieved by any of your Brunswick neighbours. The Brunswickers were great men last year. We are as great as they now; and *next year*, I hope, we shall be *greater*! (loud cheers.) We will follow our *former course*. (Cries of 'May we succeed.') Peel *pretended to be honest* when we were getting emancipation. I want to know, was he honest when he turned me out of parliament?" (So much for Mr. Peel's purchase of the rabble. But the following sentences are of more import than any contempt that can be flung on that miserable apostate. If the spirit of the words here pronounced were put in action, we know of nothing more likely to produce the most formidable consequences.) "I shall now tell you how to deal with the new Brunswickers, the persons who are now going to oppose me. Pass them by with silent contempt. If they speak to you, make no reply. If they have corn or hay to cut, tell them they are Brunswickers, and let them use their own reaping hooks and scythes. If any of them go to the chapel, and have a little corner for themselves, have a *few spikes in front*, that they may be penned up in a dock! When you see three or four of them, *begin to laugh*; the more they are annoyed, the more you *should laugh*. The Lord help the Brunswickers after that!"

We cannot conceive it possible to have combined more material of mischief in so many words. The man who votes against the Agitator, is to be actually cut off from all neighbourhood. The landlord is not to have the services of his tenantry and labourers, the peasant is to be left to work by himself; he is to be stigmatized as a Brunswicker; a name which, in such mouths, of course, passes for every thing vile. If three or four of those people are seen together, they are to be jeered at; and the more they seem inclined to resent it, the more they are to be jeered at. And this, too, in the country of perpetual mobs, where hundreds gather to beat out each others' brains, for all causes, or for any, for the colour of a waistcoat, or the knot of a cravat; the very country of the wildest insubordination, and bitterest feuds, perhaps, to be found in Europe. What the results of this command of perpetual insult may be, when, not three or four on a side try their powers, but when three or four hundred are ready for the riot by day, and the bloody revenge by night, we may feebly conjecture from the history of the last century. As to Mr. Peel's share of the honours, we submit the following sentence to his consideration:—"Mr. Peel does not like agitation. How must he be annoyed, when he finds that *I am agitating again*?" So may all the hopes of Mr. Peel end, and such may be his reward. But the Duke of Wellington, in the speech which so keenly castigated the wretched Marquis of Anglesey, declared that "agitation" meant little short of rebellion. And what is his Grace of Wellington now doing, when this "little short of rebellion" is thus publicly proclaimed again? when his boasted remedy for all

Irish disturbance is shewn only to have increased the disease ; and his threats and promises alike are thrown in his teeth.

To make the insolence of this speech of O'Connell's more insolent, if possible, it is speckled throughout with burlesque fragments of advice to keep the peace : precepts of quiet thrust in between principles of furious bitterness ; and the orator figuring in the double unction of the Popish priest, and the impudent demagogue. Yet no man of the " conciliating cabinet " must be suffered to say, that those insults to all their boasted policy have come upon them by surprise. They had been declared to the letter a hundred times over in the late debates ; and the declarations were substantiated by the conduct of the papists in Ireland at the moment. But if we are to be told that the fever of the time alone produced violent acts and outrageous language amongst the papists, we demand the attention of our Protestant countrymen to the proof that not a syllable was spoken, nor an act done, which did not emanate from the ancient system of popish arrogance, and projected seizure of the state. It was declared, upwards of thirty years ago, in a work sanctioned by the whole of the popish prelacy and orators, the " Statement of the Penal Laws," that the whole power and property of Ireland, civil and ecclesiastical, belonged of right to popery ; and, as a hint to government of the mode in which the right was ready to be established, that the papists were even then in possession of the means of civil war.

" They occupy," says this work, " the most valuable positions for *military* purposes, the most tenable passes, the readiest supplies of forage, the readiest means of attack and defence. They constitute five-sixths of the Irish population. The open country is in their almost exclusive occupation. In fine, the Catholics are, emphatically, the PEOPLE OF IRELAND !" By this manifesto it was farther declared, that the popish priests were entitled to claim a share in the church property, proportioned to the number of the popish population, which, " compared with those of the Established Church, were as ten to one." So says the Manifesto : and thus the Protestant priesthood are, in the new code, to have property in proportion as one to ten. The Manifesto demanded that papists should have the offices of the College of Dublin, (expressly founded by Elizabeth for the education of the Protestants, and peculiarly of the clergy,) in the same proportion—in other words, all.

And this " Statement " was not one of those accidental and obscure productions that are flung from the desk to the press, and from the press to oblivion. It was written by a Mr. Scully, a popish barrister of the first weight in his party. It was universally acknowledged as the authentic code of their grievances and claims by the party. It was carried to Rome by the popish envoys, Drs. Murray and Milner, for presentation to the papal prelate, Cardinal Albea, president of the College of Propaganda, which holds the actual government of the Irish church : and this cardinal governor declared himself so fully captivated with it, that he " got almost the entire of the volume by heart." The envoys gave an account of their embassy to the Irish papists ; and the letter announcing the happy reception of this Manifesto, denouncing war and spoliation to church and state, was read by the " popish *primate*, in an assembly of a hundred and fifty of his clergy," with infinite applause.

Dr. Dromgole's speeches in the popish association have been often quoted. He was an insolent and vulgar mouth-piece of the vulgar ; but,

so far as passion and brutality of mind can be honest, he was honest. He unquestionably told what he knew to be the feelings of his sect, and this is his language:—

“The columns of Catholicity challenge the possession of her ark (the Protestant church); and unfurling the oriflamme, (the French standard, declaring that *no quarter* was to be given) display its glorious motto:—‘*In hoc signo vinces.*’” The destruction of the Protestant church is then boldly declared,—“*In vain* shall parliaments, in mockery of Omnipotence, declare that it is permanent and inviolate. In vain shall the lazy churchman cry from his sanctuary to the watchman on the tower, that danger is at hand. *IT SHALL FALL*, for it is human! It shall fall, and nothing but the memory of its mischiefs shall survive!”

So far goes the spirit of conciliation. So far we are to believe in the sincerity of those political swindlers who have made the bargain on both sides; and to thank the simplicity of those miserable dupes, who, like my Lord of Westmoreland, and his fellow-fugitives, could believe that from popery any thing could come but evil to the freedom and the faith of England.

“Already,” says this vehement conciliator, “already are the marks of ruin upon the Church of England. *It has had its time on earth!* And when the time of its dissolution arrives, shall Catholics be compelled to uphold a system which, they believe, will one day be rejected by the whole earth? Can they be induced to swear that they should oppose even the present Protestants of England if, ceasing to be *truants*, they thought fit to return to their ancient worship, and have a *Catholic king* and a *Catholic parliament*?”

Of course, noble dukes, illustrious princes, and still more, illustrious kings, laugh at this; but men who know what popery is, know that every syllable of this denunciation, fierce, bigotted, and bloody as it is, will be realized. Pass away a few years, and the Duke of Wellington will be in the shroud: the wretched generation whom he has dragged after him in the chains of office, as much his slaves as if his collar were about their necks; the whole tribe, whom he has plunged in one common pool of national contempt, will be beyond all but the scorn that pursues the apostate even to his grave; but the popish prediction will be verified, aye, and to the letter. The Church of England will see the power which her prelacy has suffered to creep upon their slumber, starting up into sudden vastness: a ferocious lust for supremacy, followed by a tyrannical possession—her revenues confiscated to the pretended necessities of the state, her dignitaries insulted by bitter and grinning malevolence driving them from their place in society, and appealing to their helplessness as an evidence of the unsoundness of their cause. Apostates, too, will start up among themselves. One of those abhorred apostates has already gone to his account. He has been wrenched from life, before our eyes, like a weed torn up by the roots. His wretched ambition has been darkened on him at the instant, while the words of apostacy had scarcely parted from his lips. Nothing of him remains but the warning of his example.

The promotion of this man also gives a lesson. He obtained the highest rank of the church; that whole weight of public influence which belongs to a seat in the legislature, to the title of a British noble, to the disposer of preferment, and to the possessor of opulence. And for what merits, personal or professional? What had he ever contributed to the

learning of the church? what services had been ever rendered by him to general learning? what evidence had he ever given of manly ability, directed to the furtherance of religion, by either the defence of its institutions, or the elucidation of its scripture? Does one syllable from his pen survive? or did any one syllable ever appear, that any living being remembers? Not one syllable. But he was Mr. Peel's tutor!

And, in the name of reason, can we be surprised at the desperate state of the Church of England, when these things are so? When the mere fact of having been the tutor of a man in power, is equivalent to every qualification for the highest and most responsible trust that can be placed in the hands of a human being? If the instruction of the people in religion be a duty that rests on the soul of the pastor, and if every negligence, folly, or feebleness of conduct, will be solemnly visited at the great tribunal on the head of the offending teacher, what will be the responsibility of the still higher teacher, who comes to his office the mere creature of patronage—the mere manufacture of a worldly interest—Mr. Peel's tutor in *morals, honour, and religion*! But Mr. Peel's tutor is gone; and so may every man follow, who has come in by his road, and emulates his hypocrisy.

There are a thousand evidences of the systematic determination of popery to leave not one stone of English supremacy upon another.

A celebrated Manifesto of popery, entitled, "A Letter to Lord Grenville, on the Veto," declared, twenty years ago, the unalterable rule of popish ambition. "Catholic emancipation, if an *insulated* measure, must be in every sense of the word, undesirable. To satisfy the people of Ireland, (the papists), there must be a **TOTAL CHANGE OF THE SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT**! There must be the *abolition of tithes*! The annulling of *all corporate bodies*, including the *University*! There must be the *resumption* of the enormous, and misapplied revenues of the **ESTABLISHED CHURCH**!"

And this demand of the whole power of the State, which would be instantly equivalent to the extinction of the Constitution; and, before half-a-dozen years were past, to the persecution, in the shape of either exile or death, of every Protestant in Ireland, is grounded upon the right of popery to the original possession of the soil—that is, to the robbery and expulsion of every Protestant landlord, and the overthrow of all established property. "The Catholic beholds in the Protestant," says the Manifesto, the offspring of a race, *new and intrusive* in the land. If he claims any right to oppose any religious ascendancy, injurious to the great mass of the population, it is from his considering religion in a *political* view, as connected with the *ancient civil rights* of the Irish people." This declaration was from the pen of Mr. Keogh, a leader of the party; and it was followed by the Resolutions of the "Catholic Committee," appointed to make a public statement of their demands. This paper asserts, "The *right* of the Catholics to demand, not only the removal of all parliamentary and official disabilities, but the utter *abolition* of all corporations—the acknowledgment of the full, and unlimited jurisdiction of their church over *marriages*—the unrestrained exercise of her *powers of excommunication*—the revival of her *endowments and bequests*, and a *befitting* share of the public revenues, for her hierarchy: a hierarchy, not belonging to a *sect* in the nation, but to the *people* of Ireland, claiming as a nation, the establishment of its *national worship*."

With the daring insolence of this declaration, and a host like it,

on record—with the perfidy, furious passions, and irreconcilable ambition, of the popish faction before their eyes, a majority of one hundred and five English peers voted for the admission of papists into the making of laws for Protestants! The deed is done, and may God forgive those by whom it was done. But we would not take the lot of those by whom that deed was done, for the empire of mankind. They have, in the dearth of all other means, attained at least one way of making themselves remembered; and the perpetrators of that deed, will be marked to the last hour of England.

It has been tauntingly said, that the predictions of the honourable and manly portion of the Legislature have not been realized; and that no "earthquake has hitherto shaken the land." To the taunters we truly reply, that the moral earthquake, a thousand times worsethan the physical, has come already—that there has been a shock of public reliance on public men, that will never be recovered—that the name is now held to be identified with desperate and selfish covetousness of power in the high, and with desperate and selfish covetousness of place and profit in the low;—that the whole ancient spirit of respect for leaders is utterly vanished, and the very sound of political profession, received with an indignant smile—that contempt, deep, and solemn contempt, sits in the place of confidence; and that the whole mighty multitude of the religious, the rational, and the patriotic, disgusted to the soul with the conduct of all parties alike, are ready to take refuge in any new expedient which gives a chance of restoring the British Constitution. This great portion of the empire had, from the beginning, looked with reluctance on the borough system and the influence of Government in sending members to the legislature; but the unlicensed rage of democracy in France, compelled them to suppress their reluctance, through the fear of exciting tumult within their own borders. The obvious evils of the system were endured, in preference to the possible excesses of a change. They looked to, at least, one branch of our legislature, for the security of the Constitution. This feeling has now been extinguished in an extraordinary degree. Men of the first rank have openly declared themselves ready to welcome "Radical Reform." The most capricious ideas of change have been asserted to be preferable to the system under which influence is now exercised; and it has been unhesitatingly received by millions of the nation, that if Universal Suffrage were the law of election; if the choice of the multitude, head by head, had sent their representatives to parliament, the popish question would have been trampled under foot, with the indignation that belonged to an avowed "breaking in upon the Constitution." Henceforth, if any great public emergency should arise—and who, in the perpetual contingencies of human affairs, can doubt that such will arise?—the ancient strong hold will be no more—the embarrassments of authority, will be no longer healed by the generous and willing interposition of the people—the penitence of public men will be scoffed at—the principles of ministers will be an object of incurable distrust; and the appeal to the old and ardent feelings which so often rescued the State, will be answered by pointing to a legislature polluted by the footsteps of papists; and asking, whether it is to perpetuate idolatry, and the power of idolaters, that English Protestants are to peril their properties and lives? We may live to see the trial made; and as sure as there is a Heaven above us, those who abetted the "Atrocious Bill," those who either seduced others into the measure, or suffered themselves to be seduced,

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will look back with fatal and fruitless remorse on the incurable evil perpetrated by their weakness, or their corruption.

The conduct of the popish demagogues to their own adherents, is an example of the faith which they will hold with us. As that honest and able man, Mr. Wetherell, said, two years ago, "When the papist populace shall see Mr. O'Connell and his associates, coming back to announce their successes; and to the question, what have you got? one answers, a silk gown, another, a sinecure, a third, a place in the peerage; and the people at last ask, 'What have we got?' the answer must be, 'You have got robbed.'" The forty-shilling freeholders have been the scape-goat in the general cleansing; the price paid by the popish leaders, for admission into parliament. Yet, but a few months have elapsed, since Mr. O'Connell pledged himself, with a gravity worthy of Mr. Peel, that sooner than see the forty-shilling freeholders robbed of their votes, "he would resist to the death, and repel the measure, though it should force him to either the field or the scaffold." Those are formidable declarations: yet as the Duke of Wellington's government has adopted the plan of being frightened at every thing, and the Irish popish parliament have understood his Grace sufficiently to know, that the more they bully, the more they will succeed, the menace served as an oratorical flourish, and no man has thought it necessary to keep the agitator to his word. But that agitator is too shrewd an individual, ever to have suffered the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders, if he were not conscious that out of it might grow a new and overwhelming power. In the first instance, the abolition extinguished a strong body of Protestant voters; nearly 150,000 being nullified by the act. In the next place, he knew that the latitude of the popish conscience was so extensive, that the man who swore to the possession of an interest of forty shillings, might as well have sworn to that of ten pounds; and the event has justified his calculation. The forty-shilling freeholders are at this moment crowding in to the registry, as ten pound freeholders; and every man of them, as usual, the slave of the priest, and as ready to go the grossest lengths of bigotry and violence, as ever. As early as 1793, it was declared, that giving the elective franchise to the Irish populace, would be giving them the parliament. Yet it was given: and the consequence followed with ominous exactness. The parliament became to all intents popish. The members, nominally Protestant, were the creation of papist influence—sent to the House by papists, they were watched there by papists—they did the papist business; and on failure, were turned out by papists. That parliament finally perished. Under Heaven a judgment more deserved never fell on an assemblage of corrupt, base-hearted, and blinded hypocrites. The parliament was totally rotten. The peer sold his borough to the highest bidder, publicly, and infamously. The best bidder bought it notoriously to make the most of it; no matter for what purpose, or by what miscreant minister his vote might be hired. Men went into parliament as notoriously for the purpose of sale, as if they had stood in a market, with placards of their prices on their foreheads. The minister proceeded as unceremoniously to their purchase, as if they were so many bullocks. This went on for a while in the midst of national indignation. Every man of honour, religion, or honesty, looked with abhorrence on this hideous scene of venality; and the parliament, which had once been the idol of the people; the Commons, to which they had, twenty years before, looked for the advocacy of their rights; and the Lords, to whom

they looked up for the security of their Constitution, became abhorred and despised alike. Then came the crisis. The English minister, influenced by the necessity of checking the rise of a popish parliament, which that of Ireland must inevitably have become, in name, as well as in spirit, within a few years—a change, which would have been inevitably followed by the revolt of Ireland, and its seizure by France or Spain—determined to remove the legislature to England.

The measure was wise, but the means were criminal. Yet, if palliation for the memory of the minister who uses unhallowed means, is to be found in the impossibility of adapting any other to the case, the memory of Pitt may be vindicated in the purchase of the Irish legislature, by the fact, that to money alone that legislature was accessible. The market was opened, and as every man had his price, the sale was expeditiously completed. Some individuals were an honourable and rare exception. They struggled for the independence of parliament, with noble and powerful patriotism. They pointed out to the people the loss of public spirit, the decay of national dignity, the calamitous privation of a place of honourable exercise for the rising genius and virtue of the country, the direct, and ruinous growth of popish faction which must be created by the absence of all that powerful and intelligent protestantism naturally drawn off to England by the removal of their legislature. And those appeals, forcible, true, and made in the loftiest language of feeling, must have triumphed, but for one misfortune. The people were utterly sick of parliament. They had seen themselves trafficked from hand to hand, till they could submit to be trafficked no more. The idea of public principle had perished. The more a public man professed, the more they pronounced him a place-hunter and a slave. They were sick of the baseness, the knavery, and the hypocrisy of public life; and they refused to answer the appeals. Their parliamentary independence, which twenty years before, they had challenged from England at the risk of a civil war, and which, ten years before, would have put a sword into the hands of every man in the kingdom, to save the hem of its robe from a presumptuous touch; they suffered to be sacrificed, and looked on the sacrifice as men look at the punishment of an incorrigible criminal. From one end of Ireland to the other, there was not a hand raised in its defence: there was scarcely a remonstrance. The public feeling had so long been disgusted by the venality of parliament, that all attachment was dead; and in its place, had come a kind of vindictive joy at the fall of the villainous race, who had turned the temple of the Constitution into a den of thieves. The Irish parliament went down to the grave, with none to write its epitaph. And by a chance, which takes almost the shape of a judicial sentence on the character of its temptation, its site was sold for a bank; and the halls, which once echoed as noble aspirations as ever issued from the lips of young liberty, before they had degenerated into the foul accents of old corruption, now rings with the traffic of the money-changers.

This is not the place to point out the formidable lessons which the crime and the punishment of the Irish legislature speak, for the warning of nations. We may return to the subject. But we address men capable of looking beyond the miserable triumphs by which public faction gets the momentary superiority over public honour, when we pronounce, that there is a special providence armed against legislative corruption. The crimes of individuals are often repented of, and for-

given; the crimes of nations are long endured; but the crimes of legislatures are always punished. There seems to be a deep, and direct insult to the God of Justice, in the offence of those great bodies from which justice and honour should flow, as from fountains, to invigorate national principle. How soon did all the legislatures of Italy, Spain, and Germany perish, after they had become thoroughly venal! How soon was the notorious corruption of the old French legislature punished, by extinction! But if the Irish parliament had never received a polluted shilling, the conduct of its electors and elections from 1793, must have called down vengeance. In the whole history of perjury, there never was so scandalous and repulsive a mass of perjury, as was thus perpetually added to the national guilt of Ireland. In the first instance, almost the whole body of the papist freeholders were perjured. The evidence of this atrocity is abundant, but we shall restrict ourselves to one or two individuals, known as popish advocates. Mr. Blake, a Roman Catholic barrister, and Remembrancer of the Exchequer Court in Ireland, (Com. of House of Commons, 1825, p. 43.) says, "The common mode of creating forty-shilling freeholders is this: the tenants, (holding leases for life) in general pay what is called a rackrent for the land; they then build mud huts upon it, and if they make out of the land a profit of forty shillings, a profit produced by the sweat of their brow, this is considered by them as an interest in the land to the extent of forty shillings a year: whereas this gain produced, is not through an interest in the land, but through their labour."

Mr. Browne, Member for Mayo, (Com. of Lords, 1824, p. 10.) thus detailed the manufacture of perjury. "Supposing a farm of 100 acres is to be let, that land would probably be divided into from twenty to twenty-five holdings. The landlord would let it to those people at a greater price than the grazier could afford to pay him, in consequence of their security being inferior; these persons would, immediately on taking out their leases, commence enclosing a garden, or building a house, or rather a hut, and would, perhaps within the same week, or frequently before the ink was dry of the signatures of their leases, register upon a forty-shilling freehold out of the land, for which they pay a rackrent." From this plan issued an enormous and perpetually repeated system of false swearing; for those mock freeholds must be registered: to be registered, their value must be sworn to; and the freehold, not worth forty pence, was regularly declared on the scriptures to be of the legal value. A specimen of the operation of this system upon the populace, may be found in the testimony of Dr. Kelly, titular Archbishop of Tuam. "The freeholders have often called on me to represent their unfortunate condition, and stated, that the quantity of land which they held was very small—that they were very apprehensive about taking the oath of forty-shilling freeholders, and they requested me to advise them what to do upon the occasion. My advice uniformly was, for no person to register as a freeholder, unless he could do it with safety to his own conscience. I have met them afterwards, and they acknowledge, that although they did not feel their consciences *quite at ease*, they were obliged to register their freeholds. That they had been threatened to be expelled from their holdings, or to be deprived of their land, unless they registered their freeholds!

Such was the forty shilling freehold system—the creation of the pretended patriots of Ireland in the year 1793, and applauded and sustained

to the last by the whole body of Papists and pretended patriots, until the moment when they bargained it away for their own objects. Such was the system which the "Agitator" declared that he would uphold alike in "the field or on the scaffold." It was, in all its parts, infamous; it deserved to perish, and it deserved to work the ruin of its abettors. Of its Protestant abettors, it has already worked the ruin. Those hypocrites, who, with the most perfect consciousness that to serve the cause of popery was to abandon the cause of the Constitution, yet swelled the number of the pro-Papists, are actually already undergoing their castigation, are losing the very object for which they sacrificed protestantism, and already see themselves trampled down, and cast out of their hereditary influence, by popery.

Mr. O'Connell's tour through the south of Ireland, is the first fruits of the conciliation system. Nothing could be a stronger evidence of the fatuity of Mr. Peel and his assessors, than the mere act of sending this man back again to Ireland to recommence a canvass for his seat. Whatever might have been his influence before, it is ten times augmented now. He was treated with a harshness that throws the Cabinet on its justification, and entitles it to his bitterest hostility. His journey has been a perpetual triumph; and he has turned his triumph, whether by intention or accident, into a triumph of popish superstition. What are those processions of priests, those visits to convents, the whole mummerly of his prostrations at the feet of friars, prayers in the streets, and harangues in chapels? Will these things perish? Not one of them. The seed that is cast into the ground in this journey, will bear fifty-fold in its due time. What are the open quarrels of the military on his account?—whole regiments taking up his cause, even to mutual bloodshed. Military men of rank basely attending on the demagogue at his quarters, and paying him the same deference that they could to legitimate authority. And is all this for nothing, in the midst of a multitude of the most violent, and giddy, superstitious, and sanguinary peasantry in Europe; with the whole protestant population, including the whole intelligence and property of the country, utterly disgusted by the conduct of the British cabinet, and with a priesthood on the other side, guiding, stimulating, and maddening their own furious and ignorant populace to a seizure of power at all risks? As to the representation of Ireland, the whole of it must rapidly pass into papist hands. The priests have but to speak the word, command their slaves to act, and the thing is done. But they keep back their strength for the moment, for the double reason, that a too sudden display might embarrass their official partizans here, and that they cannot trust the barrister-tribe, who are now their chief agents; they know them to be utterly selfish, and they shrink from exerting their anathemas, and pouring out their popish thunderbolts, only to secure silk gowns for hirelings. They have a deeper purpose in view, and that purpose is the supremacy of their superstition. They cannot trust a coquetting lawyer with this purpose: they know that the love of gain is so wrought into the soul of those men, that a seat on the bench, a pension for a wife, or a sinecure for a son, would win them from their highest flight of partizanship, and knowing this, they will not trust the cause of Rome into such slippery hands. But they are training a new generation. The jesuit seminaries have been at work, silently, but successfully; a stern and subtle education has been for some years equipping the rising race of Irish papists of the better order for the stormiest and

subtlest work of popery. In those seminaries youth are brought up with the strictest discipline of superstition; they are fitted for spiritual slavery by the severest habitudes of bodily and mental subjection; and their studies are directed, unremittingly, to the supremacy of Rome. Aversion to protestantism is the first tenet of the jesuit in every corner of the earth; and if we are to judge of jesuitism in Ireland by its conduct on the continent, that infamous and bloody process of intrigue and ambition, which scarcely half a century ago occasioned its public banishment from every kingdom, even of popish Europe; we may congratulate ourselves even on the brief respite that we have hitherto obtained.

The Forty-Shilling Freeholders have been abolished. And every man who wishes well to what remains of the constitution, or whose feelings shrink from the sight of boundless perjury, must rejoice at the abolition, if it be an actual removal of either the influence or the perjury. But we have seen that the Forty-Shilling Freeholders are now crowding forward as Ten Pound Freeholders; and though many must be driven from the hustings by the law, yet the crime is but slightly diminished by its own impotence, and unquestionably, in a vast number of instances, the same contempt of an oath which qualified a peasant with a rack-rent to be a freeholder at so many shillings, will qualify him to have a vote at so many pounds. But, in the declared purport of the measure, it will totally fail; for that purport was to diminish the influence of the priests at elections. That influence has not been diminished one iota. They have long felt it with such confidence, that they openly avow and boast of it. They outface the landlords, and publicly make their claim upon the "rent," to enable the tenantry to resist their landlords. The orators echo the cry. "The clergy," says Mr. O'Connell, "from the most venerable and reverend prelates in the land, to the youngest curate of the most remote parish, make common cause with the people." (*Fourteen Days' Meeting*, 1828). "The aid of the Catholic priesthood," says another, "and their intelligent and zealous co-operation, will ever be necessary to the national cause; and that we enjoy in an unlimited degree." Another says, "We are, to a great extent, masters of the representation of Ireland, and I trust that before long every county member shall obey our bidding. Therefore I scarce care one jot whether the Irish protestants are favourable to us or not."

A few years will realize every syllable of those denunciations. But we acknowledge that, whoever may have deceived us, the charge cannot lie upon the heads of the popish leaders. They have told us plainly that their determination is to have an Irish parliament, an Irish church, and an Irish resumption of property: in other words—their own words—a popish establishment, and a popish king! They declared this before the birth of the "atrocious bill." They declared it during its progress. They now declare it with fiercer menaces, and with a more authoritative confidence. At Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, they absolutely laugh; and, pointing to the spirit already working in the shape of military feud, scoff at the miserable wisdom of the wise. They bid the pro-popery advocates look to the exile which awaits them; and, feeling respect for their opponents alone, shew the sullen host of superstition and Rome drawn up to overwhelm the last defenders of the last bulwark of the constitution. If there can be an aggravation of this evil, it is, that it might have been extinguished by a word. But, with the impulses of loyalty strong within us, we shall respect the dif-

faculties that may have compelled the suppression of that word. Our motto has been, and shall be *Vive le roi, quand même*. Yet we cannot help adverting, on this occasion, to the former language of a man whose name it now disgusts us to pronounce—the redoubted Dr. Philpotts. “Looking,” says this man, “to the unconstitutional power possessed over the great majority of the Irish representatives by the popish priesthood, and looking, too, to the avowed hostility of themselves, and the most prominent of their lay adherents, to the Established Church, can it be safe to give them the great additional power of choosing from those very adherents a large and important part of the British parliament?” We answer, with the universal voice of England, that nothing short of the most unaccountable blindness could have done it. Can any friend of the constitution wish to see the writ of summons to parliament, “for some great and weighty affairs, concerning us, the state, and defence of our kingdom, and of our church of England and Ireland,” directed to men of such language and intentions? Certainly not. Above all, can a prince who has sworn to maintain, to the utmost of his power, the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant religion established by law, can he give his royal assent to a bill which would confer on eighty, perhaps an hundred, of the bitterest enemies of the Protestant church, power to interfere in all its concerns, and defeat and annihilate all its laws? Thank God,” pursues the conscientious Dean, “thank God, our king himself feels that he cannot, and has proclaimed, on his royal word, that he will not; and every loyal subject, be his own opinion on the great question what it may, will exult in the conscientious decision of the sovereign, and gratefully acknowledge a new and powerful claim on the attachment of his people.”

So much for the pledges of Dr. Philpotts, before a visit to the *seat of wisdom*! made him see with other eyes, turned his imagination upside down, inoculated him with admiration for every nonsense or knavery that could drop from official lips, and made him, if he has any feeling left, the most miserable man alive. So sink the apostates; so be rewarded meanness of spirit; so may the swallows of their own words feed on the bitter banquet of their own reflections. For this fellow we have the deepest scorn. Lawyers are bred to artifice; ministers and party men naturally learn that their principles are a part of their trade; but a clergyman, the professional teacher of morals, honesty, and Christian self-denial—But we are sick of the subject, and of the man.

We shall tell these apostates, that though they have triumphed over the Constitution, they have not yet triumphed over the Nation. **THE STRUGGLE IS BUT BEGUN!** the march to Moscow has been made, and the work of devastation has been remorselessly done; but the march from Moscow is the thing—and then, **GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!**

Once more we tell our countrymen to do all things but despair. The astonishing treachery that we have witnessed, has actually smitten down public resistance, as if by a thunderbolt. But there is in England a mighty reserve of strength and recovery, beyond the reach of man; the old recollections of Freedom, the native disdain with which the High-minded hate the corrupt—and more mighty than all, that hallowed and unearthly RELIGION, which must not be polluted by the touch of the idolater. Once more we say, England will be herself again; and may the Eternal Power, in whose hand are the issues of life and death to nations as to men, speed the time!

THE PROSE ALBUM: MAXIMS ON MANKIND.

I.

No person who is in love can ever be entirely persuaded that the passion is not reciprocal; as no one who does not feel it ever believes that it is sincere in others.

II.

Love is a fascination with some one striking excellence or indescribable grace, that supplies all other deficiencies, and fills the whole soul with a certain rapture. Hence the desire we have to find our passion unequivocally returned; for, as from its very nature, every thing connected with the beloved object is steeped in a sense of delight, and her every thought and feeling is supposed to be of the most exquisite kind, to be well thought of by her is necessarily to occupy the highest place in our own esteem: to be excluded from her favour and countenance, is to be turned out of Paradise.

III.

Some have described love to be an exaggerated sense of excellence in another, without the chance or hope of making itself understood—a teasing pursuit of difficulty—a “hunting the wind, and worshipping a statue.” This is, at most, a definition of unsuccessful love. It has been made a question, whether any woman would be proof against the real language of the heart, had it words to express itself; or would not be won, were she assured of all that her despairing lover undergoes for her sake? But the lover, from the strength of his own attachment, almost always believes that there is a secret sympathy between them; that she knows what passes in his breast as well as in her own; and that she holds out only from caprice; and that she must at length yield.

IV.

Love at first sight is only realizing an imagination that has always haunted us; or meeting with a face, or figure, or cast of expression in perfection that we have seen and admired in a less degree or in less favourable circumstances a hundred times before. Our dream is out at last—Telemachus has discovered his Eucharis.

V.

Human life may be regarded as a succession of *frontispieces*. The way to be satisfied is never to look back. This is well expressed in his allegory of the *House of Pride*, by Spenser, a poet to whom justice will never be done till a painter of equal genius arises to embody the dazzling and enchanting creations of his pen.

VI.

Some one absurdly expressed a wish to be young again, *if he could carry his experience back with him to the outset of life*. But the worst old age is that of the mind.

VII.

There is no absurdity or extravagance that we can frame into words, or picture to the imagination, of which every day's experience would not afford a confirmation. The real caricatures are to be found in nature: no one dares describe them to the letter, for fear of being thought

romantic. Our sympathy with, and consequent belief in, the folly and perversity of others, lag far behind the reality. Mounted on their *hobby-horsical* humours, they outstrip the wind; and we lose sight of them before they get half way to the devil. A metaphysical theory, a paradox, an hyperbole hobbles lamely after them: no tricks of style are a match for the tricks which the mind plays with itself: the passions draw distinctions and conclusions finer than the subtlest reason can detect.

VIII.

There is a habitual helplessness and sense of weakness that is not merely averse to bold and rash enterprises, but only feels secure when it is entangled with difficulties and hemmed in with doubts, and will not walk out of the prison-house of its fears, even when the doors are thrown open to it. It is not danger alone that frights the timid soul—the very imagination of success often chills it. It turns in haste and with apprehension from a prospect and a state so unnatural to it. While there is no hope, there is something to complain of; while there is uncertainty, there is something to be uneasy about; but to come to a termination of toil and trouble, is like coming to the edge of a precipice with nothing but an idle void beyond. It has fed on the disagreeable all its former time. How acquire a new sense late in life? Prosperity sounds like insolence—encomium like insult.

IX.

We may understand from this the contradiction which often appears in the character of notorious or reputed misers. To those who have scraped an immense fortune together by little and little, and have been accustomed, all their lives, to the most thrifty modes of subsistence, the launching out into luxury and expence must not only seem a sacrilegious waste of hard-earned gains, but, independently of this, must repel and shock all their early and most rooted prejudices and feelings. A man born to a fortune of half a million, and who has been used to dine on plate and have a dozen livery-servants standing behind his chair, cannot do without these necessary appendages of his wealth and of his imagination: but a man who has amassed that sum from nothing, must deem all this parade and ostentation mere folly, and almost a burlesque upon himself. The *miser* (as he is called) is therefore precluded by old associations and almost a natural instinct, from laying out his riches upon himself: they are either an incumbrance or a golden dream.

X.

It has been sometimes asked, "Why should not West be equal to Raphael?" There are three answers to this question. First, it is a million to one against any man's being so. Secondly, if it were the fact, it is impossible that you who assume it, should know that it is so, unless you could be alive three hundred years hence to see whether West's works are then regarded as having made the same addition and given the same impulse to the art as Raphael's, three hundred years after his death. Could this be the case, and you then found that West's name, surviving the waves of opinion and the wrecks of time, still shone co-equal with Raphael's, a "mighty land-mark to the latter times," would you not say that this grand and disinterested result confirmed and added weight to your first rash judgment? Thirdly, if you *knew* that it

was so, you could not *feel* in the same manner about it. Admiration is partly an affair of sympathy and prejudice. My enthusiasm glows the brighter and steadier for being kindled at a common flame, and at an ancient and hallowed shrine. The grandeur is not merely in the cause or object, but in the effect; and fame is the shadow of genius, that reflects back its lustre and glory upon it. There is an atmosphere of time about intellectual objects, as well as of distance about visible ones, which gives them their peculiar refinement or expansion, and to deny or alter which is to invert the order of nature.

XI.

Grandeur of view consists in regarding things as they are seen in history, in their aggregate masses and results, and is equally remote from petty details, and the grossness of prejudice.

XII.

A great wit and statesman said, that "speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts." So it might be said, that books serve as a screen to keep us from a knowledge of things.

XIII.

The diffusion of knowledge and literature, by increasing the number of pretenders, has lessened the distance between authors and readers; has made learning common and familiar; and given to reputation a temporary and ephemeral character. In the succession of new works, we cannot find time to read the old:—in the crowd of living competitors, we lose sight of the dead. The pretensions of rank and literature being each set aside and neutralised by the impertinent scrutiny of vulgar opinion, they *club* their stock between them, and strive to make a feeble stand that way. Hence the aristocracy of letters! An author no longer, in the silence of retreat, and in the dearth of criticism, appeals to posterity as a last resource, as in a flat and barren country, we look on objects in the distant horizon: in the din and pressure of present opinions and contending claims, he must throw himself, like an actor at a fair, on the gaping throng about him, and seize, by the most speedy and obvious means, the noisy suffrages of his contemporaries. The poet, as of old, is not now, from rarity, regarded as a mystery, a wizard, a something whose privacy is not to be profaned by being encroached upon; every effort is made to throw down this partition-wall, to rend asunder the veil of genius; and instead of being kept at a studious and awful distance, he must be brought near, must be shewn as a *lion*, must be had out to dinner, or to an *AT HOME*; we must procure his autograph, get him to write his name in an *album*, and, if possible, come into personal contact with him, so as to mix him up with our daily impressions and admiring egotism. Thus the imaginary notion, the *divinæ particula auræ* is lost under a heap of common qualities or peculiar defects; and only the shadow of a name is left. Nothing is fine but the *ideal*; or rather, excellence exists only by abstraction. If we wish to be delighted or to admire, we have no business to seek beyond what first excited our delight or admiration. Those who go in search of a cluster of perfections, or expect that because a man is superior in one thing, he is to be superior in all, only go in search of disappointment; or, in truth, hope to indemnify their self-love by the discovery that, except in some one particular, their idol is very much like themselves.

THE WOMAN OF VISIONS; A MEDITERRANEAN SKETCH.

CORSICA had risen into celebrity by its being the birth-place of Napoleon; but his singular and selfish neglect made it unfashionable in France to know any thing more than that it existed. The French never travel—for the sufficient reason, that, but in Paris, there is no Palais Royal upon the earth; and as, during the war, the English had nothing to do in the Mediterranean but to fight, Corsica, after the retreat of the English, was as much forgotten as if it were buried in the waters, in which it lies, like an encampment of mountain-tops. The following sketch is *strict* in point of *manners*, whatever it may be in person; the story to which it alludes may, at some time or other, be given.

Two travellers, conducted by a guide, slowly descended, on foot, the heights of Bastilica. They stopped, at intervals, to examine the nature of the stones by which they were surrounded, and the different species of plants growing among the mountains, from little spots of earth amassed in the numerous crevices of the rock, to which the seeds were wafted by those winds which blow unceasingly on all the elevated points of the Isle of Corsica.

While the travellers examined the *silex*, their guide smiled ironically, as he continued rubbing the lock of his fusil—a favourite employment of his. At dawn he had enveloped the lock with his cravat, to preserve it from the heavy dew which precedes the sunrise of Corsica. When, towards the middle of the day, the burning heat had reassured him against any danger from humidity, he replaced the cravat in its original destination, and kept incessantly rubbing with the cuffs of his vest all the metallic parts of this cherished weapon—of which he delightedly contemplated the brilliant polish—and, from time to time, tightened the screws with his stiletto.

“I think that this original is mocking us,” said Lord Charles Douglass, one of the travellers, to his companion, the young Count Alexis Talzikoff; “you are not aware how much the habitude of arms gives these mountaineers a contempt for all things unconnected with war. He sees well enough that our pursuit interests us; yet, far from trying to profit by our discoveries, he finds our employment but worthy of his pity.”

“But,” replied the count, “all unenlightened persons think just the same.”

“No; this disdain is peculiar to the island-mountaineer, who is almost always warlike. We should excite merely the curiosity of a continental peasant, or he would look at us with indifference; but this fellow observes, and laughs at us: he is a true Scotch Highlander. But I know the secret of giving myself importance in his eyes.”

As Lord Charles spoke, the travellers found themselves on the edge of a ravine, through the depth of which ran a stream. Some wild pigeons were drinking at it; and the trees, which, from distance to distance, sprang through the fissures of the rocks, were covered with those birds.

“How is your gun loaded, Signor Paolo?” said Lord Charles to the guide.

“With two balls.”

M. M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 43.

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"I want to bring down those four wood-pigeons that are perched up there, on that pine-branch. Give me your gun."

The Corsican hesitated.—"If it were shot, indeed—but with balls! you can get at no more than two."

"I am sure of four, however!" replied Lord Charles, as he took the fusil from the hands of the guide, who, more through surprise than good-will, suffered himself to be thus disarmed. The shot was fired: three birds fell at the foot of the tree; and the fourth, struck in his flight, dropped a few paces off.

"A fair shot that!" observed Paolo; "but also, in all the Nebbia, there is no fusil like mine, and——"

"I should like to buy it!" interrupted the Count Talzikoff.

"Buy my fusil!" replied Paolo; "were you to give me for it ten years' produce of the vines of La Bulagna, I would refuse it. This fusil must never go out of my family."

"Of course, there is some good reason to give it such value in your eyes?" continued the young Russ.

"There surely is. This fusil was the hanging of my grandfather, when the French forbade us the use of arms, at the time of the Union."

"It is a melancholy remembrance!" said Lord Charles. "But why did your grandfather persist in retaining his fusil when the laws forbade it?"

Paolo looked at the inquirer with astonishment, as he replied, "And what man, think you, would surrender the arms of which he knows how to make use? My grandfather was as good a shot as yourself. He was at the head of fifty Corsicans, who beat eight companies of grenadiers, who wanted to occupy La Nebbia in 1768; and it was with this same fusil that he took such good aim at a certain Count de Bethizy, in that same war, that he never rose from the spot where he fell."

"It was unlucky that such a brave man should have been hanged!" said the Count Alexis.

"It certainly was; but there is no ill without a remedy."

"I don't very well see any for death, however!"

"Excuse me. My father, who escaped into the mountains, had carried off the arms of the family.—'This fusil,' said he to himself, 'has caused the death of Nicolo Ruspi. Well, then, in the hands of Carlo Ruspi, it must revenge that death.'—And my father shot the five judges who had condemned my grandfather."

"And what happened to your father?"

"Nothing."

"However, to assassinate five men appears to me worse than not delivering up one's arms."

"Assassinate!—Carlo Ruspi was not an assassin. I tell you that he *revenged* his father!"

"That is quite different," observed Lord Charles, who perceived that his companion's remark had by no means gratified the mountaineer; "it is quite different: but yet it might happen that persons, unjust enough to hang a man for concealing his fusil, would think that Carlo Ruspi had done wrong."

"My father had the same thought as you; so he passed into Spain, where he took service, and never returned here again. I was about fifteen then—old enough to estimate the noble action of my father; and I swore that this fusil, which had helped him in it, should pass from

generation to generation, to the elder of the Ruspis. I have not yet had occasion to make the same honourable use of it as my ancestors ; for they let us alone now, thank Heaven ! and the Ruspis are not of a race to begin ; though, if provoked, for the honour of the family, this fusil here—Clorinde, my niece, can tell you that. When Petrino chose to deny that he had been twice seen at midnight going under her window, I said to him, ‘ Petrino, take care ! Your kinsmen are rich ; they often come to the mountains to visit their flocks : I may meet them.’—Well, eight days afterwards, Petrino’s cousin came back with a bullet in his shoulder.”

“ His cousin !” exclaimed Alexis ; “ but he had not offended you ; it was Petrino who deserved the bullet.”

“ He might think himself well off ; had it not been adroitly done, the aim I took at the shoulder might have struck the heart.”

“ But you could have killed Petrino without wounding his cousin, who had done nothing to you.”

“ Yes !—and, had Petrino died, who would have espoused the girl ? No, no ! that settled every thing at once. All Petrino’s kinsmen assembled, and the marriage was concluded on the spot.”

“ And your niece—is she happy ?”

“ Very : and Petrino never lets a day pass without thanking me ;—for, after all, if it was not that I had patience, I should never have waited for his cousin in this way : I might have got rid of half-a-dozen in the mean time.”

“ Your vengeance are fearful !”

“ There is no occasion to provoke them !”

Thus conversing, the travellers arrived at Bastilica, and were conducted by their guide to the person for whom they had received a letter of recommendation, at San Fiorenzo.

It was a mere chance that had brought Lord Charles and the Count Alexis into Corsica. Embarked at Barcelona in an English sloop for Malta, a contrary gale drove them into the Gulf of San Fiorenzo. Lord Charles, curious to know something of the country which had given birth to a man with whose name all Europe resounded, proposed to Talzikoff to cross through Corsica, and re-embark at Ajaccio. The Russ agreed. Both young, eager for excitement, well read, and connected by the warmest friendship, they promised themselves much pleasure from this pedestrian tour over ground so rarely described.

Douglass, a Scotchman, imagined himself respiring his native air amid the mountains of Corsica, and its islanders, so grave, so proud, and so manly.

“ Yes, here is a people,” said he to his friend—“ here are physiognomies truly national, and not of that ordinary stamp which gives the same faces the likeness to each other, among the continental peasantry, that we find among a flock of sheep. If we except the colour of the hair, and perhaps some slight alteration of complexion, you will find that the countenance is every where alike, and that, from time immemorial, those good folks have never taken the trouble to conceive an original thought. The continental plebeian has so long been the mere machine of his seigneur, that it will take centuries to give him courage to act on his own impulses. But here, as in Scotland, the frequency of civil war has compelled the high to consult the feelings of the low. They may seduce opinion, but not command it : each man has the right of comparison and choice. And from

all this results the originality that momentarily strikes the sight. It is superb: their isolation, in the midst of the waters, is no bad emblem of this solitariness and distinct vigour of character. I like to see a people not confounded with its neighbours."

"But," returned the Count, "you forget, in that case, how much slower is the progress of civilization."

"True; but as civilization remedies some evils by the substitution of others, I am not yet certain whether it is a real good. We shall find here the ambitious, the envious, the wicked, as elsewhere; but we shall find neither the liar nor the traitor. An islander pledges his hatred or his friendship: and one or the other is certain. Can you say as much for the great continental family?"

"There are examples there, too."

"Of course, which, like exceptions, confirm the rule."

"I must confess that I am for civilization. Polished and elegant life has a charm for me——"

"Which no virtue can counterbalance!—Is it so?" said the Scotchman. "I can conceive that, brought up in a Muscovite palace, under the care of a French preceptor, *la grâce* weighs with you; but I, a true mountaineer, find more nobleness in the movements of Paolo climbing the rocks, than in those of your Chevalier de Marsan, when he gave us a representation of the famous minuet which procured him such eulogies at Versailles; and I prefer the downright and frank expression of this guide to that artificial and general manner with which we are all too familiar."

"An island, mountain-torrents, and Scotland for you. I appeal from all your judgments while we remain here," said the count.

"Do you know that I have got a little Corsican blood in my veins?" was the answer.

"You!"

"Yes; one of my ancestors, who followed James the Second to St. Germain, married a Corsican lady."

"It is good to have kinsmen every where, but particularly here, I should imagine. Let us get recognized, I beg."

"It might be no easy matter: but, were I forced to renounce my clan, I certainly should come here to seek friends, nor feel myself at all out of my element in changing the plaid and bonnet for the *baretta*, and *sotto marsina di fresa*, of a Corsican."

"There is one inconvenience, however: they say that so many individuals of noble families are reduced to poverty here, that we find them exercising all the various trades of artisans; and you might not be flattered by discovering a relative in the carpenter or the smith of some of the hamlets perched like eagles' nests upon those summits."

"If you knew our customs, you would see how proud people may be of identifying themselves with a family which commences with a duke, and closes with a shepherd. But you understand nothing of this; you, whose country is so new, that your nobles have not had time to grow poor."

"There results from that, that we have much fewer prejudices than you—that of birth, for example."

"Certainly; I am more proud of owing my rank to my ancestors than to the will of an empress."

"Oh, the will of an empress is no such bad point in a man's favour sometimes."

"As your Orloffs can tell. But, to prove to you that I am liberal after my own manner, I will set myself to seek out some great-grand-nephew of my Corsican kinswoman, even though his nobility be sunk into a vender of goats' milk cheeses—provided that you promise me not to write it to Federowna."

"Why, truly, my haughty little sister would scarcely be proud of her alliance with such unpastoral-looking shepherds as my friends here, and who cannot hold themselves more proudly than now, even when they learn that they have the honour to appertain to Lord Charles Douglass."

"I confess I like their manner of elevating the head, of looking one in the face, of replying without embarrassment. What a pleasure to command such men as these!"

"So don't think every one: they are reckoned turbulent, indocile, and obstinate."

"Like the Polanders—is it not?—who would choose to be independent?"

"*Sur ma parole*, my good friend, you have all the air of a *révolutionnaire* since we have arrived among these mountains!"

"If you knew but the effect, on a native mountaineer, of the mountain-breezes, the roar of the waterfalls, the sight of the ocean——"

"Yes, yes; I know well enough that you are romantic to excess. But what astonishes me is, that, with this character, you should have selected such a gay, giddy little Euphrosyne as my fair sister."

"You, too, Talzikoff! you are not remarkable for steadiness, or antipathy to pleasure;—yet at Eylau!—and even then the saving of your friend's life was almost less heroic than the attentions afterwards lavished on its preservation. Could I better shew my gratitude, then, for the renewed existence for which I am indebted to the brother, than by devoting it thenceforth to the sister? Federowna loves me; and what matters to me the sportiveness of a mind, where I am certain of a heart!"

"I certainly think that Federowna, once married, will fulfil all her duties. But you are so rigid—you will be so *exigeant*; while my sister, satisfied with possessing her husband's esteem, will not, in consequence, wish to renounce all other admiration."

"Federowna, then, will be a coquette!"

"Why, it will be a little cruel to insist that a woman who can charm all, must shine only for one."

"Your people are scarcely yet emerged from the stupidity of barbarism, and their higher ranks are already civilized up to the corruption of the most natural feelings. Well, let us talk no more of this; we are formed to esteem, and not to understand each other.—Yet, if I were not to be understood by Federowna; if, on her becoming my bride!—Do you imagine your sister will be a coquette?"

"It appears to me so natural, that I should think myself deceiving you were I to assure you of the contrary."

"Then, my friend, then——"

"You will have nothing to say to her?"

"You torment me for your amusement!"

"By no means. Federowna pleases you; our relations consent; the marriage must be; and I am only trying the degree of patience with which you will support *les aimables caprices* of the prettiest woman of all the Russias."

" You can jest where the happiness of my life is at stake ! Talzikoff, were it possible for me to doubt of your sister's attachment——"

" What ! quite *en Orasmane* ?"

" *Je ne suis point jaloux, si je l'étais jamais !*"

" I have never before seen you so sarcastic."

" And I have never before seen you so——so—— Come, I won't finish.—Look, what a prospect we have here ! quite worthy of adorning the banks of your native island ! Enchant your eyes with it, my good friend, and lighten your spirits by conversation with these valiant and wise mountaineers."

The two friends now went out to visit the environs of the dwelling in which they were lodged. Lord Charles did not forget to ask after his kinsman ; but no such name was known at Bastilica. On returning to their temporary residence, they found their host absent, and fell into conversation with his wife, who, assisted by her daughter Laura, was occupied in preparing the supper. A morsel of *megiscia* (salted beef) was frying on the charcoal ; and upon the table were sausages, a cheese from the mountain of Coscione, figs, almonds, and dried chesnuts ; a large earthen vase of slices of fried lampreys preserved in oil, and a basket of grapes and peaches. The wine was in stone bottles ; the plates and spoons were of wood ; the forks, iron. Four covers were prepared, and four stools placed around the table.

" Who sups with us ?" inquired the Count Alexis.

" My husband and your guide," replied Angeluccia.

" And you and your daughter ?"

" We eat here, at the fire-side."

" But why not with us ?"

" It is not the custom."

" It is then true that, in Corsica, the wives may not seat themselves at table with their husbands ?"

" It is not the custom in the mountains."

" But at Bastia, mother, and at Ajaccio," said Laura.

" Oh, there they live after the French fashion."

" But," resumed the count, " you are then treated as an inferior ?"

" Like an inferior ! Is it because I work for strangers ? But, when seated by my fire-side, who has the power to order me ? You would not have such as I am, like the ladies of your grand cities, who do not know how to make the very bread they eat ?"

" So, then, it is not through respect that you do not take your place at your husband's table ?"

" Through respect ? No ! Do you not know that I have six sons, all as tall as yourself ; and that I have seventy kinsmen, all able to bear arms ? My husband has but forty-eight. My family owes no respect to any one ; and, at the last election of Ettore, if it were not for me and mine, the uncle had scarcely been named as deputy.—Respect, indeed !"

" Here is a personage who at least makes the most of her situation," observed Lord Charles, in French, to his friend.

" Yes," replied the count ; " vanity catches at any support. Our hostess is as proud of dispensing her cabbages and onions——"

" As the mistress of a minister of disposing of places and pensions."

" Your comparisons are always to the advantage of these barbarians."

" And your observations always to their disparagement."

"I regret that this haughty cook-maid is not called Andromache, to assimilate with the husband's name of Hector."

"Do you find that name in bad taste?"

"No; but I should never expect to give it to any one here."

"And yet you find here the manners of Homer."

"Which I by no means admire. Confess that a man may dine better at Grignon's than in the tent of Achilles.—You smile!"

"It is a tribute I often pay to your speeches."

"And with which you dispense in regard to your own.—But I am not yet done with this matron of the numerous tribe. I want to inquire if she may not be your cousin in the hundredth degree."

Angeluccia, on being questioned, declined the honour proposed to her; not, however, without hinting at the merits of her family, which descended from one of the Caporali, or chiefs of the people, famous in the fifteenth century.

"But," said Laura, "if these cavaliers wish to learn any thing, let them see Zia Sacra, who can tell every thing."

"You are right," replied the mother; "besides, that Zia Sacra is of the family of ——"

"Precisely!" interrupted Lord Charles.

"Oh, Zia Sacra will tell you all that better than I can—that is, if she should choose to answer you."

"The Signora Sacra is capricious, then?" inquired the count.

"She!—Sacra capricious!" exclaimed their hostess.—"Blessed Virgin! take care what you say; you do not know her."

"Is it then some power," resumed the count, "of whom we must speak only with veneration?"

"Yes, truly."

"As to me," observed Laura, "I tremble at even hearing her named!"

"I wager that it is a sorceress," said the Russ to his companion. "This becomes delightful! Pray let me hear all that these two women have to say of the redoubtable Sacra.—Well, Signora Angeluccia—and this kinswoman——"

"Lives in the last house to the left, at the foot of the rock whence issues the fountain. She is there, alone, in front of the church where they bury all our dead; and she fears nothing."

"And every evening," interrupted Laura, "she goes to prostrate herself before the church-door, to call upon her dead children, who reply to her, and to speak with them until the *Angelus*——"

"And she returns chaunting the *Salve* that they chaunt in purgatory."

"And where has she learned this same *Salve*?" inquired the count.

"It is now twenty years," replied Angeluccia, "since her husband, being ill, she was sitting one morning beside him; her twelve sons were dead, and her two daughters also; and still Sacra said always, 'My heart is broken—the children of my bosom have been torn from me—but glory to the Lord for ever!' Her husband, being then lying down, said to her suddenly, 'It is the first day of the month, Sacra; and you have not carried the bread and the wine to the convent for my father's mass.'—'I will go there now,' replied Sacra. But, as she was going out, she looked round her and said, 'I had fourteen children, and now my husband is alone when I leave him: should his hour come while I am

absent, who is to hear his last words? who will cry to him *Jesu Maria!*—She departed on saying this; but she wept. She had to wait to hear the mass: she returned when it was over, and, on entering the chamber, she saw three spirits chaunting round her husband's bed. Sacra kneeled down, and she there learned those fine words that none of us understand. One of the spirits said to her, 'It is the *Salve* of purgatory; we have taught it to Matteo, this night he will sing it with us.'—And that night Matteo died."

"Thus," observed the count, "Sacra is in habitual relation with spirits?"

"They teach her the past and the future; but she will not always tell it."

"And then, mother, how fearful it is to hear her speak!"

"Pray, repeat to me some of her predictions," demanded the count.

"I should not wish Ettore to return and overhear me!—He had a sister: when she came into the world, Sacra was beside the mother, who caressed the new-born, just as much as if it was a boy—so beautiful was the babe!—'Poor mother!' said Sacra to her, 'she will cost thee more tears than thou wilt give her kisses! This maiden will attract the men as doth the rose the butterflies.'—Rosalinde grew up so beautiful, that every one was in love with her; and when the English came to Corsica, an officer—Rosalinde died—But here is my husband."

The host arrived with Petrino; they sat down to table, served by the two females. Lord Charles inquired where were the six sons?

"Soldiers in France!" replied their entertainer.

"What! all your sons? And who assists you in your work? who gets in your harvest?"

"The Lucquois."

"Your six sons have been forced to serve?"

"No, only one was drawn; the five others went of themselves."

"And they left you alone?"

"I have also served: to till the land when young is only good for the Lucquois."

"What is a Corsican who cannot manage a gun?" said Petrino, in his turn. "Look at those at Ajaccio and Bastia, with their commerce. No sooner have they an enemy, than they send into the mountains for help; and, when it comes—why, peace is already made. It will be the same every where. The other day, at Cortè, Antonio sent for me: he had received an affront; I found him pacified.—'Is it thus that thou art avenged?' said I to him. He shewed me a large ware-room full of bales, and a great portfolio full of accounts, as he replied, 'I have too much to lose!' He wanted me, too, to stay, and meet his enemy at dinner. I told him to drink his disgrace by himself."

"Ah! truly, that was not in the mountains!" observed Angeluccia. "He who gives one affront here receives two."

"Hold thy tongue, Angeluccia," replied the host; "you women, there, are often the cause of the mischief yourselves; and if there remained but three families at *Canale* once, it was because the quarrel originated with a woman, and they meddle in all things."

"And is it not better to see a town with three families who have kept their honour, than a kingdom with a people who have lost theirs?"

"Enough!—among strangers we must not speak too much of ourselves."

"So! they charge others with the vengeance of offences done to themselves. Poor people! what wives they must have!"

"I say again, enough! One should not displease one's guests. On the Continent they understand nothing of justice. Speak no more of it."

These words put an end to the conversation; and the supper being over, the two friends were conducted to their chamber. Two slight mattresses, upon two palliasses, filled with the leaves of Indian corn, and covered with coarse but white cloth, composed the beds, of which the wood was chesnut, cut with the saw. There were also a table, and four stools, of a similar exhibition of art. The unglazed windows were closed by shutters. Upon a huge block of wood, placed between the two beds, was a little statue of the Virgin, in lead, formerly gilt; and on either side of it were candlesticks of the same material, with long lights of white wax. Above this sort of chapel, there was suspended from the wall a large ebony crucifix. A sabre and regimental firelock, such as were formerly used by the French infantry, were hung beside the crucifix. Four wicks, burning in a Genoese lamp of yellow copper, lighted the room. It was laid upon a table near two wooden plates, in one of which were hard biscuits, in the other, fruit. A bottle of wine, a vase of water, and two wooden cups, completed the service prepared for the first repast of the travellers, should they feel hungry before the family hour for breakfast.

"All here," said Lord Charles, "bears the aspect of poverty, but nothing of misery. We must remember that we are not in an *auberge*, that we cannot offer money for their hospitality, and that those people who exercise it so liberally, are ignorant if they are to be reimbursed in any way whatever."

"I shall be no ingrate, I assure you," replied the count; "but yet one knows not what to give to people who seem to care for nothing."

"Under Petrino's care, I think we might do without pistols; so I shall ask our host to accept of mine."

"Those capital English pistols which you refused to the duke?"

"What could he have done with them?"

"Why, I certainly think that Ettore understands their use somewhat better; but as it is useless to leave him an arsenal—besides that, my pistols are your present—I shall not offer them to him. And yet what have I to leave him?"

"That Mexican chaplet that you bought for Federowna would be acceptable to Angeluccia; and, at Malta, we shall get enough of them."

"I should rather give it to the pretty Laura, whose eyes are so black, and whose teeth are so white."

"I should not advise it; for the history of Rosalinde appeared to me to finish rather abruptly."

"Our host needs not have come in on us so soon: his wife was disposed to tell us every thing."

"But she had reached the *dénouement*, for the heroine was dead."

"The manner was not cheering, certainly.—*A propos*, shall we not go and visit this same Sacra—this Pythoness? You, who have told me so much about second-sight, ought to be curious to compare this demi-African with your Caledonian witches."

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VIII. No. 43.

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"As you do not positively deny the existence of vampires, you may fairly forgive me my opinions as to second-sight."

"I am sometimes tolerant enough. For instance, I should have no courage to mock at this rustic altar ; and were I to see St. Nicholas in the place of that Madonna, I could pray with all my heart ; for there is a something national to me in the arrangement of this style of chapel."

"I dislike exterior signs : but this sabre, this firelock, placed thus, to bring back the recollections of a youth devoted to the defence of one's country, seem to me the most interesting of trophies."

The first sun-rays, darting through the ill-closed joints of their shutters, awoke the two travellers next morn, who immediately arose, and, after having saluted their hosts, took their way to the dwelling of Zia Sacra.

An exterior staircase led to the first floor—an immense room, furnished merely with benches of chesnut-wood. In the middle, on a large table, loaded with a profusion of the provisions of the country, were placed fifteen plates and forks. Not seeing any person, nor hearing any sound, the travellers advanced to the extremity of the apartment, where a second staircase, much more precipitous than the first, presented itself. They mounted, and entered a room, from which the light was partially excluded by a half-closed blind.

A female, who sat spinning near the window, arose at their entrance, and advanced towards them. Her height was gigantic, and a black robe, bound low down round her waist, completely shewed her figure. A bandeau of white linen covered her forehead even to the brows ; and her long hair, plaited and rolled several times round her head, formed a sort of turban above the bandeau. Her cheeks were sunken and faded ; but she bore no other signs of age—for her hair was of the deepest black, and her teeth in perfection. Her eyes, large and full, shone brilliantly at intervals ; but surrounded by a blueish circle, and shaded by long eyelashes, generally humid with tears, their habitual expression was a profound sadness.

The two friends felt themselves penetrated with respect at the approach of this personage, who, before addressing any question to them, presented two chairs, and took a third herself ; silently fixing her eyes on Lord Charles, while she said, "Thou art a foreigner—what wouldst thou with me?"

"I have been told that you are a descendant from the famous Sampietro d'Ornano. My family has been allied with his."

"The mother of Sampietro had a brother : it is from him that I descend. But thou—thou art truly a son of Sampietro. You have his figure, his height. May Heaven give you his heart, for the good of your country !"

"My good mother," said the count, "it is, I think, something more than two centuries since that Sampietro died ; how, then, may you know that my friend resembles him?"

"My son," replied Sacra, "never, for thy own sake, mayst thou have the fearful knowledge of the connexion between the dead and the living !"

"You could teach it then?"

A transient smile passed across Sacra's lips, as she replied, "The child at the breast comprehends neither the courage of his father, nor the virtue of his mother : both, however, exist. Preserve, my son,

preserve thine ignorance: the science of the spirit is the price of the pains of the heart."

A long silence followed the words. Lord Charles interrupted it:—"I know little of the history of Sampietro—merely that he was a hero. Were it not that I have observed the preparations for a large banquet—to which, of course, you expect guests—I should request you to give me some details of this ancestor, which, doubtless, must gratify the pride of any one connected with him."

"It is long since there hath been a banquet in the dwelling of the widow of Matteo. Thou hast seen the repast for my dead: yesterday evening I served it to them. They know that I live upon roots, to reserve for them all that our earth produces, and the wine of my vines is poured out but for them. But I have the children of our poor goat-herds, who come to seek their portions—the Virgin be praised!—Matteo! my children! sleep in peace: I watch for ye!"

"Then this repast is prepared for the poor?"

"No; I prepared it for my dead. They disdain it; and the poor, while blessing the memory of mine, nourish themselves with it. It is Christian fellowship.—But thou wouldst speak to me of Sampietro."

Thus saying, Sacra had fixed her eyes on the most obscure corner of the apartment, with the air of interrogating some one. Lord Charles and the count could see nothing there but Sacra's crucifix.

She arose, and opening a small coffer, took out a portrait: it was the countenance of a young Corsican female, of remarkable beauty. She also took out a small manuscript volume.

"Yes!" said Sacra, in a low tone—"it may save him!.....This," said she, "was written by one who bore a name dear to the Corsicans—the name of Colonna. She was a Genoese; and Sampietro might well have wished that any other historian had taught his descendants the events of his life! But"—and her eyes glanced at the crucifix—"so it ought to be, perhaps!—Read this, then," added she: "some leaves of the writing are wanting; but there remain enough to satisfy thy curiosity. The sons of Sampietro—the d'Ornanos, have succeeded to eminent dignities: their father, also, was well worthy of honours. Avoid his errors—thou, who art so like him!"

Lord Charles received the volume respectfully.

"I bestow this gift on thee," said Sacra: "I must soon have bestowed it on some one, on my death-bed.....I have now no more to say to thee," resumed the Corsican, after a pause: "my hour of silence is come!"

Count Talzikoff drew his friend away, glad to escape from a personage, who at least chilled his heart, if she did not overpower his understanding. As the friends descended, they perceived that all the provisions had disappeared.

"I breathe once more!" exclaimed the count, as they returned.—

"Never more may I encounter either witch or saint while I live!"

The guide, at this moment, came to inform the travellers that it was time to set off, if they wished to reach Ajaccio before night. Ettore and his wife gratefully received the presents of their guests. The young Laura filled Paolo's sack with *biscotelli* and pomegranates; and, wishing the travellers the protection of all the saints, did not quit the threshold until she had lost sight of them.

As they approached Ajaccio, the count was the first to catch a glimpse of the English frigate, which had cast anchor near the Isles of Sanguinari.

"Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed he: "to-morrow we depart."

"Is there nothing to be seen here?" said Lord Charles.

"Nothing—nothing! Pray do not go looking for more relatives!"

After a pleasant passage, the two friends arrived at Malta. The Count Talzikoff there found letters from his family, which perfectly quieted Lord Charles Douglass as to his future fate. Federowna announced her marriage with a young French noble. But this did not disturb the friendship of her slighted lover and his friend; and it was under the shade of the orange-trees, at a beautiful country-house belonging to an English military friend of the former, that he and Count Alexis perused the story of the mysterious volume. But this must be kept for other hours.

THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF CAPTAIN PHILIP BEAVER.*

THE moral and intellectual character of the English Navy has considerably advanced in public estimation of late years. At no period of its existence has any doubt been entertained of that fervent spirit of enterprise, of that matchless courage—at once cool and daring in the highest degree—or of that lofty and generous devotion to the severe duties of a hazardous profession, which have distinguished British sailors. A certain portion of vague and general praise has been universally awarded to these qualities:—the names of Drake, and Benbow, and Howe, and Rodney, awoke feelings of national pride whenever they were mentioned; but no one thought of attributing to them any other or higher qualifications than those which belong exclusively to their profession, and the notion had become general, that the life and habits of a sailor unfitted him for any other pursuit. Now, indeed, we may quote the names of St. Vincent, and Nelson, as sufficient proofs that the navy has produced men who were not less competent to provide for the safety, and to protect the interests of their country, in the cabinet, than to fight her battles on the quarter-deck; but the time has been—and not so long ago as to be quite forgotten—when a sea-captain was considered just about as fit to take a part in the business or enjoyments of social life, as a sea-calf would be to occupy a corner in a quadrille. All human feelings and passions were supposed to "suffer a sea-change" in their persons. Tar and rum were the most savoury of the associations connected with them: and they were considered, when the fight was over, and their services no longer needed, to be no more useful, and not much more ornamental, than one of their own ships run ashore and dismantled, and waiting only a favourable opportunity to be returned to some vile uses.

It would be easier to account for the means by which this most injurious and erroneous notion has been formed, than to justify it; and the most prominent of the causes is the extreme modesty of naval officers. That contempt for display and parade which distinguishes them from

* Late of H. M. S. Nisus. By Captain W. Smyth, R. N. 1829.

every other branch of the national militia, has had a great effect in depriving them of the loud applause of the vulgar, and has contributed very much to keep them in the shade; while a certain bluntness of manner—often the mere expedient of shy and proud men to shun observation—and an impatience of the restraints which are necessarily imposed by the rules of ordinary society, have been mistaken for brutality of sentiment. The very dangers and toils of the service, deter many of the more favoured children of fortune from venturing into it; and that opportunity of promotion which it affords to merit, unassisted by the advantages of connexion—its most noble characteristic—has given it a less aristocratic and fashionable tone than the army. The exclusive nature of a sailor's avocations require from him sacrifices which necessarily cast a tinge upon the whole of his conduct; and that high sense of duty, which is the first principle of his actions—the habit of seeking for, and being satisfied with, no other reward than the conscious pride of having performed it, and of having secured the approbation of the very limited number of persons who are able to appreciate the value of his exertions—place him upon a footing very different from that of almost every other class of persons. Great wealth they very seldom possess. It does occur sometimes, that during a war, very remarkable success in rich captures, may entitle an officer to considerable sums of prize-money; but this is extremely rare; and even when it happens, the division of such booty is among a great number of individuals, and the deductions from it so large, that, after commissioners, and agents (if they do not become bankrupts), and attorneys, and such-like cormorants, have taken their several moderate portions out of it, and the distribution can be no longer postponed, it often turns out that the whole has been anticipated. Without money, and without the means and the opportunity of shining in society, it is no wonder that the characters of sailors have been misunderstood. The day, however, has arrived, when a much more correct opinion is entertained of them.

The "*Life of Lord Nelson*," by Dr. Southey, first taught the public to form a just estimate of that celebrated man, and claimed for him those high intellectual qualities which have hardly ever been surpassed in any condition, however much more favourable for their development than that in which he was placed. The "*Memoirs of Lord Collingwood*," a much more recent publication, has also tended to remove the disparaging notions which have been entertained of the service and the heroes it has formed. Every body knew the latter to be in every respect a distinguished officer, highly accomplished in all matters which belonged to his professional duties, inflexible in the performance of them, brave as the bravest in battle; but they had yet to learn that he combined with those noble qualities an intrepid and patient self-denial, an astonishing insensibility to bodily suffering, and a firm and exalted devotion to the duties of his profession; that the consciousness of being engaged in the performance of those duties, sustained him under privations the hardest to be borne, and consoled griefs which were not felt with less keen agony because the sufferer's pride forbade him to complain. It was not until the book to which we allude made its appearance that the public knew that that nobleman, whom they took to be merely an experienced marine officer, was also an eloquent and graceful writer, a profound and original thinker, and a practised politician. Such works are proud testimonials to that rare and high excellence which, unless some portion of national

vanity, that we are unconscious of, misleads us, has always distinguished the navy of this from that of every other country, and by developing the principles and characters of British sailors, excite at once the respect and emulation of their countrymen.

The "*Life and Services of the late Captain Philip Beaver*" is a valuable addition to this branch of literature. It is compiled from his own papers, by Captain W. H. Smyth, who appears to have been well acquainted with him when living, and who has discharged the task of making him known to his country and to posterity, as he deserved to be, with such simplicity and good taste, as entitle him to great applause. The events which it relates are not in themselves very singular, or very important; but as they are those which belong to the service, and as they tend to shew, in a point of view at once accurate and favourable, the character of an officer who may be taken as a good specimen of the race to which he belonged, they possess a peculiar interest. Captain Beaver was the third son of a respectable, but not wealthy, clergyman, whose sudden death left a widow and a family of eight children almost without provision. Philip, then eleven years old, went to sea in 1777, with Captain, afterwards Admiral Rowley, who commanded the *Monarch*. A cruise among the west India Islands during the American war initiated him into all the mysteries of his profession; and he undertook the duties assigned to him with so much alacrity, and made so rapid a progress, that his skill and general merit were universally recognized; the commanding officers were desirous of securing his assistance; and, in May 1784, in his nineteenth year, and when he had been in the service less than six years and a half, he obtained his Lieutenant's commission, for which he had the satisfaction of knowing he was indebted to his own exertions.

The active mind of the young sailor began to crave for employment, which, owing to the termination of the war, his own profession no longer offered him, and he engaged with Mr. Dalrymple in a scheme for colonizing the Island of Bulama, near the then new settlement of Sierra Leone, which the cunning and cupidity of some African traders had deluded the government of this country to establish. The result every body knows. Sierra Leone has cost Great Britain immense sums of money; has never yielded one farthing in return; and, as Sir George Murray said, very recently, in the House of Commons, the lives of every one of its successive governors have been sacrificed to the fatal insalubrity of the climate, with the exception of Sir C. Macarthy, who was put to death with horrid tortures by the natives. Captain Beaver's notion of its capabilities was expressed shortly and strongly, "When," says he, "they make a hogshead of sugar there, I will engage to do the same at Charing-cross." It has, however, been an amusing plaything for the African Society; and although it may have taken some good round sums out of this country's resources, the pockets of Mr. Zachary Macaulay have been the better for it.

The island of Bulama did seem, in truth, to present some of the advantages which were falsely attributed to Sierra Leone. It is situated at the East end of the Bijuga Archipelago, and was estimated to be about seven leagues in length, by from two to five in breadth. The new settlement, which was called Hesperoleusis, lies in latitude 11°. 34'. north, and in longitude 15°. 30'. west. It rises gradually from the shore towards the centre, where the height is nearly a hundred feet; and it is

generally covered with wood, though there are some natural savannahs, and a few clear spaces, affording ample pasturage to innumerable elephants, deer, buffaloes, and other wild animals. The soil is rich and fertile, producing a vegetation so luxuriant, that in the gardens of the new settlers, various vegetables, sufficient for half a dozen such colonies, were speedily produced. From this abundance, and its geographical position, it was inferred that Bulama was well calculated for the growth of cotton, indigo, tobacco, coffee and sugar, of the finest qualities. There can be little doubt that, under circumstances so favourable, if the new settlers had received even very moderate assistance, their enterprise must have been crowned with abundant success. It turned out, however, very differently. The ill assorted persons, whom a love of vanity, or some less excusable motives, had induced to join the expedition, grew disgusted with the labour and difficulties that presented themselves. Some of them returned home, others fell under the consequences of their own imprudence and want of caution; and, after two years of unremitting exertion, and patient endurance of almost every kind of hardship, Captain Beaver found himself obliged to sail for England with the ill news of his failure, and not only without recompense, but with the loss of his half-pay during the whole period of his absence. The good sense and discretion which he had evinced, and the influence those qualities had procured for him over the intractable spirits by which he was surrounded, proved, however, that nothing was wanting on his part to have insured a very different termination to his undertaking.

On his return to England he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Stately*, and was at the taking of the Cape in August 1795. In the course of the same service he made the acquaintance of Sir G. K. Elphinstone, in consequence of a remarkable display of presence of mind and seamanship:—

“Having recruited the health of their crews, the *Stately*, *Rattlesnake*, and *Echo*, sailed for the Cape of Good Hope; and on the 10th of August perceived the squadron of Sir G. K. Elphinstone, beating off Agulhas, in a hard gale of wind, with a high sea. Two hours after having joined, the *Stately* being on the starboard tack, under close reefed topsails and foresail, was so suddenly and furiously assailed by a violent squall, as to be thrown nearly on her beam ends, with rapid stern way, and all her sails flying in ribands. In this dilemma, the admirable conduct of Mr. Beaver, who, from the indisposition of the captain, was carrying on the deck duty, excited the applause of all the squadron. While many of the spectators considered her as lost, she was righted, wore, and rounded to on the other tack, with seaman-like precision; and was soon after near her station, under a new foresail and balanced mizen. This smart evolution attracted the particular attention of the admiral, who had already noticed our officer's exertions at *Muyzenburg*.”

In June, 1799, he received his captain's commission, and was appointed to the *Dolphin*, 44 guns, which vessel he soon afterwards left for the *Aurora*, and having joined Lord Keith on the Mediterranean station, was appointed assistant captain of the fleet, a post which, considering his years and standing, was a most flattering mark of the admiral's confidence, and which was rendered still more gratifying by the unqualified terms of approbation in which this appointment was signified to him, and to the whole fleet. It was during this service that he distinguished himself in the attack on Genoa, which was bombarded by the English fleet, and which was then reduced to such a state of famine and

misery as is unparalleled in the history of modern warfare. Captain Beaver's exploit is thus told by Lord Keith :—

“ By private intelligence from Genoa, I understood the French had resolved on boarding our flotilla in any future attempt to bombard the town ; and yesterday, about twelve o'clock, a very large galley, a cutter, three armed settees, and several gun-boats, appeared in array off the Mole-head, and in the course of the afternoon exchanged distant shot with some of the ships as they passed them. At sun-set they took a position under the guns of the moles and the city bastions, which were covered with men manifesting a determined resistance. I nevertheless arranged every thing for a fourth bombardment, as formerly, under the direction of Captain Philip Beaver, of the *Aurora*, who left the *Minotaur* at nine p.m., attended by the gun and mortar vessels and the armed boats of the ships. About one o'clock, being arrived at a proper distance for commencing his fire, a brisk cannonade was opened upon the town, which was returned from various parts ; and Captain Beaver having discovered, by the flashes of some guns, that they were directed from something nearly level with the water, judiciously concluded that they proceeded from some of the enemy's armed vessels. Calling a detachment of the ships' boats to his assistance, he made directly to the spot, and, in a most gallant and spirited manner, under a smart fire of cannon and musketry from the moles and enemy's armed vessels, attacked, boarded, carried, and brought off their largest galley, *La Prima*, of fifty oars and two hundred and fifty-seven men, armed, besides muskets, pistols, cutlasses, &c., with two brass guns of thirty-six pounds, having about thirty brass swivels in her hold, and commanded by Captain Patrizio Galleano. The bombardment suffered no material interruption, but was continued till day-light this morning, when the *Prima* was safely brought off : her extreme length is one hundred and fifty-nine feet, and her breadth twenty-three feet six inches.”

When the city capitulated, Captain Beaver was sent by Lord Keith, with unlimited authority, to conclude the treaty in his name. The account of the diplomatic discussion which ensued is so characteristic that we are sorry there is not more of it :—

“ Little has transpired as to the discussions of this negociation ; but it appears that the arrogant style of the republicans was well met by the manly decision of Beaver. A French account remarks, that ‘ the English Captain, Bivera, answered, *non ! non !* to every thing ; the Austrian general was more polite.’ Massena was most urgent to retain some small craft, for ‘ having taken all our ships,’ said he, ‘ a few boats are beneath your notice.’ It seems that Lord Keith afterwards softened Captain Beaver's ‘ *no*,’ and that Massena used these very boats to smuggle away his plunder.”

Captain Beaver was sent to England with the dispatches, a mission which he might not unreasonably have expected to lead to promotion ; but the ill-luck, he had reason often to complain of, again attended him. Although he travelled with all possible dispatch, the battle of Marengo had been fought, the news of the French victory, which neutralised his own, had reached England before him, and he received neither the promotion he had expected, nor the pecuniary gratification which is usual on such occasions. He returned, however, to his post without delay, and, perhaps by way of consoling himself for his disappointment, was married on his way out, at Gibraltar, to Miss Elliot, who was the daughter of a naval officer, and to whom he had been for some time before engaged. Immediately upon his arrival he was employed in the Egyptian expedition ; and having added to his former reputation, by the consummate skill and cool intrepidity which he displayed on every occasion in which those qualities could be called into

action, he retired to a cottage in England, at the end of the war, scarcely richer than he was when it began:—

“In a letter from Malta, he thus sums up the account of his proceedings: ‘My last cruize during the war, from which I had every reason to expect something handsome, terminated in nothing. It commenced the very day that the preliminary articles of peace were signed, and an embargo which immediately followed on the enemies’ vessels, till the cessation of hostilities, precluded all chance of my taking any thing. On arriving at Minorca, I learned that I had lost eleven hundred pounds, freight money, by a new government order, which stops all payments on public monies; that sum having been left unpaid, in consequence of the death of poor Motz, the commissary-general. Then, on coming to Malta, I found that all my plate, with every thing else necessary for house-keeping, had been sent from England in the *Utile*; and that vessel has never been heard of since her departure. These accumulated losses have left me ‘poor indeed.’”

“The *Déterminée* was now ordered to Portsmouth, and paid off on the 19th of May 1802. After passing a few weeks in town, the captain purchased a house at Watford, in Hertfordshire, where he proved that the busy scenes of former years had not disqualified him for domestic quiet; and though ‘bounded in a nutshell,’ he found his time fully occupied with his family, his books, his cottage, and his half an acre of garden. His mind, however, still veered towards Bulama, his ‘little paradise;’ and, from an official communication with the Under Secretary of State, the command of two or three vessels, for African colonization, appeared to be within his reach, when the renewal of war closed the scheme.

“This event caused him to regret having declined a frigate, which was offered to him, after his return to England; but his reason was judicious—an absolute inability, in time of peace, to maintain a family at home, and also support the expenses of a table afloat. As a private individual, his habits were far from expensive, and he lived happy and contented under very moderate circumstances; but as a captain in the Royal Navy, which he esteemed as one of the first ranks in society, he felt it due to the service, that his establishment should be on a proportionate scale of expense. Indeed there was, in the contrast between his public and private character, a marked antithesis—for though totally devoid of all personal, he had a good deal of professional pride; and to acquit himself well in his duties, seen or unseen, was the predominant principle of his conduct. Perhaps this is a national characteristic:—no people love the glory of their country more than the French; it is a public stock, of which each individual boasts his proportion;—in England, it is also a public fund, but we unhesitatingly contribute to it our fortune, our talents, our labour, and our lives.

The threatened invasion by Buonaparte, which, ridiculous as it was, excited very general fears in this country, induced the government to form companies of yeomanry fencibles on such parts of the coast as were thought to be most exposed. Captain Beaver was appointed to command those on the coast of Essex. The good will with which he assumed a post far inferior to that which his rank in the navy entitled him to hold, was remarkably displayed in his answer to a communication, which stated, “It is conceived you are to act as volunteers, subject to the command of juniors, but freely offering advice to those not so well informed as yourselves.” Beaver replied:—

“From what you say of our rank while serving here, we shall hold no very enviable situation: however, on the present occasion, as the tocsin is sounded, I would even serve before the mast, rather than be out of the way, in a time of public danger; but on affairs of less moment, I would refuse a command, sooner than resign my right. I shall, therefore, since it is deemed

necessary, act under any junior officer, with all the good will, zeal, and energy I am capable of."

He served the cause in which he had embarked by his pen as well as with his professional knowledge, and by hand-bills and publications of various kinds, written in terms of plain and convincing good sense, did much to dissipate the fears which some disaffected persons had industriously spread. The sound opinion he expressed of Buonaparte, and the correct notion he had formed of the manner in which that distinguished *charlatan* ought to have been treated, are convincing proofs of the correctness of his judgment, and the firmness of his mind:—

" 'No man of principle,' he exclaims, 'should ever submit his feelings and conclusions to the theories of an enthusiast; and the present mock-respectful tone assumed by some of our leading men, as to the invincibility of our enemy, his talent, and his perfection, should be most contemptuously spurned; for whatever he may be, Old England can readily furnish men to match him. Their declamation may gratify disaffection and ignorance; but it will require something more like reason to persuade the better classes.'

" A letter which he published in the *Courier* of the 16th of February 1804, under the signature of Nearchus, tended so generally to allay the apprehensions of the timid, that much curiosity was excited as to the author. It is a fair specimen of argumentative reasoning: he considers the subject of a descent on our coasts, under three heads,—the enemy's quitting their ports—their crossing the channel—and their landing. Under the first, he proves, from substantial data, the utter impracticability of more than a fourth of the required number effecting it in one tide; under the second, if they come in detached portions, with British ships 'which know no winter,' we 'devour them like shrimps;' and in the event of their even overcoming both those obstacles, and 'vomiting their unhallowed crews upon our blessed shores,' they will be received there by the British army—an army with which I have served in each quarter of the globe; I know its merits, I know its foibles, I know it well; and am as fully convinced as I am that I now write, that this army as far surpasses all others in bravery, as British seamen surpass all others in skill: to it I most willingly consign, without the least fear of the consequence, all who may land.' "

There is a passage in one of his letters, written soon after the period here alluded to, which might be taken to apply literally to the cogging, cozening tricks, which have lately been played in a place which it would not be safe to mention more particularly:—

" 'As to the change of ministry you mention, and dissolution of parliament, it seems of little importance at present who is in, or who is out; for the late special pleading, speech-twisting debates, savour rather of the loaves and fishes than of patriotism; and, indeed, place and emolument, the apples of the aristocratical struggle of whigs and tories, are more often the motive than the reward of such contentions. Yet in times of public danger, party spirit ought to give way to virtue. But notwithstanding a full knowledge of how many states have been ruined by an indiscriminate love of popularity in their public leaders, there are some of our most valuable characters foolishly sacrificing at the same shrine, regardless of our national importance. As to those mob-courting demagogues, who clog their country's efforts, and thereby add to its burthens, merely to exhibit themselves; they deserve transportation.' "

Captain Beaver was appointed soon after the commencement of the late war, to the *Acasta* frigate, of 40 guns; in which, having settled his wife and family at Swansea, he sailed to the West Indies. If the captain's free strictures on certain debates are well calculated to make the persons concerned in them blush, his unbiassed opinions on the

effect which the mistaken conduct of the government towards the West-India colonies had produced there, ought also to be received with considerable attention. He is no advocate, be it remembered, for slavery; but his correct and unsophisticated mind came at once to the conclusion, which must be forced upon every one who will regard, without bigotry or dishonest influences, the real condition of the colonies:—

“ ‘Many years have rolled over my head,’ remarks the Captain, ‘since I first visited these regions, and I know not whether the manners of the people have altered, or my own taste has changed, perhaps both may have felt the influence of the interval. I admire the matchless tints of the scenery, and the heavenly splendour of the climate more than formerly; but I no longer relish the boisterous cheer and lax hospitality, which once did not incommode me. The chatter of the negro is as vociferous, and the piccaninies gambol as wildly as ever; while Sunday is still the happy day which they call their own. But the planter is certainly less gay; and he appears already to suffer under the interference of our legislature. I apprehend the result of our measures will ultimately prove of greater benefit to our enemies, than either to our own subjects or the slaves. It seems to me but reasonable, that those who so warmly discuss this question in the House of Commons should first take the trouble to make a trip across the water, and ascertain the truth; for the inquiry has hitherto been borne down more by sophistry than by fact. I would rather see the wisdom and philanthropy of England exerted to ameliorate the condition of the blacks, which she can do, than witness her efforts at what she cannot do. I abhor slavery; but feeling that, constituted as mankind are, it ever has existed, and perhaps ever will, I cannot surrender the evidence of my senses to mere speculative morality.’ ”

In 1809 he returned home, and was for some time without employment, in consequence of the *Acasta* being paid off. Having borne this with some impatience, but without complaining, for several months, he determined to apply at once to Lord Melville, and wrote a letter, which is an extremely manly, modest, and sensible effusion, and which is, besides, highly characteristic of its author's straight-forward manner of expressing himself:—

“ ‘I yesterday came to town for the purpose of renewing, in person, the application which I made in December last, for the command of one of the frigates lately launched at Plymouth. Totally unknown as I am to your lordship, it may not be impertinent, nay, I believe it is but just, to show upon what ground I prefer such a request, as there are, probably, numerous and meritorious applicants for the same command. Yet I hope I am not going to embarrass your lordship with solicitations, which inability to comply with, or previous engagements, render impossible to grant. To be brief, I shall shortly state, that during three-and-thirty years' service, I have never been unemployed in the time of war; that twenty-seven of those years I have borne a commission, and am now in the tenth year of post rank; that during that time I have never been tried by a court-martial, never confined, nor have I ever been once asked by any of my superiors, why such or such a thing had not been done. So much for negative merit. I decline dwelling upon the earlier parts of my servitude, that I may the less encroach upon your lordship's leisure. Soon after I was made a commander, I was appointed assistant-captain to the Mediterranean fleet; in this situation I had charge of the flotilla which six times bombarded Genoa; I negotiated for the same place on the part of the British, and came home overland with the documents announcing the event. The battle of Marengo had been fought, and on my arrival, though I travelled from the Elbe in less time than the same ground had ever been passed before, all Italy was again in the hands of our enemy; the despatches of which I was the bearer were therefore never published. Returning to the Mediterranean,

I held the same situation till the expedition to Egypt, when Lord Keith appointed me his captain in the *Foudroyant*; and I was with that officer and Sir R. Abercrombie when the landing was effected. A few months after the late war, I returned to England, and was paid off; early in this, I was appointed to the *Sea Fencibles* in Essex, where I remained three years; and during the last three have commanded the *Acasta*. In her I have had the charge of conducting and landing seven thousand of our troops in the expedition against Martinique; and shortly after, about two thousand five hundred at the Saints. The ship then being found in a state of decay, was ordered home, and paid off. Had I had any idea of not being kept in active service, I should certainly have accepted either the *Abercrombie* or the *Jewel*, both of which ships were offered to me by Sir A. Cochrane, previous to my coming home. From what I have stated, I trust it will appear that my standing as a captain is sufficient, that my conduct as an officer is unimpeachable, and that the length of my service will justify my solicitation. If, however, I should not succeed, I shall return to my cottage with the sentiments of the Spartan who lost his election as one of the Ephori—happy that my profession produces so many men of merit and virtue superior to myself.”

This application met with all the success it deserved. Captain Beaver was immediately offered the choice of two ships, and having selected the *Nisus*, he prepared for his voyage, and took leave of his family—as it unfortunately happened—for ever. He was at the taking of the Isle of France, and so generally distinguished himself by his superior skill and sagacity in the disposition and debarkation of the troops, and thereby mainly contributing to the victory, that he was appointed commodore, and invested by the admirals on the station with the honourable, but laborious post of senior officer in command. A series of hard and useful, rather than distinguished services, ensued, until his death, which took place somewhat suddenly at the Cape, in consequence of an attack of inflammation in the bowels, which was, perhaps, only dangerous in consequence of his own neglect and his aversion to medicine. His friend, Captain Schomberg, gives the following account of his illness and death:—

“He had slightly complained during the cruise of indisposition, and his looks on our arrival, proved the intensity of his disease. He landed about noon, but while dining with the admiral, was under the necessity of quitting the table. The symptoms quickly increased to an alarming degree, and after a violent struggle with nature for four days, he expired at Cape Town, on the 5th of April 1813; and in those trying moments displayed his usual admirable fortitude. Seeing that we were greatly affected, he remarked that death was an event for which he had been daily prepared; it was a debt which all must pay, and therefore it should be contemplated with calm resignation. Addressing me more particularly, for I never quitted him during this impressive scene, he continued. ‘If I am not better in an hour, I cannot live. You will succeed me in the command of the *Nisus*, and I know my youngsters will be taken care of. I hope they will yet be an honour to the cloth.’ He then deliberately proceeded to make serious preparation for the approaching event. About five o’clock, the anticipated return of the pangs of inflammatory constipation closed his earthly troubles, and left us in a stupor of grief.

“It is difficult for me to sketch his character—he was manly and determined, with a mind very peculiarly constituted. From the firmness of his decision, something like austerity, and an air of conscious superiority, showed itself in command: but in society, except where vice or folly drew forth his sarcasm, he was gentle and as playful as a child. His inflexible integrity made parts of his conduct appear captious and irritable; while in argument, his manner seemed rather to dictate than to persuade,—yet I know no man

who persuaded with more conviction. His view of enterprise was generally very bold, for he never saw difficulty, and was a stranger to fear: but as a flag officer, his soaring mind would have been more in its element than as captain of a frigate. With a strong thirst after useful information, he studied closely during every moment of official leisure, and was therefore not only a scientific navigator, but appeared very conversant in general literature. He was indifferent to the garb in which substantial knowledge was clothed: and I have reason to think that this extraordinary man read the *Encyclopedia Britannica* entirely through during a cruise—a curious instance of a habit of perseverance."

The life of such a man is not less useful to his country than honourable to humanity, and the history of it will be read with admiration by all who can be interested by the noblest and most exalted qualities that dignify our species. The most painful part of the story remains to be told;—that notwithstanding his temperate habits, his excessively laborious and almost uninterrupted service, he was unable to leave such a provision for his family as placed them beyond the necessity of being indebted to the compassion of others for their support:—

"His family, at his death, consisted of Mrs. Beaver and six children; and as fortune had not favoured him in the acquisition of wealth, his widow was, through the kindness of Lord Viscount Melville, appointed matron of Greenwich Hospital School—a situation which she could have little contemplated, when her husband was so conspicuous on the high road to the brightest honours. This nomination, however, afforded a refuge from pecuniary distress; and procured her an unexpected source of consolation, in the eager desire with which the veteran sailors crowded her door, entreating to see the children, those interesting portraits of their late revered commander.

Surely the widow and family of such a man ought to have been otherwise provided for!

Among the documents which are collected at the end of the volume, is a single ballad, written by Captain Beaver at the age of fifteen. It has enough of lyrical ease to prove that, if he had cultivated the art, he might have succeeded in it; and, as a song of the sea, by a sailor, it is a curiosity:—

On the Battle between the Milford frigate and the Dieu de Coigny, fought on the 10th May 1780.

Up in the wind, three leagues or more,

We spied a lofty sail;

"Let's hoist a Dutch flag for decoy,

And closely hug the gale."

Nine knots the nimble Milford ran,

"Thus—thus," the master cried;

Hull up, she raised the chase in view,

And soon was side by side.

"Down the Dutch ensign, up St. George,

To quarters now all hands,"—

With lighted match, beside his gun,

Each British warrior stands.

"Give fire!" the gallant captain cries;

'Tis done—the cannons roar;

"Stand clear, Monsieur! digest these pills,

And then we'll send you more!"

Yon French jack shivers in the wind,
 Its lilies all look pale;
 And well they may—they must come down,
 For Britons shall prevail.

Raked fore and aft, her shattered hull
 Admits the briny flood;
 Her decks are covered with the slain,
 Her scuppers stream with blood.

Our chain-shot whistle in the wind,
 The grape descend like hail;
 "Huzza! my hearts, three cheering shouts!
 Our foe begins to quail."

The fight is done—she strikes—she yields;
 No more our force she braves;
 Henceforth she'll bear our cross, and prove
 That Britons rule the waves.

*H. M. Ship Princess Royal,
 September 25th, 1780.*

P. BEAVER.

THE BRIDGES OF LONDON.

Thanks to the bridge that has carried us well over.—*Old Saying.*

THE above old saying was no doubt very much in vogue when bridges were mere planks placed across a stream, when there was some danger in passing over them, and when a traveller might well express his gratitude at having crossed safely, as he looked back at the turbulent stream and the tottering plank—or trunk of a tree—which had conducted him from the other side.

In modern days, however, bridges have been so well constructed, and have been so for such a long period, that the gratitude which was the origin of this old saying no longer exists, or is paid with a penny instead of a proverb: what was a wonder in former times is a common event in the present day; and we quietly and negligently walk over arches and causeways, that would have struck our ancestors with astonishment, and the execution of which, in past ages, might have condemned the artificers to the penalties of sorcery. Times, however, have changed—intellect has marched—and what were formerly considered miracles, are now common-place occurrences.

In our bridges, planks and piles have given way to stone arches and granite columns—solid piers are sunk into the beds of our rivers by means of coffer-dams—and the passenger is conducted across the broadest rivers by roads and causeways, equal in width and convenience to our most splendid streets.

It is curious to trace the progress of that which has arisen from absolute necessity, till it has become a work of wonder and of art, that carries the name of the constructor to posterity.

The origin of a bridge was the necessity of passing any passage that exceeded the step or the stretch of any man's legs. On such occasions,

his natural invention would lead him to apply a stone, if of sufficient length, to answer his purpose ; but if not, a piece of wood, or trunk of a tree, would be employed in the same way, to render the passage more easy to himself.

History does not furnish us with any materials wherewith to form a connected account of the progress of these rude attempts, till they attained the perfection of the modern bridge. But the great fundamental principle of bridge building certainly originates in the invention of the arch, and of the origin of this main principle in architecture there is great uncertainty.

Those who have written of architecture as they would of poetry, have deduced the first origin of the arch from the "beautiful and superb dome of the heavens," and have wondered that the "variegated arch that at times made its appearance," had not been much earlier adopted as an object of imitation. Others, the ingenuity of whose minds have equalled the sublimity of these poetical writers, have traced the origin of bridges to the ingenious labours of the spider. But though we acknowledge the ingenuity, or rather instinct, with which insects, birds, and quadrupeds discover admirable instances of art suitable to their nature and use, fitted for their situations, we cannot think that these have formed models, excepting in very few instances, for the rational part of the creation. The origin of the arch is very uncertain. The eastern nations, among their many monuments of grandeur and of art, have left us scarcely a specimen of it ; yet we question whether those excavations which still excite our wonder, and which gave the form of the arch without its principle, might not have first led to the discovery of its utility and excellence.

It is probable that the Chinese, whose interior history is yet in some measure problematical, had arrived at a greater degree of perfection in the arch at a much earlier period than the Greeks and Romans, who have been our great masters and models in architectural construction. We who boast of so much excellence in the construction of the arch, have not outdone them, since we find that at a very early period they constructed a bridge of one arch, from one mountain to another, of the span of 600 feet.

Our masters, however, in this art—and the first that we know and acknowledge to have combined the parts of an arch scientifically together—are the Greeks ; and since the days of Stewart and Revett's industrious researches, we are willing to allow the Greeks to be our masters, and to seek no higher antiquity for our models.

We must not, however, permit the arches of antiquity to lead us from our subject. The origin of the arch, or the honour of its invention, is not the object of our present inquiry, but rather its application in the construction of our London bridges. In the midst of the general improvements which have taken place in our metropolis since the peace, the passages over the Thames have not been neglected, and two bridges, Waterloo and Southwark, have added to the convenience and the beauty of our city, and now a new London Bridge is rapidly throwing its arches across the broad stream, to the astonishment of the citizens, and the dread of the inhabitants of Thames-street, and that part of Southwark more immediately in the vicinity of the river.

Our finest bridge, however—and, without vanity, perhaps the finest in Europe—is Waterloo Bridge ; and sorry we are, that from the want of

direct communication with the interior of the metropolis, such a magnificent structure is of so little comparative utility. When Canova, the sculptor, was in London, the gentleman who lionized him to the different curiosities, and the various works of art in our city, told him that he would first shew him a bridge constructed by the tradesmen of London, and afterwards conduct him to one which had been built by order of the government. Canova was accordingly first taken to Waterloo Bridge. Astonished at the extent and splendour of the erection, he pronounced it the finest structure of the kind he had ever seen, and wondered, if this was the work of the tradesmen, what must be that which had been constructed under the patronage of the government. His conductor, who no doubt had a little of the radical in his composition, then led him to the wooden Bridge, which at that time existed across the canal in St. James's Park, as the work of the British government. What a bathos in comparison of the magnificent appearance of Waterloo; yet what a correct illustration of the character of our country, where almost all the splendid public works of charity or art are the produce of the people, and not of the government.

How often when we pass this bridge are we led to regret that it is still left in the hands of the speculators; not only from the unprofitable nature of a speculation which ought to have had, and which deserved such a different result, but for the honour of our country. The government ought to purchase this bridge, and should pride itself in preserving all the passages across the Thames free.

What must Canova have felt at having to pay a penny before he could enter upon one of the most splendid works of art which our metropolis possesses. For our own parts, we would have the government pay the original cost of the bridge, and remunerate the speculators for a work which does us so much credit. They could, however, at this period, purchase it for one fourth of the money expended, and might thus, at a comparatively trifling expense, conduce greatly to the convenience of the inhabitants, and to the respectability of the metropolis, by abolishing a toll which is really a disgrace to a city like ours.

Waterloo Bridge is, indeed, a credit to the name of Mr. Rennie, the engineer, who constructed it as it was originally projected by the unfortunate Mr. Dodd, who was destined to project, but never to accomplish—who lived in the midst of splendid speculations, and died in the greatest poverty. In point of science, this construction is surpassed by none, and its flatness gives it a peculiarity, as well as a superiority, over the other bridges across the Thames, though perhaps Blackfriars is the bridge which exhibits the greatest pretensions to architectural beauty. Its columns and ballustrades are lighter, and there is more airiness in the construction, than in any of the other bridges.

When Waterloo Bridge was finished, a long discussion took place in the city about rebuilding London Bridge; but there were so many dissentient opinions, and so much uncertainty as to the final accomplishment of the work, that a set of speculators, of whom there are always a sufficient quantity in London, were in hopes of superseding the necessity of it, by the construction of Southwark Bridge. This is a composition of stone and iron-work, and does much credit to us both in casting and masonry. This bridge, however, like that of Waterloo, is nearly useless from the want of a direct communication with Cheapside.

In one of Mr. Nash's plans of improvement for the western part of

London, a bridge was projected from Charing Cross to Pedlar's Acre. This bridge was intended to start from the side of Northumberland House, and such a plan would, indeed, have formed a magnificent entrance, as well as proved a very great convenience to that part of the metropolis. The government, however, is already involved too deeply in expense, to attempt any thing beyond what they are doing at present; and it is well known that their funds are far from sufficient even to complete their present plans. In some instances the Woods and Forests are paying five per cent. interest on the amount of purchases they are unable to complete, and in others they are entering into negotiations to pay for houses and premises already condemned, by the exchange of crown property. For the great improvement therefore of a bridge at Charing Cross, we fear the good citizens of Westminster may look in vain. The immense increase of buildings, however, and the great improvements at Pimlico, and in the lower parts of Milbank and the Horseferry-road, have suggested to several, the convenience of, if not the necessity for, a bridge between those of Vauxhall and Westminster, and for this purpose several committees have been formed, and several plans have been laid before the parties interested in the execution of such a scheme. The improvements which have taken place under the auspices of government, seem intended to be bounded in this direction by the houses of parliament; and we are therefore glad to see that some spirited individuals are willing to extend them, where they are so much wanted, as a private speculation. The lower parts of Westminster have, for a very long period, been quite a disgrace to a neighbourhood so immediately contiguous to so many of our principal public buildings, and to those buildings, too, which are sure to attract the visits and the attention of foreigners.

The new palace at Pimlico has, however, given a consequence to the whole of this neighbourhood, of which the proprietors are taking rapid and essential advantage. The agents of Lord Grosvenor have already let the principal part of his estate to speculative builders; and the minor proprietors following the example, squares, streets, and buildings, are gradually extending from Knightsbridge to the Thames; and Tothill-fields, the Horseferry-road, and the adjacent neighbourhood, are becoming ornaments, instead of nuisances, to this quarter of the metropolis.

The increase of the respectability of this neighbourhood, and the great increase of inhabitants and traffic, which has been the result of these building speculations, have naturally led to the idea of a more direct communication with the other side of the water, and thus obviate the inconvenience of going round either by Westminster or Vauxhall Bridges, to arrive at Lambeth.

The most natural place at which to form this communication is the old Horseferry, leading directly from the Archbishop's Palace and church, at Lambeth, into the heart of the new improvements, and thus forming a direct line of communication between two distant and populous neighbourhoods, and giving the inhabitants of Belgrave-square and Pimlico an easy outlet to the counties of Kent and Surrey, without the circuitous route which they are at present obliged to take.

During the last two or three years several plans for this improvement have been suggested, and one or two attempts have been made to bring a bill into Parliament for the purpose of accomplishing it.

"Many men," however, have "many minds," and where there are many minds unguided by one master-spirit, there is seldom any thing done effectually. It is in human nature to prevent the progress of improvement, unless it can be done in one's own way; and thus many a great good is lost by being referred to committees, the members of which are thinking more of their own infallibility, than of the real object of their assembling.

The great difference of opinion has been, whether the bridge should be a suspension bridge, or a regular architectural construction; and this difference of opinion has acted so powerfully, as hitherto to prevent the adoption of either, and thus has stopped the progress of this much-wished for and most essential improvement.

The gentleman who appears to have given the most attention to this subject, and who from his knowledge of the *locale*, has submitted the best digested and most comprehensive plan of the whole improvement, is Mr. Hollis, architect and civil engineer, of Stamford-street, who has devoted the last two or three years almost entirely to this subject, and to his attempts to carry his plans into execution. He has just now published a pamphlet, in which the whole of his projected plans of improvement are set forth.

The alteration and improvements proposed by Mr. Hollis, are offered more especially to the inhabitants of Lambeth and Westminster, "as affording them the opportunity of keeping pace with the spirit of the times, and of contributing to the solid improvement of some of their neglected districts; thus enabling them to vie with other parts of the capital in consequence and convenience."

The general outline of these projected improvements consists in a new street from Lambeth Palace to Vauxhall, parallel to the banks of the Thames—a new bridge from Palace Wharf to Milbank, and lastly, a communication from this bridge with Pimlico. Any one at all conversant with the relative situation of these parts and their present inconveniences, will at once see the utility attendant on the accomplishment of these plans.

The line contemplated to be taken in the proposed new street, commences nearly opposite to Lambeth church, and leading in a line parallel to the Thames, till it opens into Broad-street, Lambeth-butts. By these means, not only will a handsome street be obtained, but many valuable wharfs and water-side premises, which will well repay the capital proposed to be expended. Persons possessing these new wharfs will have the opportunity also of adding residences in the frontage to the street, similar to Belvidere and Commercial-roads. The depths of the proposed new wharfs will be from 110 to 120 feet from the river to the street, and the width of the street is intended to be 45 feet.

The description of property removed by this street, comprising chiefly premises of an inferior description, and situated in small courts and alleys, and the greatest portion of the buildings being old and very much dilapidated, their removal will be a great source of gain, as well as of improvement to the parish of Lambeth. This new line of street is shewn in plan No. 1, in Mr. Hollis's pamphlet; the plan No. 2, shews the general outline of all the roads connecting themselves with the projected bridge, and this plan fully proves the comparative distance and saving that will be effected by the improvement. To the more immediate districts on each side of the Thames, the saving will be most important

(as from Church-street, in Lambeth, to Market-street, in Westminster, by either of the present bridges of Vauxhall or Westminster, the distance saved will be more than a mile), a saving sufficiently important to create an interest in the success of the undertaking commensurate with the advantage.

The improvements said to be contemplated in the Archbishop's Palace—the opening a line of direct communication with the streets in the neighbourhood of the new palace, St. James's Park—the improvements on the estate of Lord Grosvenor, at Pimlico and Chelsea—make this situation so eminently desirable for a bridge, and indeed call for such a convenience instead of the present ferry, that it appears to us to be a desideratum that ought to be wished for by the whole of the inhabitants of those districts.

The design of the new bridge itself, as may be seen by Mr. Hollis's sketch, consists of a series of seven arches, proposed to be executed in cast iron, resting upon stone piers. "This description of structure," says Mr. Hollis, "possesses great advantages over stone bridges, on the score of expense and facility of erection, and long experience with the principle of their construction and the nature of the materials, has given them a permanent character."

We have bestowed much attention upon Mr. Hollis's design for this bridge, which is proposed to be called the Royal Clarence Bridge, and confess ourselves very much pleased with it. There is a lightness in the structure, where iron arches are united with stone piers, which is incompatible with a bridge built entirely of stone—at the same time we are aware of the great skill and science necessary in the construction, so as to prevent the expansion and contraction of the metal for assisting the structure. To render this improvement complete, a new branch road, in a direct line from the Horseferry-road into Pimlico, has been laid down.

Altogether, we heartily wish that these improvements may take place; they will not only be beneficial to the immediate inhabitants of the *locale*, but they will remove neighbourhoods which are a disgrace to our metropolis, and open a direct communication between two very populous and very improving districts.

[During the period of our writing these strictures on the Bridges, the difficulties attending the approaches to the New London Bridge appear to have arrived at their climax; and it seemed for some days very problematical whether the bridge would not remain a mere monument of useless grandeur—or to be gazed at, but never walked upon.

This has engendered some very lively discussions in both Houses of Parliament. The City has been angered, and supposed their dignity lowered, by being called upon for an account of their income.

All these differences are, however, now very happily adjusted, and the approaches will be accomplished agreeably to the last plan proposed by Messrs. Rennie.

All we can say upon this subject is, that the same mistake with regard to the approaches having been made both in Waterloo and London Bridges, we trust no other will be erected without a complete understanding of the *locale*, without which the most expensive undertaking may be rendered useless.]

WALKS IN IRELAND : N^o. II. — THE MURDERER'S DEATH.

GENTLE READER :—I never published No. I, and I never will, but I have not the remotest intention of telling you why ; all the information it contains, which it is necessary for you to possess is, that I am “ a young man of genteel connexions,” as the grocers and linendrapers say, about 5 feet 11 inches in height, of a spare active habit, and somewhat choleric complexion. When in town, I wear in the morning a black frock, slate coloured gloves, sewed with black, a narrow-brimmed hat, and very thin boots ; in the evening, a black coat, of an accuracy not to be surpassed, white waistcoat, pale straw coloured gloves, black stock, and particularly low quartered shoes ; my brequet is perhaps the smallest about town : I wear it in my bosom, not my waistcoat pocket. I am to be found at Almack's, and the Opera, not to speak of private engagements ; in the country, I am a mighty hunter before the lord, and a bitter and blood-thirsty persecutor of grouse, partridge, and snipe : on these occasions, I wear either a scarlet coat or a green frock, as the case requires ; when on a pedestrian ramble, I patronize a sailor's jacket and straw hat ; when I become *very* famous, I will employ some kind friend to publish, in the Examiner, or some paper which sets an equal value on the ties of friendship, recollections of me and my cotemporaries, with all my domestic faults, whims and oddities, for the purpose of publishing which, great men now-a-days let little men into their intimacy, by which means they are sure of a sufficient quantity of flattery during their lives, that they may supply materials for calumny and vituperation after their exit from the busy treacherous scene ; in plain English, they are pampered when living, to be eaten when dead : till then let this short, ingenuous sketch satisfy you ; and,

Believe me (while you read me) your sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

July 29th, 1828.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I left Dublin for the County of Wicklow. The day was sultry : fitter for Jamaica than Ireland.

One found me at — : poor Mrs. — saw me from the window, and met me at the door with a kind welcome, and a smile that she wished to be a cheerful one, but it made me sigh ; she looked pale and careworn, and no wonder, her lot is indeed a hard one ; her kind friends and relations, however, look on, like the Levite, and pass by on the other side, satisfying themselves with the reflection, that it was her own choice. Let me except her aunt, old Lady P——, she is a good Samaritan indeed.

On my way to Kilgobbin Castle and its most Irish village Step-aside, I met with a civility unexpected so near the metropolis. An elderly gentleman driving past me with a dashing equipage drew up, and offered me a seat in his carriage ; I declined his offer, for I am luckily a pedestrian from choice as well as necessity ; however, as we happened to be at the foot of a somewhat steep ascent, he alighted, and joining me, we entered into conversation : he was a sensible, well informed man, and we parted, I believe, with a mutual desire to meet again, at least I can answer for myself.

At the entrance to the Dargle, I met Miss M—— and her uncle,

riding so slowly that I could not avoid joining them. Now if there is any thing that annoys us pedestrians in the superlative degree, it is meeting fine acquaintances on public roads. On mountains, or in glens, by waterfalls, or lakes, it is all as it should be ; our jackets and straw hats look picturesque, and are in keeping ; we have a chance of being put in a picture if not in a book ; if we are ugly, we look like banditti, if handsome, like shepherds or poets ; but on a dusty road, while our more fortunate fellow-travellers whirl past us in their carriages, or charge by us on their steeds, we cut an itinerant, vagabond figure, besmirched with dust, overtopped and outstripped as we are by every one, from the peer to the carter. Let me do justice, however, to the parties in question : they had too much politeness either to dash by with a flying salute, shaking the dust off their feet in testimony against me at every bound, or to make a dead halt, as if they were condoling with a cripple, so that in spite of my sensitive pedestrian vanity we sauntered together through the Dargle very agreeably. Now I am not going to inflict upon you for the hundredth time a description of that celebrated glen : if you want to read about it, and be never the wiser for your pains, go study Sir John, or any other Irish tourist ; if you want to know what it is, go and visit it.

A pleasant, shady road, varied with snatches of woodland scenery, and mountain view, led me to a sequestered and romantic cottage in the valley of Powerscourt, the residence of near and dear relatives. I love to take my friends by surprise, especially in the course of my solitary rambles : when the mind's eye as well as the body's, is tired with many a mile of weary thought and silent contemplation, the quick look of joyful welcome, or that sweetest of all music, the voice of a dear friend, is like the first glimpse of a fountain in the desert, or the song of a bird after a sleepless night.

The solitude of mountains is not melancholy, it fills the mind with awe, not with gloom, it opens a sealed fountain of deep and solemn thought, and we drink alone and in silence and are refreshed : the thronging rush of society would trouble and disturb it. But in cultivated scenery it is otherwise : Nature has disappeared before man, or has yielded to his sway ; he has covered her face with cities, he has called forth, and fashioned, and distributed as seemed fit to him, her trees and plants, and flocks and herds, and she has obeyed him like the slave of the lamp ; every thing around you speaks of his combined intellect, and demonstrates his social strength, and as the solitary wanderer looks upon his works, he feels his own helplessness and insignificance.

The evening was falling when I left my friends, and kissing hand to merry little J—— from the first turn of the mountain path, resumed my walk. They call the great ugly brown lump, (God help the sheep that starve on it !) which stops the way between Eniskerry and Roundwood, the Long Hill, just as one would say of a tiresome bore of a companion, "that long, awkward fellow, he seems longer and duller every time I meet him." I protest, I never heard any one pronounce the name without a drawl ; the worst of men or hills, however, have some redeeming attribute, or adjunct : the long man may have a pretty sister or wife, and the Long Hill is own brother to romantic Sugar-loaf, and has taken graceful, quiet Powerscourt deer park under his protection. May the curse of all poets light upon the custard-eating cockney, too saucy or too stupid to learn our language, yet impudent enough to nick-

name our mountains, who dared to call "the Altar of the Sun,"* Sugar-loaf. Well, I have often longed to know who set the example to the absentees, and I hope we will no longer grumble at our nobility for abandoning their palaces to shopkeepers, when we see that our mountain spirits led the fashion.

I paused on the brow of the Long Hill to enjoy the prospect, and if ever you chance to go there, I advise you to follow my example. In the east, huge piles of clouds were huddling together over the sea, as if they were going to sleep, while Sugar-loaf, like a tall sentinel, stood out boldly in the fore ground; southward, beneath my feet, lay Eniskerry, nestling among its pleasant woods, with its fantastic pass "the Scalp" in the distance, and stately Powerscourt beside it; and in the west, a gorgeous sunset was piercing the thin grey mist that hung over Glencree, and raining down purple and gold on the tops of its lofty mountains, while their tall shadows threw into deeper gloom the dark chasm, where the upper and lower Lough Bray lie buried. And this was "the Valley of the Kings,"—a lofty name for a wild glen traversed by a brawling stream, with its unpeopled hills and solitary lakes. And who were ye, the rulers in the desert, the monarchs of flood and fell, whose title has outlived your name, and race, and language, to linger like an echo in your native valley? Did peace and plenty smile on your patriarchal sway? or did ye stoop from your mountain fastness, like the eagle from his eyrie, on the flocks and herds of the unwarlike Lowlander? Were ye of the unbelieving race against whom Adrian lifts up his voice in pious horror? or did ye consecrate your domains, like the mysterious Valley of the Seven Churches—the Tadmor in the desert of these lonely regions—with gloomy rites of by-gone, antique superstition, whose very name has perished with your own? All these things let the antiquarian settle, or rather, I will settle them myself some other time, for I too, am of the craft; but in my present mood I would not exchange this grand and solemn sunset view, for all the monastic dogmatism, and sullen, sententious, but profitable ignorance, that ever Leland or Ledwich gulled the world with.

Slowly and imperceptibly the features of the landscape changed, like the altered aspect of an inconstant friend: the warm and glowing tints faded away into the dull grey uniformity of twilight; and casting "one longing, lingering look behind," I addressed myself to my journey. A wild upland road of a few miles brought me to the rustic, comfortable auberge of Roundwood, where poor old Judy (every one who has ever visited the County of Wicklow will remember her) stood ready to receive me, with her quiet, mirthful, twinkling eye, that age might dim, but care could not, and her unchanging, lack-a-daisical, simpering smile, and well-worn, venerable jests, with such a careless, fresh, and new-born air about them, that thirty years old as they were, not a guest but chuckled at the thought that they were inspired by his own good-humoured, wit-creating face. Have you ever seen the kitchen of an Irish inn, a village or a mountain inn, where one room serves for parlour, kitchen and all? probably not, so I will take chance and describe it to you, or, as we say in Ireland, *insense** you about it.

* This was the ancient Irish name of that most picturesque and singular looking peak. From its easterly situation, it is the first of the Wicklow mountains which is "kissed by the morning light;" besides, once upon a time, we ignorant Irish, in common with our Phœnician ancestors, and other barbarians, worshipped the sun; you see we were always making blunders.

† *i. e.* inform; literally, put sense into you.

The form and plan in all parts of the country are pretty nearly the same, though the furniture varies; the hospitable door (inns are proverbially hospitable) stands always open, but the guests are sheltered from the thorough air by a screen, composed like the rest of the mansion, of mud; the partition walls which separate it from the adjoining rooms reach no higher than the spring of the roof, so that warmth and air, not to mention the grunting of pigs, and other domestic sounds, are equally diffused through all parts of the tenement; from the rafters, well blackened and polished with smoke, depend sundry fitches of bacon, dried salmon, and so forth, and above them, if you know the ways of the house "may be you couldn't find (maybe you *couldn't* means, maybe you *could*) a horn of malt or a cag of poteen, where the gauger couldn't smell it." If you are very ignorant, I must tell you, that poteen is the far famed liquor which we Irish, on the faith of the proverb, "stolen bread is sweetest," prefer, in spite of law, and—no—not of lawgivers, they drink it themselves, to its unsuccessful rival, parliament whisky. Beneath the ample chimney, and on each side of the fire-place, run low stone benches, the fire of turf or bog-wood is made on the ground, and the pot for boiling the "mate, or potaties" as the chance may be, suspended over it by an iron chain: so that sitting on the aforesaid stone benches, you may inhale, like the gods, the savour of your dinner, while your frost-bitten shins are soothed at the same time by the fire which dresses it. Here then with, cigar in mouth, (I learned to smoke while at sea, but more about that another time) I established myself, enjoying that genuine *otium cum dignitate*, which none but the traveller can feel, when established in the seat of honour, and taking his ease in his own inn.

Good supper, good bed, good breakfast, imagine these enjoyed, and accompany me, while I lead you to one of the finest scenes even in romantic Wicklow,—Lough Dan, as approached, not by the roadster but by his lord and master—as far as enjoyment of the first-fruits of nature is concerned,—the pedestrian mountaineer. Your way lies over a brown, monotonous hill, withouthouse, or tree, or rock to break its dull uniformity; at last you gain the flat and heathy summit; from the abrupt dip of the ground at a little distance, you perceive that you are near a precipice, and the change from heath, to short, dry, slippery grass, warns you to mind your footing well; in a few minutes, however, you reach a safe rocky ledge; a single step, and the broad, black mirror of Lough Dan is stretched beneath your feet, reflecting mountain, and cliff, and far off deep blue sky, and light, and shadow, sunshine and cloud, with a vivid distinctness of outline, and a solemn depth and stillness of repose, that disturbs the mind with a sense of awe; you could persuade yourself that the winds of Heaven are forbidden to visit that lake, or break with their riotous mirth the eternal sleep of its motionless waters.

The sheer descent from the ledge of which I speak, may be about three hundred feet; there are ravines, however, by which you can reach the shore without much difficulty. Through one of these I descended, and a few minutes found me seated in a cave—I might better call it a recess, at the foot of the cliff on which I had been standing.

You must know that I never travel without that most gentlemanly and unobtrusive companion—a book. A volume of Shakspeare was with me on the present occasion, and I had to choose between "The Comedy of Errors," "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth," and "Macbeth," for the hour (a long one I promise you) which I spent in my cave—I took the last.

If you wish to read "Macbeth" as you ought, and as it deserves, go, find out such a resting-place as mine, with a gloomy lake sleeping before you, shadowed by gloomier mountains, with heathy summits, that the witches would love; and near you, to retire to when the solemn fit is over, have such a tranquil glen as sweetest Luggela—near you, but not in sight; and while you saunter through its pleasant groves, or by its sunny waters, forgetting the weird sisters and the traitorous king, and calling up Rosalind and Celia, or that gentlest child of fancy, poor Ophelia, or dreaming of Una and Britomart, conscious that you are in Ireland, the land of Spenser's inspiration, you will scarcely envy the listless loungers of Regent-street or Bond-street, or their apathetic worshippers of Merion-square or Cavendish-row. Talking of Shakspeare, if you want to make a pet of him, get Pickering's edition, 9 vols., fairy size; that is to say, about 384mo., to speak technically; and coax some gentle friend to make you a velvet, prayer-book-like case for it—say nothing about the value you set upon *her* work until you have fairly got it in your possession; but tell her that the delicate fingers of the noble and the beautiful are worthily employed in making a shrine for Shakspeare; and if, "with such appliances and means to boot," you do not read him *con amore*, if your heart does not glow with reflected inspiration, you are as dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe's brink.

I did not visit Luggela this walk, I only thought of it; some time hence, when I am in a pastoral, arcadian mood, I will read and think about the golden age; and, having thus prepared myself, will write about Luggela, taking care to avoid (if possible) saying anything which to a stranger might sound like flattery of the family whose property it is, though to one who knows them it would be but a transcript of his own thoughts.

On the present occasion my path wound along the side of Lough Dan, emerging at length from which, and avoiding as much as possible anything resembling a road, I voluntarily suffered myself to lose my way among the wild upland, boggy moors which surround the Devil's Glen.

"The sky is changed—and such a change—Oh! Night."—One of the most sudden and violent storms of rain and thunder I ever remember, surprised me about an hour after sunset, when hugging myself with the thoughts of a beautiful moonlight night after a shower, which, "good easy man," I thought would clear the air and moderate the tropical heat of the weather. It was a grand sight, that thunder-storm; and, though attended at the time with not a little danger, I still look back upon it with a feeling of awe, as realizing some of my wild reveries and day-dreams about chaos, and the war of the angels, and the deluge.

The sun went down amidst a sea of fiery-looking clouds, while a fresh breeze springing up unexpectedly from the north-east, came sweeping over the waste of moor and bog, driving before it a dark grey gigantic mass, more like a chain of uprooted mountains travelling through the air, than an assemblage of unsubstantial vapour. When right over head, the canopy of clouds settled and paused, the breeze lulled, then died away in faint irregular moanings, until all was as still as if Nature herself was holding her breath for awe. Then the clouds opened like the rending of a veil, giving to view, not a flash, or a sheet of lightning, but something like a mighty conflagration of blasting, supernatural light, accompanied, not followed, by a crash as if ten millions of angelic chariots were chasing the ruined host of Lucifer from the uttermost verge of heaven into the bottomless abyss of the damned.

The blackness that followed the roar of the thunder was so sudden and startling that for an instant I thought I was struck blind for my daring hardihood, in looking with a bold and over-curious eye at the awful and dangerous mysteries of elemental strife ; but again the clouds rolled back like mighty gates, again the lightning sprang forth, and the thunder pealed, and then, down, through the pitchy darkness, came a flood, a cataract, a Niagara of rain, such as never since the days of Noah deluged an unfortunate bog-trotter like myself. I plunged and floundered through the solid sheet of water, until I got to an elevated situation, and there I sat down upon a rock, for as for proceeding until the rain lightened, the thing was out of the question.

I suppose about two hours passed in this agreeable situation ; at length, as if more from want of means than inclination, the torrent abated ; and, though the rain still fell in what would be counted a very severe shower under ordinary circumstances, yet as it no longer threatened to beat me to the ground, and then float me off to the nearest river, I judged it expedient, not to pursue my route, for that as I told you I had voluntarily lost, but to seek the shelter of the nearest cabin, and there wait until the friendly morning should come with its welcome "*vade mecum*" to throw new light upon the subject, and help me out of my dilemma.

I had not proceeded more than half a mile, when the sullen voice of rushing water warned me of the proximity of a mountain stream, swollen to a dangerous torrent by the heavy rains. Steering myself cautiously by the sound, I reached what seemed to be a rude by-path ; and not being in a very fastidious mood, I was right well pleased at finding myself in a few minutes in front of a ruinous looking hovel, through whose manifold chinks a faint light glimmered, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Knowing that the part of the country I was in was free from disturbance, though the embers of insurrection still glowed in the southern counties of Ireland, the worst I apprehended from intruding into the cabin at that unseasonable hour, was finding myself amidst the orgies of a knot of bibacious peasants, enjoying the festivities of a "*Shebean, anglice*, house of concealment ; that is to say, a house where people get drunk in secret, not because the *act* is disgraceful or frowned at by the law, but because the *whisky* is of that illegal description I have spoken of already ; and as I well know the manners and language of the people, and have not in the least the look of a gauger, I apprehended no danger beyond that of being obliged to join in the debauch, my scruples about which, to say the truth, the rain had in a great measure washed away ; so I saluted the door with the half-confident, half-diffident knock of an unexpected guest, sure that whatever difficulties he may encounter in getting admittance, when once fairly in he can make himself welcome.

Several minutes passed without any notice being taken of my application. I thought the light appeared to move ; but, though I listened attentively, I could not hear the slightest noise, except a low snoring, as of one in a drunken sleep. "I must disturb these revellers," thought I, "unless I can reconcile myself to passing the night in the bog, in preference to interrupting their gentle slumbers." So, forthwith, I assailed the door, hand and foot, after a fashion calculated to satisfy the inmates that if they took much more time to consider before they made up their minds to admit me in the usual way, I was likely to save them all further

trouble on the subject, by effecting an entrance into their respectable mansion in the manner of house-breakers and heroes: that is to say, by storm. A harsh-voiced female instantly acknowledged the force of my reasoning, with "Asy—asy—take your time—ye're always in a hurry," at the same instant opening the door so suddenly and readily, that be the sleepers whom they might, it was quite clear that she was not one of them. I never, in the course of my life, saw so repulsive-looking a being as that woman. Her age might be about five-and-thirty; her strong-built, muscular figure, rose so considerably above the female height, as to give her the appearance of a man in disguise, and the harshness of her voice in some measure countenanced the idea; but her features, stamped more deeply than any I have ever seen before or since with the indelible traces of fierce and evil passions and a licentious life, were those of a woman. Her dress was squalid and neglected; her long hair, once as black as jet, but now tinged with grey, less as it seemed from years, than from the premature old age of misery and care, and, it might be, guilt, hung in matted elf-locks over her face and shoulders. In one hand she held a candle, and cautiously shaded it from the wind with the other, so that the light fell full upon her face and figure, while I remained in the shade; and in spite of all I have said, and though I repeat that I never saw a human being from whom I felt so much inclined to draw back, with that undefinable, instinctive feeling, which seems implanted in us by Nature to give warning of the approach of guilt, yet I could not help seeing that, changed as they were, that face and figure had once been beautiful and majestic; but, as it was, so strong were the traces of recent and powerful emotion, that she looked more like a witch, disturbed from some damned rite, than the poverty-stricken tenant of an Irish cabin. I suppose I need hardly tell you, that in the minute description I have given you, I have embodied much more than the first impression of my hasty glance when the cabin door was flung open; but, I promise you, enough occurred afterwards to fix all I saw that night, in my recollection to the longest day I have to live. "Come in," said she, too busily occupied in shading the candle from the gust of wind, to bestow a glance on me, "Ye needn't be afeard of disturbin' him now—come in quick, and shut the door." Though I saw that she evidently mistook me for some one she expected, I did as I was desired, and then turning round from the closed door, our eyes met for the first time. The woman drew back a step or two, and holding up the light, eyed me in silence from head to foot with a most sinister look. "Who the devil are ye?" said she at last, "and what d'ye want here this hour of the night?"—"My good woman," said I, "I am a stranger, and I only want a little shelter until daylight."—"Your good woman! Who tould ye I was a good woman?—don't believe them the next thing they tell ye. And you're a stranger, and only want shelther—throth, an' I dare say, or it's not here ye'd come to look for it." Just then the snoring noise I spoke of, and which seemed to come from a pallet in a corner of the cabin, ceased abruptly. The woman walked slowly to the side of the bed. Upon it lay a man stretched on his back at full length. She felt his temples, and his side, as if to ascertain if pulsation remained, holding the light close to his face; but a single glance at his distorted features was enough to shew that he had, that instant, passed the final and bitter agony of death. She set down the candle at the head of the corpse, and stood for an instant with her hands folded and her lips

moving. Then turning abruptly to me,—“Are ye a ministher?”* said she, “because, if ye are, say some o’ yer prayers: any body’s prayers ‘il be better nor mine.” I assured her that though I did not belong to the sacred profession, yet I sincerely compassionated her desolate condition, and would willingly assist her to the utmost of my power, taking out my purse at the same time as the best and shortest proof of my sincerity. My singular companion bent on me a look of solemnity not unmixed with scorn. “Put up your purse, young man,” said she, “and leave off condolin’ me. I don’t want your money—an’ I’m not in grief. But mind what I’m sayin’. Ye say ye want shelther till daylight—take my warnin’, and go look for it somewhere else, or maybe ye’ll never see daylight again—lave the place—there’s neither loock nor grace in it.” “Why,” said I, “what danger can happen to me from remaining here for a few hours? You are alone, I suppose.”—“Yes,” replied she, sternly: “yes—I am alone—here, and in the world—but I’ll soon be where there’s company enough.” She paused for a moment, as if to master her feelings, and recal and collect her scattered thoughts; and so wild and convulsed was the expression of her countenance, while, with a powerful effort, and without uttering word or groan, she controlled an obvious tendency to something like epilepsy, that, for the instant, I was afraid both mind and body would give way in the struggle, and, with an impulse of pity which I could not check, I caught her in my arms to prevent her from falling on the floor. The effect of this trifling act, not of kindness, but mere humanity, was magical. The touch of human sympathy struck to the fountain of her grief like the wand of the prophet to the waters of the rock: and the unhappy creature burst into a flood of tears, so passionate, vehement, and overpowering, that it resembled rather a struggle of nature for life and death, than any ebullition of mortal grief I had ever beheld. At last, when the hysterical sobbing suffered her to articulate—“Ye’re the first,” said she, “that spoke a kind word, or looked a kind look at me for many a long day, and may God Almighty grant ye an innocent life and a happy death, and may the Heavens be ye’re bed for the same. Many and many a weary hour I’ve been prayin’ to be able to cry, an’ I didn’t think there was a tear left in my heart; but God was good to me, and gave me leave to cry at last; so let me alone a little, an’ I’ll be better by and by.” I saw, of course, that the best thing I could do was to let Nature take her own time, so I turned away from her at once, and employed myself in examining the cabin itself.

Every thing that met my eye in this house of death, spoke of the most abject, hopeless poverty: that state of self-abandonment and despair, when the wretch gives up the contest with his destiny, and sullenly resigns himself to his doom. A low ruinous partition had divided the cabin into two rooms; but the door and door-frame were gone, and the greater part of the partition itself had fallen down and cumbered the floor, from which the inmates had not even taken the trouble of shovelling it away, though, to all appearance, it had remained there a considerable time. The entire furniture consisted of two or three broken stools, a crazy dresser, ungarnished by a single plate, a large wooden chest, and the wretched pallet where the dead man lay; and so scanty was the covering of bed-clothes that lay upon the body, that I could judge of his

* In most parts of Ireland the Protestant clergyman is so called by the lower classes.

proportions almost as well as if he were naked. Though emaciated, either by hunger, or wasting sickness, he had evidently been a man of a most powerful frame. He appeared to be several years older than his wretched companion; and if ever I saw "Despair and die!" written by the mortal agony of an abandoned villain, it was on the brow of that man. In his wildest reveries, Dante never dreamed any thing half so horrible. I could have thought that the guilty spirit had been suffered, for an instant, to return from the place of doom to whisper the awful secrets of the grave to its cold companion; or, that half in life and half in death, while looking down into the gulf, before the final spring, it had left (like the footsteps of a suicide on the brink of a precipice, stamped deep with the energy of his fatal plunge,) the appalling traces of its despair on the senseless clay it had abandoned,—so intense and powerful was the painful expression of the final pang which tears the soul out of the body, and the mental *spiritual* horror of the soul itself at the thoughts of the doom to which it was about to be borne on the wings of death. I turned, shuddering, from the ghastly corpse, as from a dark vision of hell.

By this time my companion had recovered her self-possession to a degree I could scarcely have expected from what I had seen her suffer. Her features, which were as pale as those of the dead, had lost their struggling and convulsive expression: her mien and manner had no longer the abrupt, energetic sternness which at first attracted my attention, but were solemn, and marked with the natural dignity which a strong mind, when excited by danger, or emergency, or any other impulse sufficient to awaken its powers, communicates to the tone and bearing of its possessor, be his state or station what it may, thereby lifting, as it were, in the crisis when a leader is required, the master spirit above the heads of the throng, and placing him in an attitude of command. Her eye was calm and settled, but full of serious purpose. "Young man," said she, "it was in an unloocky hour that ye came to the house o' sin, to see a bad man die an unhappy death, without priest, nor prayer, nor friend, to say a blessed word, nor heart to think a holy thought, an' make his way asy. If ye had taken my word, and gone ye're way when I bid ye first, it might have been betther for you, maybe, but worse for me; for I'd have missed the only kind eye that 'ill ever look on me in this world agin—but mind me now, for the time is short. There's thim comin' that 'id cut the priest's throath afore the althar ov God for a goolden guinea, let alone the money in ye're purse, an' the watch in ye're pocket, an' thim chains o' goold ye have twisted about ye, like a lady, jist as if ye wanted to coax somebody to murther ye; an' him that's lyin' dead afore ye 'id be the first to do it if God 'id let him—ye've stayed here, any how, till it's safer for ye to wait on till mornin', an' take chance, than venthur out o' th' door whin maybe, every step ye'd take 'id be to meet thim that—hould ye're tongue—iv ye stir, or spake, ye're time's come—here they are"—and, sure enough, I heard the voices and footsteps of several men approaching the hut. Silently, but with the speed of lightning, the woman passed two strong rough wooden bars, such as I had never seen in a cabin before, across the door, secured them in their respective staples, and then sitting down near the dead body, commenced singing a low, monotonous song, something like a nurse's lullaby. Her arrangements were scarcely completed, when the dreaded visitors reached

the door. Something had happened to tickle their fancies, for they were laughing boisterously, and continued in noisy merriment for a few minutes before any of them thought of knocking. During this time, I watched the face of my mysterious hostess, without taking my eyes from her for a second; though she never interrupted her melancholy, moaning lay, yet her eyes, fixed on the door as if they would pierce through it, her erect attitude of watchful attention, and the air of coolness and promptitude with which she had made her simple preparation for defence, satisfied me, that be my dangers what they might, treachery was not among the number—at last one of the party knocked for admittance—"Who's there?" said my companion, in the same harsh tone with which she had first addressed me. "It's me—it's all of us," growled a brutal voice from without. "Open the door, an' be damned t'ye, an' dont be keepin' us in the could rain."—"Ye can't come in, Larry," replied my hostess, coolly. "An't he dead yit?" exclaimed the other: "blood an' turf, let us in quick, we've got what'll put life in him in a hurry."—"The breath's lavin' him while ye're spakin'," answered my companion, "an' nothin' ye have can stop id, an' the sight o' ye will brin' bad loock; divil resave the one o' ye'll see him till he's laid out, thin yez can do no harm."*—"Ye'll not let us in—ye'll not let us in, wont ye?" shouted half-a-dozen voices; "brake the door, boys."—"An' then iv ye do," cried the woman in the same tone, springing to her feet, and snatching a blunderbuss from under the bed, "ye'll go out stiffer nor ye come in; for, by the cross, I'll blow the head off the first o' ye that stirs a fut in here this blessed night." As she passed to the door, with the cool, fierce look of one determined to execute her threat, she turned for an instant towards me. Notwithstanding her sneer at my effeminate chains, I had better means of protecting them than she imagined. I never go altogether unarmed on a wild pedestrian ramble, for as my habits on those occasions are very erratic, I cannot even guess where, or in what strange scene nightfall may find me: so that on the present occasion I had within my waistcoat an antient and trusty friend, namely, a dirk: not a midshipman's miniature sword, but a small, stout, substantial eight-inch blade, that a strong hand might drive through a deal plank—and I need hardly tell a cool active man that such a weapon is the best possible one in a scuffle. When she saw me with this unsheathed in my hand, prepared to second whatever she might do, her eyes actually flashed fire. "Stab the tall black-lookin' one first," whispered she, her mouth so close to my ear that her voice sounded within my head like an uttered thought of my own mind, rather than an advice from without; "make sure ov him iv they brake in, he's the activest an' the worst ov all. Boys," said she, when close to the door, "what do yez want? is it proper or dacent for yez to be wantin' to come into the place where the corpse is, the minute the breath's out ov it? it id be fitter for ye to go an' sind Biddy Oulaghan to me to help an' lay it out, nor to come rioting this away afore the wake."—"Throth, an' that's thrue forye," replied another and a graver voice; "an' divil a one o' the best o' ye, boys, I'll let stir in to-night till the wimin lays him out, and makes him dacent an' fit to be seen—so come along an' sind Biddy;" and instantly, though

* In Ireland, the corpse is never exposed to view until it has been washed and dressed, or, to speak in the usual phrase, "laid out;" any intrusion before that time, is counted to the last degree indelicate.

not without some gruff murmurs, the siege was broken up, and the party retired.

When I thought they were out of ear-shot, I was about to speak, but the instant I articulated a sound, my companion laid her hand on my mouth, and with a fierce gesture motioned me to be silent. Scarcely had she done so, when a low whisper of "Molly—Molly," close to the door, told me that her caution was not without reason. "Well, what is it?" replied she, sinking her own voice to the same key with that of the whisperer. "The boys are gone on to Biddy's, as I bid thim, an' I stopped to ax ye iv ye wouldn't like a dhrop ov whisky to comfort ye in the could an' the grief, ye poor crathur."—"Anthere's nobody wid ye, an' ye wont want to cross the door, Micky?" inquired my hostess. "The never a sowl wid me, an' I wouldn't go in iv ye axed me till the wake," replied he, in an offended tone, as if hurt at his politeness being called in question. While unbarring the door with one hand, with the other she drew me behind it, so as to put me completely out of view, and holding it ajar, took from the hand of her condoling visitor a bottle. "Did he go ay?" said he, in a voice intended to be very sympathetic, but which resembled the subdued growling of a mastiff over a bone. "He was in grate pain, ravin' an' dhramin' about the bloody bill-hook last night,—he died as hard as ever man died," said she, "an' struggled the way you'll struggle on the gallows, Micky; bud away wid ye, an' send Biddy down afore he gets stiff;" and, without further ceremony, she shut the door in his face.

From a dark nook she produced two horn goblets and a pitcher of water, and knocking off the neck of the bottle she had received from her last visiter, invited me by her example to taste its contents; and let *bons vivants* say what they please about Clos de Vougeot, La Fitte or Sillery, there never was a draught so much to my mind after the fatigue, the deluge, and the excitation of that night, as the copious libation of whisky and water with which I forthwith refreshed my inward man. "Ye want to know who I am, and where ye are," said my singular hostess when I had finished my draught; "I see it in ye're eye, an' so ye shall: ye're in the house ov a man that might have been a dacent labourer, and the father ov a lively, healthy family, and the husband of an honest wife," and here her voice faltered for an instant, "but he had a bad dhrop in his heart that wouldn't let him come to good. I listened to him, an' he made me a fool an' a disgrace to my people; an' he listened to the devil, an' spilt his masther's blood for the lucre ov gain; but the judgment's come at last. I was a dacent, innocent girl, when first I met him that's there—look at me now, an' see what he's made me—but that's not what I want to talk about. It's now eleven years, last Michaelmas, sence him an' I were livin' in the sarvice ov Mr. Daly, a farmer, and a kind masther he was; an' there come a girl out ov the County Mathe into the same sarvice, an' she wasn't in it two days, when she come in the morning in a thrimble ov fright to Miss Daly, and tould her that she dhramed that the masther an' misthress were murdered in bed by a man that she knew the face ov well, and that the dhrame was too sharp a dhrame, not to come for a warning. Miss Daly was walkin' out ov her room an' goin' on to the kitchen all the time, never mindin' a word the girl was sayin', for she had a bould heart an' didn't mind dhrames no more nor if she was a Jew. In the kitchen were the labourin' men all at breakfast, an' him," pointing to the corpse, "along wid the rest; an' as

the girl passed through after Miss Daly, the moment she saw him she screeched, and ran out as fast as a hare from the dogs; an' when Miss Daly axed her what ailed her to make her behave that way, she tould her, that the murtherer she saw in her dhrame was sittin' in the kitchen, an' iv he wasn't turned off that instant minute she'd lave the sarvice that very day. An angry girl Miss Daly was to hear her talk that way, an' tould her to go as fast as she liked, and go she did. Three nights after that the dhrame come thrue, and the masther and the misthress were killed in their bed—Oh! the kind misthress that never closed her eyes on her pillow with an angry thought agin mortal breathin'. Am I belyin' ye?" said she, stepping fiercely up to the corpse, "Didn't I curse ye on my bended knees, when ye wakened me up wid your bloody hands to tell me what ye had done? Didn't I tell ye that bad loock an' misfortin' id stick to you an' yours to ye're grave, an' that nothin' that touched ye id thrive? An' isn't the curse come thrue? Where's my child, my beautiful boy, that sickened from that very hour, as if he was sthruck wid an evil eye? Where's my ould father, that died ov a broken heart wid the shame ye brought upon me? and where, oh, where is the innocent thoughts that used keep me singin' for joy the live-long day, an' I listenin' to the birds in the threes, an' lookin' at the deer in the park, an' gatherin' the flowers on the hill, an' thinkin' nothin' that wasn't good and happy? An' where is that quiet sleep that never come near me from the day I knew ye, an' never will 'till I'm laid in my grave? an' the sooner that blessed hour comes the betther, for there I'll be quiet at last. Ye've seen an awful sight, Sir, an' ye've heard an awful story, an' iv it's a warnin' to ye, gentleman as ye are, that company lades to ruin, I'm glad ye come: any how it was kindness made ye stay, an' God 'ill bless ye for it. There's the day breakin', an' the wimin 'ill be comin' here to lay him out wid the first light, and the sooner ye go, the betther for both."

It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevail upon this extraordinary woman to accept of a trifling sum, which I pressed upon her: she said that "she had done nothing to deserve it," and it was only through fear of offending me by a refusal, that she took it at last. An hour and a half of sharp walking, brought me to the village of Delganny, and though the scenery in that neighbourhood is of a most romantic and picturesque character, you must excuse me from describing it after the events of the night. About two miles from Delganny, I got on board a fishing-boat bound for Dublin, and a bright and tranquil evening found me at anchor in the harbour of Kingstown, "a sadder and a wiser man," than I was the day before.

J. R. O.

OUR COLONIES:—THE CASE OF THE CANADAS.

IF we had *forgotten* the intention we lately announced, of calling the public attention to the condition of our colonies generally, or had faltered in executing that intention—neither of which things were likely to happen—we should have been reminded of our promise, and of the duty which belongs to it, by a short conversation which lately took place in the House of Commons, respecting Canada—one of the most important, in every respect, of the foreign possessions of this country. Every body knows too well, the manner in which the business of the Session has been slurred over—the “more haste than good speed,” with which very interesting and momentous topics have been passed, as rapidly and as carelessly, as a Select Vestry would pass a Churchwarden’s accounts after the dinner was announced. It is notorious too, that even that most vigilant Cerberus, Mr. Joseph Hume, (who ought, as Mrs. Malaprop says of his prototype, to be “three gentlemen at once,” to watch the motions of the present ministry), has barked himself hoarse, and all in vain; and that neither Currency, nor Corn, nor even the Court of Chancery, (inspiring theme!) have been able to command the attention of parliament. No wonder then, that the affairs of the Colonies have been forgotten—above all, it is not surprising, that a subject so awkward for ministers to handle, as the present state of Canada, should have been avoided.

It happened, however, that in the middle of one of those hand-canthers which have of late been the common pace for ministers to carry the public business through with, Mr. Labouchere moved for copies of a recent correspondence between the Colonial-office and the government of the provinces of Canada; and he took, in conclusion, an opportunity of civilly asking Sir George Murray, why he had done nothing, and said nothing about that colony, and whether he meant to leave things as they are? The gallant secretary thus pushed, was compelled to make some reply; and as he thought, probably, that a bad one would be better than none at all, he boldly laid all the fault upon the Committee which had been appointed by the House to inquire into the state of Canada. He complimented them upon their zeal and ability; but he said, that their report was so vague, that it was impossible to proceed upon it—that they had stated certain complaints made by the inhabitants of Canada, and pointed out objections, but all of them too indistinct to authorise the government’s interference—that they had suggested alterations, with which he agreed in the main, but he was of opinion that it would be very difficult to carry most of them into effect. He thought the less parliament interfered with the internal legislature of Canada, the better; and after some very general observations, ended by saying, that there was every disposition on the part of the government here, to attend to all the well-founded complaints of the colonists, and to promote the welfare of the colony. A more courteous speech could not be desired, as far as it went: whether it was such a speech as, under the circumstances in which Canada is at present placed with respect to this country, ought to have been delivered, is a very different question, and one which a concise statement of those circumstances will be sufficient to show.

During the Session of 1828, several petitions were presented from different parts of Canada, all of them expressing the warmest loyalty and

affection to the government of this country—all of them putting forward complaints of a very grave nature—and all so numerous and respectably signed, that inquiry into the truth of their statements became unavoidable. On the motion of Mr. Huskisson, a select Committee, consisting of about twenty gentlemen, some acquainted with the particular affairs of Canada, some officers of the crown, and holding offices under government, and all men of intelligence and impartiality, was appointed to inquire into the state of the civil government of Canada, as established by the Act of the 31. Geo. III., and to that Committee the petitions were referred. They proceeded in the execution of their task with most laudable diligence: examined first the petitions, and then called before them witnesses, among whom, besides gentlemen connected with the Canadas, were Mr. Stephen, junior, the Law Adviser of the Colonial Department, and Mr. Wilmot Horton, (a member of the Committee) and who is known also to have paid great attention to the business of that department, while he was officially engaged in its administration. The Committee, who were not appointed until the 2d of May, made so good use of their time, that by the 22d of July they had their report prepared, and the whole of the evidence they had taken annexed, which the House of Commons ordered to be printed. The report, if compared with the evidence that accompanies it, is short: but together, they make a folio volume of 359 pages. The report, to avoid needless repetitions, refers to the evidence for the materials on which the several recommendations it contains are founded, and in that evidence is the fullest and most minute statement of the several complaints made by the petitioners, and of the facts by which they are supported. A whole vacation, and a whole session have intervened since the government and the House have been in possession of this report; but no notice whatever has been taken of its contents, of the suggestions made by the Committee, or of the disturbed and discontented state of both the Canadas; nor, as it should seem, would any of the officers of the colonial department, have thought it necessary to say one word upon the subject, if it had not been forced from them by Mr. Labouchere's question. Now really we cannot help thinking, that considering the importance of the Canadas to this country, in a commercial and political point of view—considering that it is in a state of serious disquiet, and that a popular feeling exists against the governor personally, as well as against the system which it is his duty to administer, and that the disaffection has reached such a point, that if the opportunity offered, it might soon be changed into open revolt; and considering too, the proximity of the United States, and the pernicious influence which they already exercise in Canada, we cannot but think that the government of this country might have found time to obtain the information, which it is said they are still in want of—to have cleared up what was obscure—to have verified and investigated what appeared vague in the report of the commissioners—and, above all, to have made some effort towards doing justice to the loud complaints of the people of the Canadas; and to have provided for the safety of a possession, in the acquisition of which, much money and exertion has been expended, and which the most obvious principles of self-protection, would counsel us to preserve at all hazards. Either from the pressure of other business, or from some cause which it would be idle to attempt to penetrate, the government has, however, not found it expedient to take one single step in the matter. The complaints remain unnoticed and unredressed, and the

report of the Committee by which they have been investigated, is said to be too uncertain to be entered upon. With every respect for Sir George Murray, whose character and conduct entitle him to the highest and worthiest applause, and whose exertions in his office, are admitted by every one who observes this very interesting part of our policy, to be not less creditable to himself, than useful to the country, we must say, we think the excuse not well founded ; and although a hasty reply, given upon the spur of the occasion, ought not to be canvassed too strictly, we are driven to one of two conclusions, either that, in saying the report was vague, Sir G. Murray said what he really meant, or that he resorted to that as an excuse for the delay which he knew had taken place, in a matter that deserved a more prompt and vigorous proceeding. For the latter, there may be many very valid excuses—that the former is a mistake, it will be our present business to show.

The colony of Canada, as it now stands, consists of the Upper and Lower Provinces, which are under separate governments, and the laws affecting which, differ in many important respects. This separation was effected by an act of parliament passed in the year 1791, (31 Geo. III. c. 31,) which vests the power of making laws for the several provinces, in a House of Assembly, and a Legislative Council ; and declares the assent of the Governor to be essential to their being carried into full effect. The greater proportion of the inhabitants of Lower Canada are the descendants of original French settlers, whose language and laws are, for the most part, preserved there. By a royal proclamation, dated the 7th of October, 1763, the king of England declared that all the inhabitants of the province, and all others resorting to it, should enjoy the benefit of the laws of England ; and, in 1774, an act of parliament provided, that the English law should be preserved in all criminal matters ; but that in all controversies relating to property, and civil rights, resort should be had to the laws of Canada for their decision, excepting, only, as to such lands as had been, or should be, granted in free or common soccage. The reason of this provision will be understood, when it is remembered that the French laws of descent, of dower, and those affecting, in various other ways, the holding and transmission of real property, are very different in their nature and effect from the English laws, which operate upon lands of soccage tenure. The inconveniences resulting from a mixture of laws in one state are obvious ; but they are, at the same time, inseparable from the condition of such a colony as Canada. It has been the policy of all nations in modern times, to leave to such colonies as have been originally established by a nation different from that to which accident has last consigned the possession of them, the enjoyment of their native laws and accustomed privileges. In Demerara, Berbice, and other colonies under the British dominion, the same principle has been carried into practice ; and, although it is said to have been laid down as a rule by the privy council of England, that, “where the king of England conquers a country, by saving the lives of the people conquered, he gains a right and property in such people, in consequence of which he may impose upon them what laws he pleases,” good sense, and sound policy, as well as justice and humanity, have established a contrary practice.

In Upper Canada, on the contrary, almost the entire formation of that colony having been effected by Great Britain, the laws of this country prevail, and the general features of the institutions are British. Land is granted, subject to the same incidents as belong to it here ; and it descends,

and is transmitted in a manner similar to that which it would take in this country.

It will be convenient to consider the case made out by each of these provinces separately; but, first, it should be stated, that there exists a marked difference between the interests of such of the inhabitants of Lower Canada as are of French origin, and the more recent English settlers. The distinguishing features of the two divisions are into Seigneuries and townships. The Seigneuries being the old French districts, which were first settled on, and which lie on either side of the St. Lawrence, for a space of about ten or twelve miles in breadth; the townships being in the rear of these districts, since settled on and improved by English colonists. The lands in the Seigneuries are, therefore, held under the old French feudal tenure; those of the townships having been granted from the British crown under the tenure of free soccage. Notwithstanding this diversity of interests, they are united in their complaints of the existing state of things.

The petition first referred to the Committee, and considered by them, is from the townships of Lower Canada. It is ably and distinctly expressed, and contains various complaints, which may be shortly stated. They say, they consist of 40,000 souls, of British birth and descent, who have no other language than that of their British ancestors, who inhabit lands granted under the British tenure of free and common soccage, who have a Protestant clergy, and who are, notwithstanding, subject to French laws (in all civil matters only), of which they know nothing—compiled in a language with which they are unacquainted. They complain of want of courts within a reasonable and accessible distance of their limits, even for the administration of those French laws—the only ones they have; and that they are deprived of the privilege which, they contend, they are entitled to, of sending representatives to the House of Assembly. They point out, as one of the practical evils to the colony, and to the parent state, that, by reason of the hardships and inconveniences they labour under, British emigrants are deterred from settling in the Lower Province, which is, in every other respect, the most eligible, and the most important, and they earnestly pray that the two provinces may be united. The reasons which they give for this request are entitled to some consideration. They are marked by a spirit of jealousy, if not hostility to the French inhabitants of the province, which we could have been better pleased to have seen omitted; but which, considering the general dissatisfaction that prevails in the province, may be easily accounted for. The reasons, however, deserve to be looked to with some attention. The petitioners say:—

“The geographical situation of the two provinces, and the relations which Nature has established between them, absolutely and indispensably require their union under one legislature; for they have but one outlet to the sea, and one channel of communication with the mother country. The only key of that communication, the only sea-port, is in the possession of Lower Canada, and with it the only means by which, for a length of time, in a new country, a revenue can be raised for the support of the government. To place, or to leave, the only key of the communication—the only source of revenue, exclusively in the hands of a people like the French Canadians, anti-commercial in principle, and adverse to assimilation with their British fellow-subjects, must be extreme impolicy; nor can the checks upon the imposition and repeal of import-duties, provided by the Act of the last Session of the Imperial Parliament, be more than a temporary remedy, inasmuch as Upper Canada is thereby

only entitled to a species of veto, and has no initiative or deliberative voice in the enactments ; nor, indeed, can human wisdom be adequate to devise such a system of revenue upon imports, while the provinces shall remain separate, as will not give unfair and unequal advantages to the one or the other, and of necessity produce irritation and enmity."

The second petition comes also from Lower Canada, and is signed by 87,090 persons, inhabitants of the French Seigneuries. It is founded upon a series of resolutions which were adopted at a public meeting held at Malhiot's Hotel, Quebec, on the 13th of December, 1827 ; and the complaints and charges which it contains are of a much more serious nature than the other. It is couched in terms of great respect and loyalty to the king and constitution of this country ; but the language in which the conduct of the governor is spoken of, and the complaints of the people are stated, breathes a spirit of bitterness, the justice of which depends wholly on the truth of the accusations. Without repeating any of those terms of acerbity, which could answer here no good purpose, and to which no reply on the part of the governor (whatever he may be prepared with) has yet been made public, the complaints of the French Canadians are, generally, that the governor, Lord Dalhousie, has exercised the powers with which his office invests him, arbitrarily ; that he has applied the public money to various purposes without the vote or sanction of the legislature ; that he has prorogued and dissolved the parliaments without sufficient cause, and in a manner contrary to the spirit of the constitution ; and that by means of the influence he exercises over the Legislative Council, the greater part of the members composing which, hold offices under government, and are removable by him at pleasure, he has procured the rejection of certain bills which they had proposed as laws for the welfare and good government of the colony.* One of their heaviest complaints is, that Mr. Caldwell, who held the office of Receiver-General, and who had of necessity large sums of the public money in his hands, was permitted to perform the functions of that office without having given sufficient security ; that when he afterwards became a defaulter, he was maintained in the exercise of his functions for some years after his insolvency was known to the government. They complain also that their rights have been injured by Acts of the Imperial Parliament, particularly by that called the Canada Trade Act, which revives and continues certain temporary Acts of the Provincial Legislature, levying duties within the province, and by the Act of the 6th Geo. IV. c. 59, affecting the tenures of land, both of which were passed without the knowledge of the inhabitants, and particularly without the knowledge or consent of the proprietors more immediately interested in the last mentioned Acts.

The object of the petition from Upper Canada is chiefly that the lands set apart to form a revenue for the clergy may be applied to the maintenance of the Protestant clergy generally, and not exclusively to those who profess the doctrines of the Church of England, and to the purposes of general education.

* These bills were for limiting and regulating the expenditure of the civil government—the fees of certain offices, the assessments in townships, the formation and services of juries, building gaols, regulating the office of justices of the peace, and the militia of the province ; increasing the representation of the House of Assembly, particularly in respect of the new townships and settlements ; for securing the public money ; for making the judges independant ; for providing for the trial of impeachments ; and for appointing an authorised agent for the province, to reside in England, and attend to its interests there.

Various as the objects of these several petitions are, and conflicting as are the interests they represent, it will be admitted, at first sight, that there is nothing vague or uncertain in them. When they complain of existing laws, they state, with perfect certainty and accuracy, the laws which they wish to have changed, and the mode in which they think the change ought to be effected. They indicate precisely, and by name, the individuals whose conduct they say has been unjust and grievous towards them, and they pray for a specific remedy in every case. It will be only necessary to look to the substance of the report made by the Committee in order to ascertain whether the charge of vagueness can be applied to that, and if in neither case it should appear to be well founded, it will be impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that a strong case has been made out, and one which deserved much greater and more prompt attention than it has as yet received.

The Committee proceeded in the first instance, after having ascertained the particular complaints of the petitioners, to investigate the several facts stated. Their inquiries appear to have been directed to two principal branches. *First*, to what degree the embarrassments and discontents which have long prevailed in the Canadas had arisen from defects in the system of the laws, and the constitutions established in their colonies:—and, *Secondly*, How far those evils were to be attributed to the manner in which the existing system has been administered.

The witnesses examined by the Committee, in addition to those before-mentioned, were principally Mr. Gale, the chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the city and district of Montreal, Mr. Ellice, a proprietor of land in Canada, Mr. Neilson, a member of the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, and a resident in the province for thirty-seven years, M. Viger, an advocate at Montreal, M. Cuvillier, a merchant, who has been a member of the Assembly for more than fourteen years, (the last three gentlemen are deputed to support the Lower Canada petition from the Seigneuries) Mr. M'Gillivray, a merchant connected with the North West Company, and whose affairs have led him frequently to visit the provinces, Mr. Parker, a merchant of London, who lived for thirteen years in Canada, and has made frequent voyages between that country and this,* Mr. Grant, and several Clergymen, who gave evidence respecting the Clergy reserves, and the provision to be made for the support of religion and education. The nature of the information furnished by these gentlemen is as various as their professions, and the interests which they represent: but they have generally been long resident in the colonies, are connected with them by habits and interests, and are all persons of mature age and experience. The answers given by them are very creditable to themselves, for the great temperance and moderation which they evince on topics which must be confessed to contain matter of excitement, if not of irritation, in the minds of some of them; and, together, they furnish a body of evidence highly useful and interesting, and absolutely necessary, in order to form a correct judgment respecting the state of the colony, and the justice of the complaints which have been made. Some of the witnesses differ from others on points which may be considered as matters of speculation, and

* Mr. Parker was engaged, in 1822, in a correspondence with Lord Bathurst, respecting the Canada Trade Act, which he endeavoured to get postponed until the Canadians could be heard upon it; but without effect. His evidence is very interesting and important. A part of it is noticed hereafter.

in their opinions of such changes as may be expedient in existing institutions, but they concur in recommending important alterations, and they give reasons of such obvious weight and utility, as stamp a character of authenticity on their statements, and justify great reliance being placed on their good sense and upright intentions, while their veracity is beyond all question.

The first subject with which the commissioners deal, keeping in view the distinction above pointed out, is the petition from the townships of Lower Canada. After stating various enactments from the first royal proclamation to the last act of parliament, passed in 1826, and called the Canada Tenure Act, they speak of the difficulty they feel themselves to labour under for want of sufficient local and technical details. This is an evil which it was impossible to avoid, and the defects of which they could in no way supply. They do not, however, on that account, shelter themselves under any general or indistinct suggestions, and although they urge the necessity of further inquiry, they propose substantive amendments, to be carried into effect by this government forthwith. They recommend the provision made by the Canada Tenure Act, respecting such lands as should be granted in free soccage to be retained, that mortgages should be special,* that the simple form for conveyance of real property, which exists in Upper Canada, should be adopted in the townships, and that a general registration of deeds should be established in Upper Canada. They recommend also, that every facility should be given to persons willing to change the tenure of their lands from that of *fief et seigneurie* to that of common soccage, and that the crown should relinquish its seigniorial rights, for the purpose of giving full effect to the provisions of the Tenure Act respecting such mutations. Having, by these provisions, got over the chief difficulties suggested by the petition, and having supplied the deficiencies occasioned by the difference of laws in two departments of a state so intimately connected as the townships and the seigneuries of Lower Canada, they finish it by a recommendation—the only equitable and satisfactory one that could be devised—that of establishing courts to administer English laws in the townships, in respect of all such property as shall be held under English tenures. At the same time they express an opinion, that the Canadians of French extraction, who are attached and accustomed to the French system of jurisprudence, should not be disturbed in the peaceable enjoyment of their religion, laws, and privileges, and that nothing should be done violently to divert them from customs which, whether better or worse than those of England, are yet the most fit, or are thought by them to be most fit, for their condition;—an opinion which cannot be looked upon in the light of a prejudice, but which has the experience of many years to justify the predilection which the French Canadians entertain for it.

The representative system of Lower Canada, is another of those topics on which many of the most serious of the complaints have been made. Sir Alured Clarke, who was governor in 1791, when the separation of

* The French system of hypothecation before a notary, has been found, in some instances, to give rise to fraudulent mortgages, which the secrecy of the transaction is favourable to. This evil is, however, no fault of the system, but arises from the abrogation of the French criminal law, (which provided a severe punishment for that crime,) and the substitution of English criminal law, which has no provision to reach such a fraud.

the provinces took place, divided the counties which were to send members to the House of Assembly by the number of inhabitants which they contained. This expedient not only made many of the counties much too small in point of extent—the places on the banks of the Saint Lawrence being much more thickly peopled than the more remote parts—but many of the townships that have been since formed being wholly omitted, the Committee recommend an immediate alteration; and admitting the right of sending representatives to the House of Assembly, to belong, as it unquestionably does, to the whole body of the country, they suggest, that a representative system should be founded on the compound basis of territory and population, similar to that which prevails in Upper Canada, and which ought to prevail in the lower province.

With the exception of one recommendation, that the unimproved tracts which have been granted to individuals holding official employments under government, should be subject to a small annual tax, these are the whole of the suggestions made by the Committee, respecting all that the first branch of their inquiry comprises as to the townships of Lower Canada.

The task of considering the petition from the Seigneuries became a more serious one, because the complaints which it contains are of a much graver character, and require much more serious investigation. The Committee report distinctly and unequivocally, that the financial affairs of the colony have fallen into such a state of confusion and difficulty, arising from the disputes between the government and the House of Assembly as to the right of appropriating the public revenue, as calls for an early and decisive remedy. There is nothing vague in this; and the grounds upon which this very important recommendation is made, are as clearly laid down as the recommendation is precise. They say they have examined Mr. Neilson, Mr. Viger, and Mr. Cuvillier, the members of the Assembly of Lower Canada, deputed to support the petition, and to exert themselves in obtaining the redress they pray for; they have inquired into the different sources of revenue, and have inspected the public documents relating to them. Without disputing the opinion given by the law officers of the crown, and acted upon by the local government, that the crown has the right of appropriating the revenues, they say they think that in future the receipt and expenditure of the whole public revenue ought to be placed under the controul and superintendence of the House of Assembly. They think—wisely as it should seem from the experience of other states—that the salaries of the judges, the governors, the members of the Common Council, should be supplied by a permanent, instead of by an annual vote.

They close this part of their report by calling the attention of the House to what they, with great justice, characterise as an important circumstance, “that, in the progress of the disputes between the governor and the Assembly, the local government has thought it necessary, through a long series of years, to have recourse to a measure, (which nothing but the most extreme necessity could justify,) of annually appropriating, by its own authority, large sums of the money of the province, amounting to no less a sum than 140,000*l.*, without the consent of the representatives of the people, under whose controul the appropriation of these sums is placed by the constitution.” And they add, “they cannot but express their deep regret, that such a state of things should have

been allowed to exist for so many years in a British colony, without any communication or reference having been made to parliament on the subject."

The Committee have ascertained also, that Mr. Caldwell, who had been for many years acting as receiver-general, was, in 1823, a defaulter for 96,000*l.* of the public money; and, although some balances had been stated up to 1819, no acquittal from the treasury could be traced of a later date than 1814; "and it appeared, by documents then produced, that the fact of his deficiency was known for a considerable time before he was suspended."

They recommend prudently, though in this respect somewhat too late, that, for the future, efficient securities should be taken, and audits regularly made of the accounts of receivers and sheriffs, of the insolvency of the latter of which officers instances have within a few years occurred.

With respect to the estates of the Jesuits, fallen by the dissolution of that order into the hands of the Crown, they have not been able to obtain sufficient evidence. On this point their recommendation may be called vague; but it is one which nevertheless demands immediate attention, because they recommend the proceeds, whatever they may be, to be applied to the important purposes of general education.

One of the most serious of the charges which the petitioners from the Seigneuries have made, is, that the members of the legislative councils, being for the most part employed under the government, have in many instances rejected the propositions made by the House of Assembly, whenever those propositions were unpalatable to the governor. The Committee, with a very praiseworthy moderation, forbear to enter into the particular complaints, but they strongly recommend:—

"That a more independent character should be given to these bodies; that the majority of their members should not consist of persons holding offices at the pleasure of the crown, and that any other measures that may tend to connect more intimately this branch of the constitution with the interest of the Colonies, would be attended with the greatest advantage. With respect to the judges, with the exception only of the Chief Justice, whose presence on particular occasions might be necessary, your Committee entertain no doubt that they had better not be involved in the political business of the House. Upon similar grounds it appears to your Committee, that it is not desirable that judges should hold seats in the executive council."

The question of the union of the two Canadas is one of great difficulty in itself, and that difficulty is not lessened by the strong excitement of public feeling which prevails in the colonies on this subject. On one hand it is described as the certain cure for all the evils of which the colonists have to complain; and on the other, as a measure unjust in itself, and fraught with ruin to the best interests of the British power established there.* On this point the Committee say simply they are not

* The evidence of Mr. Parker on this subject is very important, and is not less remarkable for the energy with which his opinions are expressed, than for the sound view he takes of a subject with which his experience and observation must have made him intimately acquainted.

Q. Do you think that the unsettled lands that now exist in Lower Canada should be left to the descendants of the French Canadians to occupy them, as they may be hereafter able to do; or that it would be wise to adopt such institutions as would encourage the settlement of individuals from this side of the water?—A. I would encourage the French Canadians; they are the only people you can depend upon, the population of the other provinces is of a mixed character, a great many loyal, brave, and good men, no doubt,

prepared to recommend the measure, and this observation,—so far from thinking it unsatisfactory or vague—we take to be, under the circumstances, the soundest and most rational that could have been offered.

They add upon this point a recommendation that the imposition of the Customs on the river St. Lawrence may be equalized and arranged, and a hope that this arrangement will be amicably effected. The accomplishment of that depends mainly on the principle which they think ought to be applied to any alteration in the constitution of the Canadas, and which is “to limit the alterations which it may be desirable to make by any future British act, as far as possible, to such points as can only be disposed of by the paramount authority of the British legislature;” and they are of opinion that all other changes should, if possible, be carried into effect by the local legislators themselves, in amicable communication with the local government.

In a country where a great diversity of opinion in matters of religion must, from the various origins and habits of the people, necessarily prevail, the question of providing for the ministers of religion becomes one of great nicety. The Roman Catholic faith is the established religion of the original French settlers, and it would be equally unjust and useless to attempt to interfere with it. There are, besides, a great number of persons educated in the principles and doctrines of that Church of England which is a part of the law paramount that governs all English colonies; but the numbers who profess the faith and discipline of the Church of Scotland, and of various other denominations of Protestant Dissenters, appears to be much larger than all the rest. As the cultivation of true religion is a matter of infinitely greater importance in a colony so formed and so peopled, than the protection of any particular mode of worship, each of these sects is entitled to respect and encouragement. By the Act of 1791, the governor is directed to make allotments of the crown lands in the several districts for the maintenance of a Protestant clergy, which he has done; but as the difficulties in the

amongst them; the French Canadians are united in their origin, (of which they are justly proud,) in religion, in manners, and in virtue—they have a character to support, and they have always nobly supported it. Whilst they were under the French government they were the bravest subjects that France had, and with one sixth of their present number they gave the greatest opposition to the British army that they met with at the conquest in Canada. I am persuaded that if the French Canadians had been as numerous at that time as they are now, we would not have wrested Canada from France, and if such had been the result, we would not now have the youthful, powerful, and federative North American Republic encroaching on us as they do at present. The French Canadians are reproached for not Anglefying themselves. Are the inhabitants of Jersey and Guernsey worse British subjects for having preserved their language, manners, and Norman laws? or are they so reproached? And yet I will boldly assert that Lower Canada, and the other North American Colonies, are of ten thousand times more vital importance to this empire than those islands are of. I consider them more than the right arm of the British empire. I am convinced that if the French Canadians were double their present number they would set all the union of America at defiance. They are the best subjects this country has.

Q. For that reason you think it would be wise to let them have an opportunity of extending their numbers and their institutions over the whole of the Lower Province?—A. Certainly; you have no other chance of keeping your North American colonies, but by that means. If you do not do it you lose them as sure as ever you have an invasion on the part of America; and what then? With the American Republic, one and indivisible, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, how would this empire be circumstanced with regard to ships, colonies and commerce? This, in my humble opinion, most important, and indeed most vital question, deserves the most serious consideration of the British legislature: once the North American colonies lost, they are for ever.

way of clearing and bringing into cultivation the lands so allotted is in many instances insuperable, they remain frequently not only unproductive, but also lie waste in the midst of the lands of other proprietors, and thus prevent the access to the surrounding estates, and occasion many other inconveniences to their several neighbourhoods. Besides this the number of claimants, arising from the diversity of religious opinions, occasions considerable difficulty in appropriating such parts of them as have been made productive, or for any other reason happen to be desirable. On the first part of the subject the Committee recommend the government to adopt such measures as may be calculated, either by selling or leasing the uncleared clergy reserves, to bring them into cultivation; and as to the several claimants, they recommended an adjustment to be made in proportion to the state of the population in the various districts.

The same diversity of opinion on religion, induces them to suggest a remodelling of the University of King's College, at New York; the present constitution of which requires that the Chancellor, President and Fellows shall, previously to their admission, sign and subscribe the thirty-nine articles. They propose, instead, that two theological professors should be appointed—one of the Church of England, and the other of the Church of Scotland; and that with these exceptions no other rule should be followed in the selection of professors, than the nomination of the most learned and discreet persons, who should be required to sign a declaration that as far as it may be necessary for them to advert in their lectures to religious subjects, they will distinctly recognise the truth of the Christian revelation, but will abstain altogether from inculcating particular doctrines.

After adverting to some minor particulars to which they call the attention of the government, and which the want of sufficient evidence, and the lateness of the session prevented them from going into as fully as into the other topics they have considered, they revert to the distinction they had before taken, and conclude thus:—

“ Your Committee have clearly expressed their opinion, that serious defects were to be found in the system (of the laws and the constitution), and have ventured to suggest several alterations that have appeared to them to be necessary or convenient. They also fully admit that from these, as well as from other circumstances, the task of government in these Colonies (and especially in the Lower Province) has not been an easy one; but they feel it their duty to express their opinion that it is to the second of the causes alluded to (the manner in which the existing system has been administered) that these embarrassments and discontents are, in a great measure, to be traced. *They are most anxious to record their complete conviction that neither the suggestions they have presumed to make, nor any other improvements in the laws and constitutions of the Canadas, will be attended with the desired effect, unless an impartial, conciliatory, and constitutional system of government be observed in these loyal and important Colonies.*”

Now, if this be a vague recommendation, founded as it is upon explicit and pregnant evidence of every fact from which the conclusions are drawn, we should be curious to know what would be a plain and distinct one; or what degree of certainty the government of England will require, before they think fit to act upon the suggestions of a committee appointed by themselves. The matter, however, does not rest here. Although, with the sentence last quoted, the Committee intended to close their report, yet before they could send it in, and as if to take away

all pretence for excuse, another petition arrived from Canada, full of complaints, so serious, and marked by feelings of such strong irritation, that it would be neither decent nor safe to pass it over. Notwithstanding the length to which this article has already extended, the purport of this last petition must be laid before our readers.

The petition contains the substance of certain resolutions which were entered into on the 17th of April, 1828, at Montreal, which charge Lord Dalhousie, by name, with having avowed, together with his administration, their intention of destroying the liberty of the press, and to prevent public discussion; with having under colour of the militia laws, insulted several respectable gentlemen, officers of militia,* in depriving them of their rank, for having assisted at meetings held in their respective counties, for adopting resolutions on the subject of their grievances, and petitioning the king and parliament thereon. That two meetings of landholders were held in consequence of the governor's conduct, where resolutions were passed to the effect, that the individuals so attempted to be disgraced and insulted, had lost nothing in the esteem of their fellow-citizens; and that these resolutions being published in the Quebec Gazette, the Attorney General, who is one of the persons complained of, prosecuted that paper in five several indictments, and preferred two indictments against Mr. Mondelet, by whom the resolutions were signed. The resolutions complain also, that Mr. Mondelet, was taken from his business and home, to Montreal, instead of being tried at Three Rivers, where the alleged offence was committed, and that the jury was illegally formed. They state other acts of arbitrary authority on the part of the Governor, and of the Attorney and Solicitor General, and add, "That

* One of the instances of this is given in a correspondence, laid before the Committee, that took place between a Canadian gentleman, and the Adjutant-General of the Militia, by order of the governor. The fact, that every man in the country from eighteen to sixty years of age, is liable to serve in the militia, forms an amusing comment on the strange order of the governor that M. Parant should do duty as a private. The whole affair is a lamentable proof of the ill feeling which has been provoked, and which is made, if possible, worse by the probability that there are faults on either side.

"To Narcisse Duchesney, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel, &c. &c.

"Colonel,

"Beauport, 23th Jan. 1828."

"Under the administration of a man never to be forgotten, and worthy of the love of all good and loyal subjects, I was honoured by being considered worthy of an ensign's commission.

"But at this period, when being a commissioned militia-man prevents me from being a citizen, when persons a thousand times more respectable than I am have been displaced, and others, strangers and unknown have been substituted in their place, I would consider myself dishonoured, if I retained a commission which has nothing but what is degrading in my eyes.

"However honoured I might be when I received that commission, I did not accept it until I knew that the duty it required was conformable to law: that conformity existing no longer, my commission ceases to exist. It is your's; dispose of it.

(Signed) "M. PARANT."

"Adjutant-General's Office, Quebec, 22d February, 1828.

"Lieutenant Colonel N. J. Duchesney, commandant of the 5th battalion of the county militia, Quebec, having transmitted to me your letter, dated the 1st of this month, I have submitted it to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, who has ordered that your commission of ensign which accompanied your insolent letter, should be burned as a mark of his greatest contempt: and that Colonel N. J. Duchesney should place you in the rank of a simple militia-man, that you may do duty as such.

"VASSAL DE MONVIEL, Adjutant General, M. F."

"To M. PARANT, Militia-man.

the country cannot be restored to a sense of security and to quiet, but when his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, shall have been recalled from his government, and his administration changed ; when the places of the present Attorney General, James Stuart, Esq., and the present Solicitor General, Charles Richard Ogden, Esq., shall be filled by other persons ; and the representative body of the province be assembled, and placed in a condition to proceed with all its privileges and just powers, for the safety of the people."

The remarks of the Committee upon this extraordinary (to say the least of it) proceeding on the part of the government of Canada, are milder than might have been expected—much milder than they would probably have used, but for the necessity they were under to close their report speedily, in order that it might be acted upon. They say, they "have hitherto felt that they should best and most usefully discharge their duty by studiously abstaining from commenting upon the official conduct of individuals : but it is impossible for them not to call the serious and immediate attention of his majesty's government to these allegations. They also feel bound to urge upon his majesty's government, in the most especial manner, their opinion, that it is necessary, that a strict and instant inquiry should take place into all the circumstances attending these prosecutions, with a view to giving such instructions upon them, as shall be consistent with justice and policy."

Pour comble de bonheur, it seems, too, that the session of the legislature, in Upper Canada, has been abruptly broken up in consequence of disputes between the local government, and the House of Assembly there.

Such is the present posture in which the popular and important colony of the Canadas stands with regard to this country. The picture is drawn, not, be it remembered, from the complaints of the petitioners, but from the result of the inquiries of the Committee, founded upon the serious and deliberate evidence of respectable and well-informed persons, and arrived at after careful investigation. Can any one contemplate, on the one hand, the value of those possessions to Great Britain—a value which is daily increasing*—and, on the other, the pro-

* A very amusing and readable (if not a very well-written) book has been recently published by an intelligent person, Mr. McTaggart, called "Three Years in Canada," in which the future importance of Canada is placed in a very striking point of view. Mr. McTaggart is a civil engineer, and was employed in that capacity in the construction of some of the public works carrying on in Canada, and particularly in the formation of the canals. With some of the enthusiasm which is natural to a man devoted to his profession, but, at the same time, with a large portion of sound common-sense, he speaks of the practicability of effecting a communication by water between England and China, through that part of the continent of America, which is yet in the possession of Great Britain.

"This famous canal," he says, "will be finished in a few years, as far as the summit-level. Steam-boats may go up from Quebec to Lake Superior, ere three years from this time : from thence, with little trouble, they will pass through the *notch* of the rocky mountains, and be locked down the Columbia, to the Pacific Ocean. The route, however, will be better to be kept off the American frontier, which is Columbia, and to go down Cook's river, or the large Salmon river, at Nootka Sound. The town of Nootka is likely yet to be as large as London, and ought to be laid out on an extensive plan, as the trade between it and the Oriental world may become wonderfully great in a short time. Then, when the steam-packet is established between Quebec and London, as it soon will be, we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. The names of the stages will be, London, Cove of Cork, the Azores, Newfoundland, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Port Dalhousie, Port Maitland, Erie, Huron, Superior, Rocky Mountains, Athabaska, Nootka, and Canton."—*Three Years in Canada*, vol. 1, p. 169.

bability of losing them, and the consequences which must ensue on that loss, without serious apprehension? While the people of Canada are burning with discontent, and complaining loudly of the burthens they bear, and the ill-treatment they receive, they see, on the opposite side of the boundary that separates them from the United States, a people almost untaxed, public officers receiving small salaries, and subject to the control of the constitutional legislature; and they find that the result of such advantages is to leave the people who enjoy them flourishing and contented. The contrast which this offers to their own condition must be bitter enough. Without indulging in prophecies, the justice of which nothing but their fulfilment can prove, it is obvious, that if the Canadas should ever become a part of the United States, that country would be the most powerful in the whole world; and the bare possibility of such an event, ought to induce this country to adopt a different line of policy towards her loyal subjects. Justice and good faith, no less than prudence, demand that the British government should listen patiently to the complaints of the people of the Canadas; that they should redress them, if they are well founded (as in this instance some of them have been proved to be); that they should exercise with moderation the power they possess, and promote their own interests by fostering the rising prosperity of a state which may become one of the most important in the world, and which, at all events, is of incalculable value to this country. This is all—less, even, than this, is all that the people of Canada have required; and even if they had urged their complaints with more bitterness than it appears they have resorted to, a temperate and dignified consideration would surely have been more becoming on the part of government, than the cool neglect with which their complaints have been received.

TURKISH WAR SONG.

Allah! il Allah! the Battle draws nigh,—
The brave live for ever, but recreants die;
Lift up the voice of the trumpet and drum,
The Dehlis are mounting,—they come! they come!

Oh, Death is fearful to cowards, who fly
From the bright stern glance of his awful eye,
And theirs is the gloom of his withering frown,
As their sordid dust to the grave goes down
Where never gentle hands shall spread
The flow'rs that love the valiant dead.

But he has a smile for the dying brave,
And he bears him to Paradise, not to the grave,
To the dark-eyed maidens whom warriors love,
Who watch from their golden bowers above,
For the glittering flash of his wings of light,
As he soars thro' the clouds of the gloomy fight.

— Hark! to the deep and boding sound
As the rushing Spahis shake the ground,
— Hark to the wild and thrilling voice,
The crash of their meeting—rejoice! rejoice!

Allah! il Allah!—mount—mount and away!
Down with the coward who shrinks from the fray,
Where the sabres flash thickest plunge deep in the fight,
And conquer,—or sleep with the Blessed to-night!

J. R. O.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
MR. JONATHAN WILD, THE YOUNGER.

IT has long been a favourite hypothesis of mine, that a great man—and what is a felon but a conqueror, exercising his predatory faculties on a confined sphere of action?—is bound, before death, to give his memoirs to the world, as some compensation for that peculiar ingenuity by which, through life, he has entitled himself to its respectful abhorrence. Acting upon this principle—the most disinterested that can influence an unprejudiced mind—I hasten to present the public with an autobiographical sketch, whose chief merits—to say nothing of its other ethical capabilities—are its strict truth, sound moral, and unflinching integrity of purpose. With this hint, I commence my narrative.

I was born in the year 179—, in a cow-shed, during a shower, near the little Irish village of Ballyshannon. My father was an itinerant vender of books—my mother a washer-woman, and grand-daughter of the never-to-be-forgotten Jonathan Wild, whose nearest relations, after the sad catastrophe that befell that great but eccentric genius,* resolved to fly an ungrateful country, and civilize the more congenial provinces of Ireland. With this view they came over, to the number of five, to Ballyshannon, from which place one, by means anything but miraculous, was speedily transferred to Botany Bay; another died of a broken heart in the county jail; a third fell a victim to a severe cold, caught, while gazing at one of the prettiest prospects in all Ireland, from a damp pillory; a fourth got his head accurately divided into two distinct departments, by his dearest and best friend, at a wedding; while the fifth, a lady of infinite whim and vivacity, espoused my father, the respected merchant above-mentioned. Of this last individual I must here pause, and say a few words. He was a wild, rambling character, full of fun, frolic, and whisky; endowed with principles that sat gracefully and easily upon him, like an old coat; and of so restless a temperament, that, except when in the stocks—an accident to which the most unexceptionable moralist is at times liable—he was never known to remain more than three days in the same place. From this father I inherit all that is sound in my moral, and talented in my intellectual character. He it was who first induced me to read, imbued me with a love of enterprise and petty larceny, taught me to “cast off the shackles thrown around the mind” (so the venerable old gentleman used to express himself) “by priestcraft and despotism,” to consider man and woman as the lawful victims of my superior address, and to peruse attentively, and with a view to their practical application, the independent sallies of Tom Paine. I should mention, perhaps, that this highly-accomplished parent was one of that numerous horde of Irishmen who, during the Rebellion of '98, distinguished themselves by their impartial robberies of Orangeman and Papist. In consequence of his exertions on this occasion, strengthened, no doubt, by the fact of a Protestant officer's purse being found in his waistcoat-pocket, my father, together with twelve others of the same stamp, was discovered, early one fine November morning, swinging from the lamp-post of the bridge at Wexford; a mishap which my mother took so grievously to heart, that she was seen, a few days afterwards, stretched lifeless on her husband's grave. Whisky and strong affection had been too much for her: she was always delicate and sensitive.

* He had the misfortune to be hanged: vide Fielding's *Life of him*.

By this calamity I was left with nothing but an accommodating conscience, and ten remarkably agile fingers, to rely on for support. Luckily, there dwelt in Wexford a certain rosy linen-draper, good-natured, but prosing, like his own ledger, who, seeing what he was pleased to call my hazardous condition, took me into his service, where I had the happiness of cleaning boots, running errands, waiting at dinner, and committing much extra mischief on my own private account. But this servitude was of short duration; for my employer, fancying that he discovered in me evidences of superior genius, dispatched me to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, where I soon distinguished myself by a zeal for learning perfectly miraculous, inasmuch as I had got my grandfather's memoirs and the Forty Thieves by heart, and had often wept over the sufferings of the heroes and heroines of the *Newgate Calendar*—a captivating miscellany, which made a deep impression on my youthful mind.

After remaining two years at school, during which time I had frequent opportunities of observing the superiority of our own divine religion to the idolatrous doctrines of popery, I was expelled, in company with a lad named O'Connell, for attaching two squibs to my master's Sunday coat. This was the alleged reason for my expulsion; but the real one was my refusal to become a proselyte to Catholicism. The head usher—a fat man with a short neck, and the thickest part of whose face was downwards, like a bee-hive—was always urging me on this point; and I should probably have become a convert to his opinions, and thereby—I shudder while I think of it!—have forfeited my hopes of eternal happiness, had I not caught him one night on his knees before a saint, who though, like Cecilia, of the feminine gender, had more of the Magdalen than the Vestal in her character, and who honoured my recognition of her by a blow which marred my beauty for a month, and my two front teeth for ever. This chastening—which, I make no doubt, was intended, by the all-wise Disposer of events, for the best purposes—proved my salvation. In a paroxysm of rage, I flew to the master for protection, but, receiving no satisfactory reply, resolved at once on quitting the academy. With this view I proceeded to pack up my wardrobe in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, took an affectionate leave of my companions, and, after duly abstracting the head usher's pocket-book and snuff-box, as a pleasing memento of my school-boy days, set out, with O'Connell, for my patron's house at Wexford. To this beneficent old gentleman I gave the real version of my case; but, nevertheless, anticipating that it might be misconstrued, I resolved to make the most of what little time I had yet left, so acquainted myself forthwith with the contents of his till; after which I wrote him a kind but spirited note, wherein I assured him that my mind soared far above the idea of dependence; and that, in future, I should look upon myself as my own master. It is with regret I state that this notification was unavailing. Towards the evening of the day on which I had written it, as O'Connell and myself were pursuing our road to Dublin, we were overtaken by a sheriff's officer, who, arresting me at the linen-draper's suit, compelled me—notwithstanding I told him I was in a hurry, and could not be detained—to accompany him back to Wexford. It will hardly be believed, that, for this harmless frolic, I was tied to a cart's tail, flogged through the market-place, rubbed down with vinegar, and then set in the stocks to dry. Scandalous perversion of justice! Is not genius,

whatever shape or character it may assume, still one and the same divine, inestimable faculty? Is not—— But enough : I resume the indignant history of my wrongs.

On quitting Wexford, which I did the moment I had adjusted my inexpressibles, I started off for Dublin, where I again came in contact with O'Connell. My independence, at this period, was unquestionable. I had neither money, friends, nor prospects to encumber me ; so was compelled, in self-defence, to commence business as a pocket-operative. It was at the Crow-street theatre that I made my first appearance as a performer in this line. The house, I remember, was crowded ; and, as good luck would have it, I chanced to find myself standing next a wheezing old gentleman, in a pepper and salt spencer, to whom I imparted my suspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hastened to prove the fact by decamping with his watch and seals. This promising specimen of ingenuity raised me so highly in the opinion of O'Connell—himself a genius of no slight consideration—that we agreed for the future to divide our profits. But there is a restlessness in human nature that knows not where to stop. Scarcely had I attained celebrity by the felonious capabilities of my fingers, when my mind, born for higher objects, began to languish for pre-eminence in burglary. On sounding O'Connell on the subject, he readily agreed to join me in an affair which had for some days engaged my undivided attention. Our plan was soon arranged : we agreed to meet at ten o'clock on a particular night at the Duck and Coach-Horse, and thence to set forward towards Rutland-street, where I had previously ascertained that a rich merchant resided, who, having been lately married, had just purchased a handsome service of plate, which I myself had seen carried home that morning from the silversmith's. I selected this gentleman's house for my *début*, because I rightly conceived, that, from the circumstance of his honeymoon being still young, he would have quite enough business on his hands, without troubling himself to look after a few comparatively unimportant articles of plate. Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a lodgment in his kitchen ; but, unluckily, while we were ascending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery-girl, who, unperceived, had witnessed our operations, assaulted us both with her fists in so cowardly and unprovoked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. I should not omit to add, that, during the bustle of escape, O'Connell contrived to pick my pocket—a species of dishonourable treachery of which I should never have suspected him, had I not made an application to his for a similar purpose.

It was at this period of my life that I paid my first visit to London, where I became acquainted with the celebrated but ill-starred Barrington. We shook hands—strange enough—in the coat-pockets of an extensive alderman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the dress-boxes in Covent Garden, and against whom our professional dexterity was at one and the same time employed. It has been said, that admiration, like love, originates at first sight. Such was my case with this great man ; so much so, that, when I learned his name, I thought I should never have overcome my veneration. Still, notwithstanding his unquestionable abilities, Barrington, I think, was overrated. The artists in his own line of business seemed to consider him as the Shakspeare, whereas he was only the Pope, of petty larceny. Certes, his mode of operation was quick—intelligent—decisive ; but it was monotonous, and

wanted versatility. You might know him any where by his style. His friend, Major Semple, on the contrary, though undervalued by his contemporaries, possessed far superior talents. He never operated twice in the same manner; yet such was his invariable adroitness, that he could, I am persuaded, have picked the pockets of even the ghost in Hamlet. His address, too, was mild and gentlemanlike, and he had the finest conception of a burglary of any man I ever met with.

To return from a digression into which I have been beguiled by my enthusiasm for departed genius: I had now been some years well acquainted with a London life; was respected at the east, and not undervalued at the west end; and, with the exception of P—, the police-officer, was looked on as the most promising artist about town. But there are limits to human greatness: Napoleon was vanquished by destiny, and I was *peached* by Q'Connell. In consequence of this dastard's information, I was taken up, convicted, and transferred to his Majesty's colony at New Holland, where, in the charming vicinity of Sidney Town, I fell for the first time in love. Blissful state of the human heart, when life is fresh, time uncounted, and earth a paradise! The object of my attachment was a pretty simple girl, aged sixteen, only daughter of a Scotch emigrant, under whose superintendence I was kept to hard labour—a grievance which so affected her, that, in the intervals of relaxation, she would come and sit beside me, amusing me with her sprightly prattle, and feeding me in secret with the choicest dainties from her father's table. Such conduct could not but prove highly flattering to an exile; and, accordingly, in my excess of gratitude, when from fear that my talents should rust for want of practice, I devoted a certain portion of my day to the conscientious discharge of my vocation, I invariably spared her own and her father's pockets.

I cannot say much for the society of Sidney Town. It consists for the most part of pick-pockets, a class of men, to whose ungentlemanlike practices it is owing that transportation has been brought into such disrepute. I was once in this line myself, but took the earliest opportunity of quitting it; for, among the members of our fraternity, the burglar has always been looked on as of superior rank to the mere pocket-operative. In fact, the one is not permitted to associate with the other. I have hinted that the inhabitants of Sidney are low-lived: not only is this the case, they are worse, they are positively barbarous. Instead of cultivating the gentilities, they cling to the vulgarities of society. The majority are red-faced, and of Hibernian extraction; but indeed Botany Bay itself is, strictly speaking, nothing more nor less than an Irish colony, all of whose members are zealous, and, I doubt not, conscientious advocates of Emancipation. For one or two of the most eminent among these Liberators I had brought letters of introduction from England, but as I have always been particular in my company, I scorned to avail myself of them, preferring instead the society of my first and only love. This intimacy continued upwards of a year, at the end of which time, Rosa—such was my fair one's name—presented me with a thumping boy. This additional relationship sadly discomposed her father, and quarrels on the subject daily took place between them, till at last the distracted girl intreated me to take her altogether from home. At first I felt inclined to comply, but when I reflected on the clog that would be thereby thrown upon my genius, I resolved on declining the proposal.

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I almost regret to state the particulars of my separation from Rosa. Having decided on its necessity, I read her one evening a homily on the subject of filial duties; I told her that the claims of a father were far superior to those of a lover; and that if I deprived either herself or her boy of such protection, my conscience would never be at rest. Vain were my remonstrances; the poor girl clung to me with wild emotion, and, as a last resource, placed her child in my arms. For awhile I was wholly overcome by such an appeal, till recollecting the necessity of decision, I abruptly put an end to the interview, and escaping at once from the chains of love and labour, rushed far away into the woods adjoining Sidney Town. Here I remained concealed for three weeks and upwards, subsisting wholly upon wild fruits, and sleeping at night in the open air, till finding that pursuit had slackened, I ventured once again towards the coast, directing my steps as if by instinct towards the cottage of Rosa's father. As I approached the well-known spot, the toll of a death-bell came borne towards me, and presently appeared a funeral procession winding its way towards a church-yard that skirted the cottage. My mind misgave me at this sight: nevertheless, I continued to advance, when—oh, heavens!—I beheld behind a quick-set hedge, a coffin lowered into the grave, with these words inscribed on the lid, "Rosa McNeill, Obit. 181—, Ætat. 17." So dreadful a spectacle deprived me of all my usual caution; I rushed towards the groupe, gazed wildly on the descending coffin, and then, ere yet the bystanders had time for recognition, made the best of my way towards a schooner that happened to be lying at anchor in the roads, and which in a few days bore me far away from Rosa, towards my own beloved England.—England, the land of freedom! England, the nurse of morality!—who shall say with what feelings a much-calumniated exile approached thy cliff-girt coasts! So acute were my sensibilities on this head, that for the sake of concealing my weakness, I was actually compelled to hide myself during the day-time in the hold, and during the night in my hammock. My sense of the dignity of manhood was always very acute, and publicity I have ever detested.

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I now pass over a lapse of eight busy years, during which time I contrived to acquaint myself with every creditable operative about town. My feats in burglary alone were unprecedented; the watchmen especially envied them; and no wonder, they were far above the reach of their inferior capacities. Among the number of my disciples—for like my celebrated grandfather I was the captain of as choice a gang of spirits as ever did credit to stocks, pillory, or scaffold—was a gruff-looking fellow named Atkins. This man occasioned me a world of annoyance. He was a singular compound of the methodist and murderer, with black, matted hair, furrowed forehead, yellow, bloodless cheeks, garnished with a convulsive grin, a hump-back, and a sinister, gloomy, dull eye, whose mixed expression of cunning, penitence, and ferocity, I never yet saw equalled. Altogether he made as close an approximation to pure diabolism as the imperfect limits of human nature will permit. This man was my lieutenant, under whose auspices I first withdrew my attention from suburban to sylvan speculations; from the west end of the metropolis to the high-ways and by-ways of the country. And this I take to be the perfection of a *conveyancer's* existence. During spring he practises his calling in town, but when fashion begins to migrate, he migrates along with it; by which means he not only

improves his health, shattered by the necessity of keeping late hours, but can enjoy the pastoral beauties of the country, be talkative as a mute, and merry as an undertaker by day, take his sleep, like a watchman, by night, and employ his leisure in the diligent following up of his profession. For myself, I was always fond of the picturesque, and shall never forget one lovely moonlight night spent professionally with Atkins on Hounslow Heath. The hour was somewhat late, just twelve o'clock, and the clouds (whose health I never omit to drink) were massive enough to disk the moon's rays without absolutely throwing night upon the landscape. Around us on all sides Nature was fast asleep—an awkward predicament for the old lady, had she been animated and worn pockets—and the south wind alone was abroad, if you except six owls who went partners with as many bull-frogs in a duet by no means to be despised. As I stood beside my lieutenant, whose religious sensibilities were roused by the imposing awe of the hour, a pleasing tranquillity stole over me. The spirit of poetry permeated my mind: I became ethereal—imaginative—romantic. Just at this crisis the sound of wheels was heard: in an instant my dream was ended; from a poet I descended to a footpad, and had barely time to conceal myself behind some adjoining trees, when a post-chaise came rattling towards me. Drawing a pistol from my belt, while Atkins did the same, I rushed up to the vehicle with the usual highway anathema; but discovering that there were only two females inside, I modulated my voice to its most agreeable tones, and hoping that I did not intrude, requested the gentlewomen's purses and whatever other property they might have about them. My request was indulgently acceded to, upon which, wishing the ladies a good night, and cautioning them to beware of highwaymen, I contented myself with tying the post-boy with his head to the horses' tail, and set out with Atkins towards the Woodcock and Sugar-Tongs, Isleworth. Here, while we were dividing our booty, my confederate grasped me suddenly by the arm, and putting on an air of devout seriousness, "I am sorry, Wild," said he, "to find you so addicted to swearing. Had you operated on the ladies without an oath, I had said nothing, it is purely professional; but how can you expect the blessings of Heaven on your exertions if—" At this moment an uncontrollable drowsiness came over me, under the influence of which I threw myself on a bench in the tap-room, fell fast asleep, and dreamed of the devil.

By day-break we set out for Bath, where we had appointed our gang to meet us. On the way we met a horse, which I forthwith appropriated, and for which I should certainly have been hanged, had not a flaw in the indictment let me loose—I quote the Judge's insulting remark—once again on society. About six months subsequent to this accident, the good folks of Hounslow and its vicinity, which we invariably made our head-quarters, having been kept in constant alarm by our depredations, began to put in force every stratagem against us, (one gentleman in particular, named Evans, a magistrate of Twickenham, was particularly active) the consequence of which was, that the majority of my gang, one after the other, were taken up, convicted and executed. There is nothing more distressing to a feeling heart, than day by day to witness the dropping off of its dearest associates. This was my case: every succeeding assizes diminished the number of my confederates, until at last Atkins and myself were the only two that remained. And here I would caution my readers from running away with a notion that because I am sentimental, I am of necessity weak in action. Nothing is

further from the fact. True, I have a feeling soul, but I am also a man, and one that knows how to avenge an insult. Acting upon this impulse, I cherished an especial recollection of Evans, and after talking the matter over from time to time with Atkins, resolved one fatal night to attack his house, and leave there a memorandum of our visit, by doing as much mischief as we could conveniently compass within the night. Punctual to the hour, we set out, our minds inflamed with brandy. It was a dark, sullen night, with just sufficient moon to do justice to my companion's countenance. As we reached the magistrate's house, I chanced to turn my eyes toward Atkins, and saw his lip convulsed with a strange Satanic smile. My blood curdled at the sight, but a spell nevertheless hurried me onwards, and together we ascended towards our victim's chamber. All was silent, except now and then when the stairs creaked beneath our footsteps, or the cricket chirped from behind the kitchen fire. When we reached the first landing-place, we saw a light shining down from a balustrade above us. We hastened immediately towards it, tore it from its niche, and proceeded with it to Evans's apartment. For an instant we paused, then stood beside our victim's bed, while Atkins drew a knife from his pocket. At this awful moment Evans awoke ; but what was his affright when he saw scowling full upon him the dull grey eyes of Atkins ! He prayed not for pity, instinct was lost in stupefaction ; but he turned imploringly to me, who did all I could to save him. Vain were my exertions : coolly and deliberately the assassin bared his victim's throat, and drew the deadly steel across it. This deed accomplished we hastily quitted the house, overlooking, in the hurry of escape, a boy who, unseen, had watched our movements, and cutting across the high road, spent the night among some meadows at the foot of Richmond Hill. For my own part I was too much excited to think of rest, but Atkins soon fell asleep, while I kept watch beside him. It was an appalling hour : the hush of the grave was around me ; and in whatever direction I turned my eyes, I saw but the lazy stirring of the trees, whose motions, rendered indistinct by distance, looked like ghosts, moving to and fro their gaunt arms. Suddenly a scream burst on my ear, and turning toward Atkins, I beheld him seated bolt-upright, and stiff as a corpse ; his eye blood-shot, his blue lips convulsed, but his senses fast locked in sleep. " Hark !" he exclaimed, " there is no one in the passage—'tis well. The dead cannot rise against me. Cannot ? Hah ! hah ! hah ! Look you there—he comes—he comes—he points with his bloody arm towards me. Now he is standing right opposite me—his hot breath scorches up my veins—I feel it here—here, at my heart," and with a yell of tremendous agony the murderer started to his feet. This state of excitement continued more or less throughout the night, but toward day-break, Atkins had in some degree resumed his composure, and insisted (strange infatuation !) on our immediate return to Twickenham.

So mad a scheme of course proved our ruin, and accordingly we were both taken up within less than six hours on suspicion, when circumstances having arisen to confirm the prejudices against us, we were fully committed for trial. How Atkins kept up his spirits, I know not, I at least was miserable : maddened for the first time with horrors that levity had 'till now kept down, calling to mind my Rosa and my child, and even fancying at times that I was companioned by the spirit of Evans. In this condition I remained upwards of a week, when one evening, after his conviction, I was summoned by the jailer into Atkins's prison, whom I found quite an altered character. As I entered his dungeon, " Must

"I indeed be hanged?" he said, or rather shrieked, in a harsh, grating tone of voice.

"Yes," I replied, "you must, but it will be consoling for you to know that I shall be hanged as well."

"O God! I cannot die; I am not fit; my hand is yet hot with blood,"—and his eye looked horribly white. At his earnest entreaties, and by permission of the turnkey, I remained with him throughout this his last night; my own trial as an accessory having by some informality in the indictment been postponed to the next assizes, and Atkins having precluded the necessity of one, by a frank and unreserved confession. At ten o'clock the jailer quitted us, and we sat down alone at an oaken table, lit by a dim lamp, and garnished with an odd volume of tracts. Until midnight Atkins remained tolerably composed; but when all at last was silent in the prison, its awful solitude struck chill and damp to his soul; his teeth chattered, cold drops stood upon his forehead, he paced the floor like a madman, and clanked his chains, glad even of such an opportunity to burst the horrid stillness. Just at this moment, the watchman of the jail passed close beneath the window calling the hour, in a tone which seemed to say "you hear it for the last time on earth!" Its effect on Atkins was terrific. In such a state,—a state of the most abject wretchedness—hours rolled away, until at length the church clock struck four, and a few straggling gleams of day-light began to make their way through our prison bars. From this moment the murderer began to count each moment of his existence; and with all that desperate tenacity with which a weak mind clings, however falsely, to hope, kept perpetually asking me the hour, and insisting that it was not so late as I supposed. At last he could no longer shut his eyes to the truth, for the day-light, hitherto faint, now distinctly lit up every object in the dungeon. How pale and ghastly by its momentarily strengthening beams looked my confederate's face! how withering its expression! how intense and concentrated the character of its grief! But a few hours before, and his hair was black, a deep raven black: it had now a gray tinge—the effect of years, the sorrows of a long life, had been condensed into one single night. Precisely as the clock struck eight, the clergyman and sheriffs arrived, when, after the usual ceremonies, the procession moved slowly on towards the scaffold. And here ensued a scene, which those who witnessed it, will, I am convinced, carry with them to the grave. Overpowered by intense affright, Atkins refused to proceed further; he shrieked for pity, clung convulsively to the jailer, and writhing in all the nervous fever of despair, prayed for only ten minutes reprieve—for six—for five—for two—for one—for but one single minute, while he repeated the Lord's Prayer. As the executioner approached to place the rope round his neck, his affright increased to madness. His red eye kindled, his mouth, white with foam, seemed twisted into a thousand shapes. But all was vain; the cord was adjusted; the cap drawn over his face; and the signal being given, one shrill, piercing cry was heard—then the slow—slow withdrawing of the bolt, a groan, and the murderer, like his victim, was a corpse!

I now return to my own personal narrative. At the ensuing Guildford assizes, my trial, in its turn, came on. The principal, indeed, the only evidence against me, was that of a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, who, it seems, had witnessed the whole transaction from an adjoining room, and of course could swear to my identity. This youth was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, in the course of which, struck

by some tone in his voice, some strange—indefinite peculiarity in his manner, “Who, in God’s name,” said I, “is your father?”

The boy hesitated a moment, then suddenly, with manifest confusion, “I know not; he left us when I was an infant; grandfather often speaks of him, but always angrily.”

“And your mother?”

“She died just after I was born.”

“Her name?”

“Rosa McNeill.”

“Her residence?”

“The woods at the back of Sidney Town.”

“Gracious God!” I exclaimed, shuddering all over with emotion, “it is indeed my child, my own deserted child, who now stands here to give evidence against his father, as that father was his mother’s murderer.”

On following up this fearful cross-examination, the following additional facts came out. The witness was the grandson of a Scotchman, who, having in the course of years accumulated property as an agriculturist in New Holland, had resolved to return home and enjoy it in his native Dumfriesshire. On his arrival in London, where he had business of importance to transact, he took that opportunity of placing his grandson with some respectable English farmer, for which purpose he advertised in all the papers; and it was in answer to one of these that Evans had personally applied to him, stating his want of such a lad, and proposing terms, which being accepted by the old Scotchman, the boy was transferred to Twickenham, where he had since continued to reside, up to the moment of his master’s murder. On hearing this extraordinary statement, an intense feeling of horror pervaded the whole court, during which nothing could be heard but my own convulsive sobbings, as I vainly stretched forth my arms to clasp my injured child. After a short pause, the trial proceeded, and the facts being irrefragably proved against me, the jury, without a moment’s hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge condemned me to death. I was then removed from the bar, and consigned to the solitude of the condemned cell, never thence to depart, until the hour appointed for my execution.

In this desolate—this gloomy—this life-destroying dungeon, with no companions but my thoughts, no hope but what Heaven in its mercy may accord me, I await the final sentence of the law. The revolting levity with which, in the pride of my spirit, I some months since commenced these memoirs, is gone; the bolt has reached my heart—the fire-brand has struck to my brain: How awful is this hour! Night is above—around—beneath me; night on heaven—night on earth—but what is that to the night within my soul? Hark, is that the church clock? Fool! ’tis the chink of the hammer on thy scaffold. O God! is there then no hope? Must I indeed die, be prisoned in some dark, rotting coffin, and feel the death-worm slowly creeping—creeping—creeping—inch by inch, across my heart? Shall the spider that now weaves his web above my head, have a longer existence than I? Shall Rosa—poor deserted Rosa—be revenged only by her seducer’s death? My child know peace only by forgetting his father? Distracting thought!—I must compose myself awhile by prayer.

[This article, which has been some time ready, was intended for our last April number; but, in consequence of an unusual press of matter, we were compelled to leave it over to the present month.]

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THIS is the interregnum month of the drama; the great theatres go to their three months sleep, the little theatres are scarcely opening their eyes after a sleep three times as long. All the *grand monde* are running after horticultural breakfasts, or running out of town, and all the little *monde* are either rambling on the roads to gaze at them, as spectators, or running after them as creditors. The summer of London is breaking up, every thing is unsettled for the time, and it is not until every man calling himself a Christian, and dining at half-past seven, has fled from Bond Street, till Almack's shows dusty doors, and the supreme of *ton*, Villiers Stuart, vacates the town, that the little theatres will have an audience worthy of the name, or the audience be indulged with any thing beyond the *rechauffés* of the bygone season.

In the mean time, let us do justice to Mr. Arnold and his theatre. Why does the law of monopoly prevail to shut up this very handsome, and admirably managed establishment, during the greater portion of the year? It was established for "the cultivation of music:" and if music be equally enjoyed in the winter, it would be difficult to find a reason for our being deprived of it, in the very place where it is most effectively performed, most exclusively practised, and most advantageously heard. The English Opera House has begun well, and when we recollect, that within its walls we first heard the Freischütz, and a succession of operas scarcely inferior in power, we feel grateful to the taste and enterprise of its ingenious manager.

The great theatres have had a difficult season. The parliamentary discussions absorbed so large a portion of the public interest, that theatres suffered, like every other species of business and recreation. The law courts too bore their share in the evil. Covent Garden had a decree of the Master of the Rolls reversed, by which Kemble and his partners have undone the previous victory of Harris. A suit against Farren for breach of engagement, was also carried, with 750*l.* damages. But the victor at law may generally exclaim with the Macedonian, "Such another victory would ruin me."

Drury Lane, after some struggling and some failures, closed the season showily with Masaniello, in which Braham distinguished himself as both actor and singer. Time is absolutely improving Braham's powers: no rival approaches his popularity, and his acting is an evidence of what may be, by natural cleverness, in any department of his profession.

The Haymarket Theatre commenced with "Spring and Autumn," "The Female Sentinel," "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," and "John of Paris." The first piece was popular during the last season. It is written with piquancy and comic force. Mrs. Glover, Farren, Vining, &c. were again at their posts, and received flattering welcome.

"The Female Sentinel" introduced some pretty dancing.

The third piece, written by Poole, is one of his most amusing.

The entertainments concluded with the musical afterpiece of "John of Paris," which introduced to a London audience Mrs. H. Corri, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the character of the *Princess of Navarre*. Her reception was most flattering. As an actress, she is remarkable for her demeanour; and as a singer will become popular. Her voice is a

soprano, and the rapidity of her cadences can alone be surpassed by Miss Paton.

The King's Theatre has been the most triumphant of our winter establishments. Laporte's activity has been very striking, and the theatre has never had in our recollection, so powerful and complete a vocal company. The ballet is weak, and there is not among them a single performer above the common class of Parisian *secondes*. But Malibran and Sontag are twin stars, such as have not sparkled together for many a year. Sontag's voice is incomparable for subtlety, fluency, and ease. Her execution of the most difficult passages totally excludes the idea of difficulty, and her perfect command over her voice, in its most rapid flights, her exquisite decorations of style, make her performance as high a treat as can be expected from the voice. Her person is thin, and her physiognomy has lost the roundness of health, but her stage powers are unimpaired.

Malibran is an actress, and with finer conceptions, we do not hesitate to say, than Pasta. But her youth has still much to learn; and Pasta's judgment was, like her time of life, more mature. Malibran is the most genuinely impassioned actress that we have seen upon the Italian stage. Her voice is vigorous, but still harsh, and its fluency is imperfect; but she has taste and genius, and with these she will yet do wonders. Her *Tancredi* was her finest serious performance, her Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, her most animated and picturesque. In *Semiramide* she played the great Babylonian queen. The vocal part of the character was given by Madame Malibran with accuracy and effect. She gave much dramatic force to the address in the 12th scene, wherein the nation is convoked to swear obedience to the new king about to be proclaimed, so impressive and interesting a scene in the hands of Pasta. In the whole third scene of the second act with *Assur*, in which reproaches and threats are exchanged between him and *Semiramide*, and to which the composer has assigned music of a highly dramatic and striking character, both the acting and singing of Madame Malibran were a close imitation of Madame Pasta's. Discontent was manifested by the audience in the early part of the performance, in consequence of an attempt to omit the whole of the 7th scene, in which Madame Pisaroni and Zucchelli had two or three of the best duets in the opera to sing. The clamour rose to such a pitch as to suspend the performance; but the malcontents were finally appeased by the appearance of *Arsaces* and *Assur*, who gave the scene as usual. The plea of the omission was an accidental lameness which had occurred to Signor Zucchelli, and on which account, indeed, the public indulgence had been solicited in his behalf in printed bills posted up in various parts of the house. But while Pasta's style deserves the praise that makes it a model of imitation, we wish to see Malibran following her own ideas, and they will not fail to lead her to truth, nature, and the highest successes of the drama. In the *Gazza Ladra*, her success was still more striking. Her *Ninetta*, was highly effective. In the finale of the first act, and in the last scene of the opera, Malibran was greeted by the whole audience with vehement applause. After the fall of the curtain she returned to the stage, on a loud and unanimous call from the audience, who renewed their applause with great warmth. Zucchelli, who played the part of *Fernando*, was in fine voice. He played with spirit and sang well.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WHOLE volleys of *on dits* have been flying from the Clubs during the month, winged with destruction to the ministry, each and all. First, as becomes his place, is slain the Duke of Wellington. We say slain, because the report talks of his giving up office, which the Duke will never, and now needs never do, but with life. He has settled himself too stiffly on the national neck to be unseated by people, or party. Thus says one of our oracles: "A report is extremely prevalent in political circles, that the Duke of Wellington is most anxious to transfer the Premiership, which he professes to have undertaken to hold only for a limited time, to a distinguished statesman, whose liberal opinions are well known, and who, during the last few years, has been a friend of his grace. It is also said, the latter wishes to return to his old situations at the Horse Guards and at the Ordnance."

Thus says the antagonist, and certainly the more authentic oracle, "Lord Grey has got his *quiddam peculium* in the parish of Bishopsgate; and of the premiership he has as good a chance as Lord King, Lord Montford, or Lord Darnley, and no better. The Duke of Wellington will not let go what he has, except to grasp at something better: as for the Horse Guards and Ordnance, they are already as completely *his* as the house in Piccadilly, or his stables at Strathfieldsay." Besides, his Grace, haughty as he is, does not altogether neglect the ways of being in favour. He convoys the Marchioness into ball-rooms, even in the hottest weather—endures stories about the battle of Dettingen, and the Hounslow reviews—suffers Lord Mount Charles to speak to him; and never laughs in any one's face before dinner at the Lodge. It must be acknowledged, that for this extraordinary self-command the Field Marshal deserves something.

Next, ensued the death of Mr. Peel, whom a veracious newspaper described as having been found with Wetherell's speech stuffed half down his throat: the only words that he could not swallow. Then Lord Lyndhurst went, though rather by a circuitous route; for he was first to make a tour of the upper provinces, in the shape of Governor General of India. The rumours of his advancement varied considerably; but they were unanimous as to his being sent to serve his Majesty in the settlements. Some gave him the Chief Justiceship of Sierra Leone—some made him Commissioner at Mosquito Bay, where the wits of Westminster observed, that he would find the next great *bites* to those he left behind—some sent him into the army, and gave him the drilling of the Swan River militia—others proposed the navy, and gave him the guardship off the Nore.

The only difficulty about the matter, is finding a successor with some resemblance to his various qualities: for his equal is confessedly not to be found, in knowledge of the duties of his station, in dignity of manners, or in independence of mind.

On the 25th, too late for our more than merely noticing it, a grand dinner was given to the Marquis of Chandos, by the West India proprietors and merchants, on his being chosen their chairman. At this dinner were present the Duke of Wellington, the Colonial Secretary, and the other ministers, and a large assemblage of the principal persons connected with the West Indies. No man in his senses can doubt of the

importance of the Colonies to England, nay, of their paramount importance. All the mines of Mexico have not poured into Spain half the actual wealth that those islands have poured into England. They have had a still higher value, in supplying a nursery for seamen; and their value as a territorial possession is hourly increasing from the changes which have occurred and are occurring in South America and Mexico. The West Indies are, in fact, at once citadels and warehouses, depôts of war and of commerce; and it is from those islands that we must watch at once the growth of the new Spanish republics, and the hostility of the United States. To talk of chastising, or throwing off, or in any way insulting the West Indians, is an absurdity that we cannot conceive in any man in the possession of his understanding. To talk of punishing our countrymen in the colonies, by the loss of their privileges, or property, at the pleasure of the anti-slavery coxcombs here, would be a sacrifice to selfishness and hypocrisy, which would render England unworthy of having the possession of a West Indian acre.

We hate slavery as much as the most sanctified orator that ever prated; but not the holiest haranguer of the school of Wilberforce more dislikes to see unnecessary restraint. But there the negroes are, and what is to be done with them is the question.—Let them loose, and see them cut the throats of every white in the islands in a month, relapse into furious barbarism, and then cut each other's throats; or keep them in a restraint which gives them food, clothing, and education—imperfect for a while, but undoubtedly advancing in all points—until they shall be gradually capable of the privileges of freemen? We cannot send those negroes back to Africa, and we cannot give them up to their own savage passions. The only alternative then is, to keep them under that discipline which the safety of the islands, and of our countrymen, requires.

In the speeches of the different ministers at the dinner we were glad to see those principles fully recognized. The Colonial Secretary's speech was able and explicit. Sir George Murray said, "He had never heard of a country becoming great by commerce without having extensive foreign possessions, or having formed extensive colonies. If extension of territory and security of possession could reflect power on the mother country, it might then again reach and contribute to spread her fame and confirm her power in distant parts of the world. The power wielded by Great Britain, was *greatly owing to her colonies*. He was fully sensible, therefore, of the importance of the trust reposed in him when placed at the head of the colonial department of so great a commercial state as this country. In that situation he should feel it his duty to exert his abilities to the utmost to *strengthen the union* that ought at all times to exist between the *mother country and the colonies* by feelings of mutual interest, and by interchange of mutual benefits conferred and received. (Applause). Before he sat down he should not do justice to his own feelings, or to the gentlemen with whom he had had to communicate on affairs relative to the colonies, did he not state that *all these communications* had afforded him the *greatest possible satisfaction*; and he should be most happy if they led to any thing that would be to the advantage of our trans-Atlantic colonies." But the West Indians must look to themselves for their true security. They have all the materials of powerful public influence. They have hitherto suffered their cause to go down from mere inaptitude: but the time when negligence could be safe is past. They have now to contend with the double hostility of furious fanaticism and indefatigable avarice.

The brunt of the battle will be in parliament, and there they must meet their enemy. But defence is always feeble; their strength must be in attack; they must be prompt, active, and bold; and we are glad to see that as their old champions retire, a succession of able men are ready to sustain the cause. The appointment of the Marquis of Chandos is a highly favourable evidence of the revived spirit of the West India proprietors. For they could not have chosen a nobleman more distinguished by manliness and popularity, nor more entitled to respect from every party in the legislature. In the members of their Acting Committee, they possess very able men. Their excellent Chairman, the Hon. Keith Douglas, is distinguished for his firm, uncompromising character, and for talents of the highest order. The local knowledge of Mr. Burge, the late Attorney-General of Jamaica, united to his legal acquirements, point him out as possessing every qualification for sustaining the rights of the Colonies, and justify the confidence which the West India Body, as well as the inhabitants of that colony—where, for a very long period, he exercised his high office with singular discretion—must necessarily repose in him. He is not alone. We can name, amongst other most powerful coadjutors on the Acting Committee, the long-trying, faithful, and excellent Agents—Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Manning, Mr. Innes the Deputy-Chairman, Mr. Brown, Mr. Carrington, Mr. Colquhoun—together with Sir E. Hyde East, Sir Henry Martin, Mr. Bernal, Mr. McGarel, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Kynaston, &c. &c. Once more, we say, let the proprietors avail themselves vigorously and wisely of their natural strength, and no matter whether ministers are false or sincere; and no matter whether the saints are speculating on raising the colonies into negro empires, or selling East-India sugar by a pious monopoly, or simply are courting disturbance wherever it can be raised by madmen or missionaries, the cause of truth and common sense will prevail.

Lord Lyndhurst, the Lord High Chancellor of England, has put forward his character in the courts, and has brought an action against the *Morning Journal*, for what his Lordship terms a libel! That the *Morning Journal* would be pounced upon at the very first shadow of opportunity, no man could doubt, who saw its vigour in defending the constitution, or who knew the bitterness with which apostates hate those who remain true to their cause. The observations of that manly, powerful, and, we are glad to say, popular Journal, the *Standard*, upon this action, are worthy of the best age of the English press. They contain the true state of the case; and ought, if Lord Lyndhurst has any regard to consequences, to make him abandon this ridiculous prosecution.

“We feel,” says this journal, in language, whose least recommendation is its eloquence, “that we should shrink from a sacred duty if, being *still* able to address them, we did not implore the people of England to keep their eyes steadily upon this unexampled prosecution.

“Here is the passage upon which Lord Lyndhurst calls down the vengeance of the law by the extraordinary interposition of the Court of King’s Bench:—

“‘Uncle Toby—If a paymaster or a barrack-master lend money to his commanding officer, what should he expect?’

“‘Trim—To be promoted of course, your honour.’

“‘Uncle Toby—If a captain, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, for instance, who has married a rich dowager, should lend a thousand pounds to his colonel, what does he look for?’

“ ‘Trim—To be made a major first opportunity, and, as your honour knows, God bless you, to be placed in the way of higher preferment.’

“ ‘Uncle Toby—And if a major should lend his general all his fortune, say thirty thousand pounds, for example, what then?’

“ ‘Trim—To be placed in the general’s shoes, your honour, before the end of the campaign.’

“ ‘This is, we admit, quite satisfactory. There is reason in this merit, and there is point too in the argument, which Mr. Sugden and another learned personage will be at no loss to comprehend.’

“ ‘This was published on the 30th of May. Sir E. Sugden was appointed, (not by the lord chancellor, but) by the king’s solicitor-general on the third of June; and this Lord Lyndhurst calls a libel upon himself. Now, we implore any rational man to consider it calmly, and say whether, supposing the ‘learned personage’ alluded to mean Lord Lyndhurst (a strained hypothesis, beyond dispute), to say whether it imputes any guilt to the lord chancellor?’

“ ‘The only person, that, under any circumstances, would have a right to complain, is the solicitor-general. And we should like to see that respectable law officer, fresh from his Weymouth dispute about the expenditure of six thousand or nine thousand pounds, as the price of his unbought election, protesting against an insinuation, that he could advance money with a corrupt design.’

“ ‘The utmost inference unfavourable to Lord Lyndhurst, that can be deduced from the article, admitting the inuendos, is, that Lord Lyndhurst is a needy man. But who will pretend that to say of a person unconnected with trade that he is poor were a libel, even if it were false?’

“ ‘We repeat it, that it is impossible to believe Lord Lyndhurst a volunteer in this case. But, whoever may be the mover, we apprise him that he will fail. Even in England the suppression of public feeling must cost a struggle, in which the aggressors will meet an opposition to which what they now complain of shall be as the spring shower to the pelting of a November storm. And, if the press be suffocated in England by corruption on one side or coercion on the other, thank God the continent will be still open for the voices of the exiles of freedom. Holland may serve again as the mouthpiece of English and Protestant principles, as Holland has served before, and effectually too.’

Franklin said, and said truly, that the expenses of a republic might be paid out of the waste of a monarchy. We by no means love either the Economics of Franklin, or the republic that he worshipped, so much as to swear by them; and yet there are instances of waste that would justify strong discontent. If radical Hume had not shown that the tribute of rabble popularity, in the shape of quart-pots and ill spelt addresses, was his supreme object, he might have done something. He squabbled fiercely for a while, and frightened the treasury clerks with the prospect of giving them some heavier occupation than reading the newspapers, and looking at their horses parading in the shade under their windows, until the glad hour of three let them loose to “take their ride” through the park, and consider at what table of the *comme il faut* they were to condescend to dine. But his incorrigible radicalism, the vulgarity of his sneers, and the shallowness of his capacity, disqualified him from any thing beyond terrifying the trim gentlemen of the finances, and bringing down all the minor officials of the Treasury Bench, those gentlemen who are to be “ready to answer the question of the honorable member on the opposite side,” with their pockets full of extempore speeches, and their hands loaded with paper bundles and red tape. The Greek Loan affair finished his chance of service for either good or evil. The after-thought of squeezing his interest, no less

a sum than fifty-two pounds and several farthings, from a loan of a million, in which the patriot had embarked with kindred patriots, for the "salvation of Greece," was too brilliant not to have had its "reaction:" for in this world we cannot have even fifty pounds for nothing; and its price was the whole and sole fame that Mr. Hume had been toiling day and night, week and month, for three long years, to raise. Since that accession to his wealth, the great revisor of every other man's gains, the detector of every other man's meanness, and the teller of every other man's exchequer, has been as mute as if he had been choked with the largest rouleau of the mint, as idle as my Lord Ellenborough, and as useless as that sublime genius, my Lord Brecknock, or his successor, that sagacious mariner and veteran tactician, the new admiralty commissioner, my Lord Castlereagh. Yet, if nobody else can be found to take up the *Sinecures*, we should suffer even Mr. Hume to try the subject. The abuse is so glaring, that an attempt at its reform might revive even his name—nay, wipe away the remembrance of the Greek Loan, Lord Palmerston's philippic, and the dinner at Brookes's; and before he goes where his masters, John Wilkes and Horne Tooke, have gone before him, enable a conscientious man to say, without direct perjury, that his life was of some use to mankind. Let him first try, what Jekyll calls the most *trying* of professions, the law. There he may find a rich harvest of sinecurism, and not an atom of public sympathy for the sinecurists; there he may revel in the leviathan extortions of prothonotaries, chief clerks, registrars, and so forth, with a two-handed sword in his grasp, strip up the *nepotism* of old fat chief justices, and pursy, hypocritic chancellors, loading their relatives with the public property, and making even the imbecility of those relatives a ground for increasing the load. He might ask, how much money the present Lord Ellenborough obtains from his sinecure in the Court of King's Bench? How much my Lord Hardwicke receives from the Irish courts? How much my Lord Maryborough, and fifty other lords? But, of the showy style in which a lord chancellor can accumulate income on a nephew, let us take the following example:—

"The late Lord Thurlow held the offices of clerk of the Hanaper, patentee for making out commissions of bankruptcies, and clerk of the custodies of lunatics and idiots,—the whole yielding an aggregate of we believe nearly *ten thousand pounds* per annum, besides very extensive patronage. These are all offices in the gift of the lord chancellor; and, in the present crisis, it is an object of great curiosity to ascertain how they are to be disposed of. Will they be regulated according to the arrangement recommended by several successive finance committees? that is to say, by carrying all the fees to the consolidated fund, merely reserving their present salaries to the deputies who discharge the duties of the respective offices?"

Of the late lord, who has died within a short period, we know nothing more than that he made a profusion of poetry; and, certainly, the worst *poetry* that ever issued even from a lord;—for we by no means allow Lord Nugent's Portugal, and things of that calibre, to be poetry at all. As to his merits as a man and a citizen, let those describe them who ever heard of them. And the most careful investigation that we can institute on the subject, is, that his lordship's chief or single title to fame, was his marrying a very pretty little actress some ten years since—a deed which

we hope improved his lordship's happiness, and which, we solemnly believe, was of some service to his understanding; for, from that auspicious hour, he published no more verses; or, as William Spenser says, in his drawing-room style,

"The happiest man of men become,
The Muses' worshipper was dumb,
Voted his pen and ink a bore,
And wooed the Nine Old Maids no more."

But by what moral right were those ten thousand pounds a-year heaped upon a man who never was presumed to have done ten-pence worth of service of any kind for this enormous sum of public money? He was the nephew of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow! This was all his claim. Heaven defend the country against having many such chancellors, with any such recipients of sinecures. We plainly pronounce this disposal of the public property iniquitous in *foro conscientiae*. Old Lord Thurlow might have had the legal power to alienate the sum to his nephew; but this was a right which no man should have. If old Lord Thurlow lived to no better purpose than to give away sinecures—and of none better in his brawling career do we know—or if young Lord Thurlow lived to none better than to feed upon them, what possible feeling can the nation have in the fate of either, than gratification at being relieved from the power of both to prey upon the public, and the hope of a speedy and total extinction of the whole sinecure system?

In the mean time, as the sinecures are at the disposal of the chancellor for the time being, it might be a species of satisfaction to ascertain in what way the 10,000*l.* a-year is destined to go. To poor Lord Thurlow, of verse-writing memory, there could have been no objection but the mere fact of his putting the money in his pocket; but there are others whom the public hate strenuously, and from their souls; the demand is to know whether those incomes are to be among the rewards of these men?

Of Mr. Nash, the favourite architect, we know nothing but as an architect; in which character we certainly owe him a grudge for every building that we have seen proceeding from his portfolio. Not that we think him much worse than the crowd of architects who deform our city with incumbrances, the most costly, unsightly, and unstable of any city of Europe. Compare our new public buildings with the new ones of any metropolis on the Continent, of St. Petersburg, of Munich, of Stuttgart, of any city of any size where building has been lately going on, and we instantly sink a hundred degrees below Zero. Regent Street alone remains to sustain our boast to the foreigner. But the merit of Regent Street lies between the flagging on its sides; its breadth is its single merit: for since wigwams were first formed, there never was such a combination of architectural monsters, as startle the eye in Regent Street. But of this more anon.

Of Colonel Davies we know nothing, but as an imitator of Mr. Hume, which we conceive to give, in general terms, as disadvantageous an idea of a man's taste and understanding, as could be expressed in all the eloquence of language. But on the present occasion, we feel strongly disposed to think that the Colonel is perfectly in the right, that he has been doing a public duty, and that his services will operate as a valuable hint to a great many gentlemen, to the full as young and thoughtless as Mr. Nash. As

to the investigation before the Committee, in the first place, it has turned out exactly as we expected, for we never conceived that Mr. Nash had been *guilty of fraud*. But we conceived, and the Committee seems to have conceived too, that what Mr. Nash has done, no person in his situation ought to do in future. Of course, the past is with the years beyond the flood, or to use a more expressive negation, is with the money lodged in the Court of Chancery. But no delicacy interferes with the time to come, and for that time the Committee legislate with a firm nerve.

Every man acquainted with the duties of guardians and trustees of any kind, knows that it is altogether prohibited to those persons to make themselves possessors of any property in their trust. No solicitor dares purchase the property of his client under such circumstances; and for the obvious reason, that the purchase must always be suspicious; that the guardianship or agency, whatever it may be, always gives opportunities of overreaching, which if used by crafty trustees, must make the trust only a source of ruin to the true proprietor: in short, it is in every instance a point of honour, and in many a point of law, that no such interest shall be assumed by the guardian or trustee under any circumstances.

Now Mr. Nash was, in the true sense of the word, a trustee for the property. It was his business to see it sold to the best advantage, to guard against any possible alienation, and on the whole, to serve the public without any further interest in the affair than the salary, or appointment which he had received as a sufficient compensation for his services. But what is the charge? He sells a part of the ground to a Mr. Edwards, takes the bargain off his hands, and becomes the proprietor; or in the words of the Committee, "becomes the *Lessee* of the Crown, while acting as its *Agent and Surveyor*, and while in such capacity he had to *report on* the buildings erected by *himself* on the ground of which he was the *Lessee*." So say the fourth and fifth resolutions. And until we shall discover that a man is the severest examiner into his own proceedings; and that the Surveyor who takes the ground to himself is the fittest person to entrust with its sale; or that the builder is the safest referee as to the merits of his own handy work; we shall not think that Mr. Nash's purchase of this very valuable ground, was by any means a precedent for the conduct of Government Surveyors hereafter.

Another charge involved the purchase of government ground near the Regent's Canal. Here also there was an intervening party. The ground was let to the Canal Company, and by that Company relet to the *letter*. Here was no Mr. Edwards to give up his bargain; but the circumstance is stated in the report of the Committee, that of this Canal Company, Mr. Nash was the *projector and principal promoter*! in other words, that he had the chief weight and influence in its direction. Now, every man who knows what a Joint Stock Company is, knows how paramount must be the authority of an intelligent and active person, with great personal influence among the higher powers, and with the command of money, among the struggling partners of a concern working its slow way among a hundred projects of the same kind. We say without hesitation, that Mr. Nash would have been infinitely better advised, if he had kept himself clear of this purchase too; and that the best course which he has to take now, is, the abandonment of both the leases to the Crown. We look to Lord Lowther and his Commissioners of Woods

and Forests, to make this demand in the most expressive manner, and to leave him only the alternative, of giving up his whole accumulation of Surveyorships and Agencies under the Crown.

We see that the Committee pronounce in the most distinct manner as to the principle of the affair: they give it as "their opinion, that no Surveyor or Architect employed on behalf of the Crown, should be permitted to have any interest in buildings belonging to the Crown." The principle is thus established; and what is declared to be erroneous for all time to come, can scarcely be unexceptionable for the past. But in this 6th resolution a strong hint is embodied, which we expect to see duly acted upon. No Surveyor is to be permitted so to possess himself of public property, "*until his duty as Surveyor of the Crown relative to such land or buildings, shall have entirely ceased!*" Colonel Davies may have lost his cause, but we must hope that the public will have gained theirs; that Mr. Nash will have good sense enough to see the *inconvenience* of retaining those leases, and that future Surveyors will look to the moral of his tale. From *fraud*, we are as willing to exonerate him as the most zealous of his defenders. We go no further than the Committee. But to their full length we go; and the Colonel may congratulate himself on having done a public service at last.

It is curious, that in the same Session which struck the grand blow of Protestantism in this country, the insolence of popery abroad, should become the subject of discussion.

"In the House of Commons, Sir Robert Inglis presented a petition from the ministers, churchwardens, and inhabitants of Wainfleet, All Saints, and Saint Mary, praying that Protestant soldiers may be emancipated, and placed on the same level with popish soldiers, who cannot be required to attend Protestant religious services. In recommending this petition briefly but eloquently to the House, Sir Robert adverted to the case of Captain Atcheson and Mr. Dawson, who underwent the extreme punishment which the government could inflict upon them, viz. the prevention of their commissions, for having remonstrated against a command to assist in a popish and idolatrous ceremony."

Sir Henry Hardinge, in his speech, declared that no repulsive ceremonial was ever required of the troops. But Sir Henry had of course taken the trouble to forget that troops make a part of the peculiar pomp of every principal ceremony of foreign papists. In Portugal, the *Wafer* has a regular convoy of troops; and woe be to that man who does not drop down on his knees to this mummery; and kneeling in a Portuguese street is a formidable affair, to be paralleled only by kneeling in an Irish dunghill. So much for the civilians. The British soldiery were expected to pay their homage as it passed their guard-houses; and in many of their foreign quarters, have carried tapers in the popish processions, walking bareheaded, and going through the regular ceremonial, like well drilled monks.

The British officers in question, certainly would have acted more in conformity with military usage, by firing their guns when they were ordered. But the measure of justice exercised towards them, appears to have been stretched into severity. The loss of their commissions was one of the heaviest punishments that could have been awarded for the most violent breach of duty. The consciences of gentlemen, probably offended in no slight degree by the scenes and ceremonies round them,

ought to have been considered by a Protestant Governor, and a Protestant Government at home, if it still desire to retain the name; a removal from the station would have been quite enough to mark the displeasure of their superiors. We see, however, that there is a probability of reinstatement for these gentlemen; and we hope, that the hint dropt by Sir H. Hardinge, of "an opening being left for an application in their behalf," will not be overlooked by their friends. We have only further to remark, that the Mr. Dawson mentioned here, is not Mr. George Dawson. We have not heard that he has yet turned Mahometan: but if Mr. Peel should talk kindly of the Koran, or the Grand Duke of Downing-street begin to swear by his beard, we shall live to see Mr. George Dawson studying Arabic like a Mufti.

For some public reasons, and for many private, we should like to be upon the earth for a couple of centuries more. What a curious medley of opinions would have by that time passed within our cerebellum—what a train of human absurdities would have rambled away before our eyes—what brilliant expectations would have faded, like my Lord Petersham's midnight bloom—what immense Aldermen would have gone down to the general receptacle of Corporation souls and bodies—how many Lords Privy Seals would have been laughed at as playing the politician in their dotage—how many balmy Presidents of the Board of Controul would have been declared to have never passed beyond infancy—to what fatal assimilating process would the memory of great Field Marshalls and great Bow Street Officers have been subjected—and the names of Wellington and Townsend, each at the head of his profession, been distilled in the grand alembics of posterity into the same spirit of caption! But we, too delighted digressors, are wandering from our subject, which was, to declare that posterity will stamp upon England the reputation of being the most absurd, and money-making nation of the round world; or in other words, that our money always led to absurdity, and that in our wildest absurdity we always thought of money.

One example is as good as a million; and let the future judge us by the frolic which has occupied the wonder of the whole squiralty of England during the spring of 1829. A Scotchman, who speaks of himself as being in the army, has been making a tour of experiment on the liberality of the people. As we had not the happiness of seeing this northern appellant to southern philanthropy, we must only tell the tale as it has been told to us. But he makes a characteristic adventure, which, when some new Cervantes shall arise to turn the fashionable novels into eternal burlesque, will make the substratum of an English Don Quixote. This Scotchman is travelling through the country in the disguise of a Scotch piper. Considerable bets are depending on the issue of his extraordinary peregrination. He confesses himself heartily tired of his freak, and of moving through the country in character. His language and general demeanour are courteous and gentlemanly. In passing from one town to another he travels respectably attired, but resumes his minstrel garb of bodden gray, green spectacles, Scotch cap, and bagpipe, immediately on his arrival in each town. When playing through the streets, he endeavours to observe the strictest disguise, avoiding the least association with military characters. He has to make up 54 days after the 12th of June, for time lost on Sundays, Christmas-day,

and Good Friday, which completes his twelve-months' adventure ; and during that time he has to pass from Wales, through the principal towns in Devon and Cornwall, returning up the north coast, through the several counties of Wales, and after taking London in his route, terminate his tour at Berwick-upon-Tweed. He has already devoted some considerable sums of money thus gained to charitable purposes, and to such the remainder is to be devoted at the close of his adventure. His total receipt in Ireland amounted to 128*l.* 14*s.* 2½*d.*, of which sum he obtained 45*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* in Dublin ; 15*l.* 10*s.* in Cork ; 10*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* in Limerick ; and his expenditure in Ireland amounted to only 11*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* In Scotland he obtained only 78*l.* 11*s.* ; but on his arrival at Edinburgh, which terminated his Scotch tour, several noblemen and gentlemen, jealous for the honour of Scotland, and anxious not to be outdone by the Emerald Isle, agreed to make up the deficiency. A meeting of gentlemen at the Albion Club Room, gave him 25*l.* 10*s.* ; a Scotch duke, 10*l.* 10*s.* ; a Scotch earl, 2*l.* 2*s.* ; a Scotch nobleman, 10*l.* ; a Scotch colonel, 5*l.* ; and a private party, 10*l.* 10*s.* ; total for Scotland, 142*l.* 9*s.* His expenditure in Scotland was 6*l.* 17*s.* 7½*d.* ; and up to his entrance into Wells, his receipt in England has only been 31*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, out of which his expenditure amounts to 20*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* He says that the public papers have stated an untruth of his having had sovereigns and half-sovereigns given him at Cheltenham—the whole he received there was only 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* He obtained in Worcester, (his best English town) 3*l.* 10*s.* 7½*d.* ; Kidderminster, 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* ; Gloucester, 1*l.* 17*s.* 6½*d.* ; and in Bath, only 1*l.* 1*s.* 7½*d.* Some of his letters and papers reach him, directed to 'Captain Gordon,' and he also admits, that he has a person following to watch his movements, which rendered his stay in Wells longer than one day impossible. He appears to be very abstemious in drinking, otherwise, he says, people in the different towns through which he passes 'would make him as drunk as a piper.' The bet is stated to be between him and a French count, for 5,000*l.*, as to which realizes the most money, the latter being at present travelling through France in the disguise of a fiddler, subsisting on what he obtains from the public, in like manner as this Scotch minstrel.

The Scotchman's ledger will be quoted hereafter as a statistical document of the circulating medium of the provinces. The fashionable watering-places certainly make but a bare figure in the charitable list ; and Cheltenham, with its 1*l.* 17*s.*, has not much to boast, even over Bath, with its 1*l.* 1*s.* Such are the consequences of drinking water. If as many drops of solid Port, no matter where manufactured, were swallowed by the Bathites and Cheltenhamites, as they swallow hogsheds of salts and water, their pounds would have swelled to hundreds, and history would have made honourable mention of the sister citadels of Æsculapius. But water at once distends the stomach and hardens the heart. The liver may pine, nay, to liquefaction, and salts may blanch a nabob to some feeble resemblance of a human being, but we are convinced that they narrow the sensibilities to a frightful degree of corrugation ; and, therefore, may such regimen be far from us, and from those we love.

If these opinions should displease any of their aldermen, or masters of the ceremonies, we are ready to meet them in mortal combat. In fact, we are in bodily fear of no individuals, in either town, but the doctors.

The British Institution has opened its gates again, and with a very fine collection. The *private* view—for, as Lord Petersham (the rising star of wit) says, every man, in a certain rank, has his “private views”—attracted all the *élite* of purchasers, painters, contributors, and connoisseurs. The present collection, however, is one where the purchase has been already made, and consists of selections from galleries. At the head of the list of contributors is his Majesty, who has sent to the institution no less than thirteen pictures, among which are some of the finest productions of Teniers, Claude, Vanderneer, Gerrard Douw, Vandyke, Mieris, Schiavonè, Tintoretto, Guercino, &c. To the King the British Institution has been greatly indebted, not only for the anxiety invariably shown to promote its objects, but for the readiness with which he has always submitted the choicest specimens of his collection to public view. Claude, the property of his Majesty, is a beautiful picture, and will form a valuable and interesting subject for those artists who will, in a short time, be enabled to copy this and the other works deposited in this institution.

It is in this point of view that the institution may be regarded as conferring benefit. Its principal object is to afford originals of such merit as shall contribute to form or improve the style of the rising arts of our own country.

To all and every thing of the kind we wish well; but we have been long of opinion, that half the money expended by the British Institution, in a very trifling way, would do great good to the arts by being expended in a very obvious and by no means a trifling way. Fifty pounds to one painter, and fifty pounds to another, does no good to the art, nor to the artist. The payment of an exorbitant sum now and then to an exorbitant picture-dealer, does the very reverse of good; and when we have looked at some of the foreign purchases of the National Gallery, we have wondered what had become of the eyes of the noble purchasers, much more than we should wonder at any thing that might become of the necks of the sellers.

Let those noble personages, instead of going on from year to year in the same smiling round of congratulating each other on the “splendid display” of cats and dogs, of dead game and old women, on their walls, order pictures of a certain size from the English history for the chief public buildings. The French kings do this, and undoubtably thus do more for the progress of the art, than if they bought every picture from Milan to Naples. An application to parliament for four or five thousands a-year, would not be refused; and men of real ability would be stimulated into the exertion of their old powers, and the discovery of new. Some bad pictures of course would be mingled with the good, but this would not last long. The talent for painting seems, instead of being the rarest, the most common of human gifts. Out of a hundred boys, ninety shew a natural turn for drawing. Even in point of commerce, the arts of England might easily repay this expenditure; and ten years would not elapse before performances would be produced which would at once do honour to the national talent, and to the liberality and good sense which had at last taken the true way for its encouragement. We know that orders for painting public pictures have been given from time to time by the Institution, but they were few, and exclusive. We desire to see them many, and general.

In this world everything improves. The monkeys in the Zoological Museum, in Bruton-street, have advanced so much in good manners by the perpetual attentions of the fair and the fashionable, that, on the motion of the Marquis of Worcester, they are to be provided with a dancing-master; and strong hopes are entertained, that during the vacation, they will make such progress as to have an engagement at the Opera House as *premiers sujets* for the next season. Davies Gilbert too has made a step, and appears to shave for the Royal Society nights. But the chief improvement has taken place at the Royal Institution, for now their coffee is growing absolutely drinkable. Nothing could be more prejudicial to the public taste for the sublime in science, than the species of refreshment which distinguished the former seasons. Its compound would have defied the keenest analyzation of Professor Faraday, assisted by Professor Brande, in his happiest hours of philosophy. Even now the rush made by the rabble of medical persons, whom we always observe to be foremost where anything is to be devoured, is perfectly savage; and but in the hope that some of those grim servitors of death will yet be choked in an attempt to swallow the cup as well as the coffee, we should protest against their being suffered within sight of anything that could go down the larynx. The more decent way would probably be, to have the trays handed round the benches, to make the refreshment a committee affair of the whole house, and extinguish the odious monopoly of forty cups in the gastric region of one rapacious individual.

The most interesting night of the late season was the lecture or narrative, given by Dr. Clarke of his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1825. Dr. Clarke led his audience from Geneva to the summit, detailing the enterprise, which, however, he considers not by any means so dangerous as has been represented. At 9,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean the air becomes extremely rarified, and the sky exhibits a blue-black appearance. He does not consider it at all safe for persons to attempt the ascent having a tendency to apoplexy, for at the height of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, the extremely rarified state of the air, as well as the almost unbearable oppression of the sun's rays, though surrounded with snow, would increase that tendency to an alarming extent. So oppressive is the sun, that on sitting down in the shade he was asleep instantly. The passage, just above the Grande Plateau (a surface of ice and snow, many acres in extent, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea) is a point of great difficulty. This chink is about seven feet wide and of immeasurable depth. To get over it the guides first proceed to render the passage more easy. He cautions travellers to pay implicit attention to guides, as the accident in 1822, when three persons sunk into the caverns of snow, was occasioned by this want of caution. It is appalling, said Dr. Clarke, to be carried over an abyss of unknown depth, slung upon cords and drawn over. On arriving at the summit of Mont Blanc the toils are amply repaid. Language cannot depict the scene before the traveller. The eye wanders over immeasurable space. The sky appears to recede, and the vision possesses double power. The Alpine scenery here is awfully grand, and the alternate thaw and freezing (for when the sun is down it freezes rapidly) produces the most grotesque figures. The only living creature found on the summit of Mont Blanc is a small white butterfly (the *ansonina*), which flits over the snow. The chamois is found 10,000 feet above the level of the sea;

Mont Blanc is 15,500 feet above the Mediterranean. Specimens were exhibited of the compositions of all the mountains round Mont Blanc. Periodically an immense quantity of snow falls down from the summit of the Mont, enough, as the guide said, to crush all Europe like flies. "On throwing stones down the precipices, thousands of feet deep, the traveller feels an almost irresistible desire to throw himself after them!" We are infinitely better pleased to have those fine things told to us, than by us. Until the steam engine shall run up mountains, or Professor Leslie furnish us with wings, never shall we tread the summit of Mont Blanc. We may admire the Dr.'s *naïveté* in recommending apoplectic patients to let the mountain alone; and we should add, that asthmatic individuals may as well content themselves with the wonders of the telescope. We are not even doubtful about the wisdom of female ascendancy on those occasions, though a mad Scotchwoman and her daughter showed their legs,

"Sliding on the ice
All on a summer's day,"

as the *chanson* has it. The exposure of limbs may, in itself, be a charm to those whom Nature has blessed with handsome ones, but we should conceive that being carried on the shoulders of half a dozen of Alpine peasants, trundled in their arms, dragged from rock to rock by leg or arm, as it may please them, slumbering under a general covering on the snow, and all the other peculiarities of a mountain adventure, would not be the most advisable matters in the world for a woman who retained any pretensions to delicacy, unless she were a *philosophe*: a name which reconciles every thing, palliates every thing, and accounts for every thing. But as to the male adventurers, we ask but one question, *cui bono*? Has science ever obtained the most trivial good from all their climbings? Not an atom. We hear of faces skinned, fierce bites of musquitos, a dead sparrow, or a living butterfly; but beyond this, the climber brings nothing from the forehead of the monarch of mountains. It will be at once a comfort and a misfortune to the future heroic to know, that a speculating Swiss is now constructing a regular Macadamized road to the top, by which asses can ascend;—the only animals, that we should presume fit for the adventure.

In the course of the month, a very intelligent and injured man has breathed his last—Terry, the actor. His fate should be a lesson to the folly and heartlessness of creditors. Terry, after having established a professional rank, of no slight value, by a very original style of performance, became one of the proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre. His success was remarkable; and, before the close of two years, his share of the proceeds amounted to little less than four thousand pounds. Had his creditors possessed common sense or common feeling, they would have given him a little more time; and this ingenious man must have been clear, and with a fortune. But they grasped at what they could get at the moment, and for a sum which was trivial, compared to his prospects, they ruined him. He was forced to fly to the Continent; his property in the Theatre devolved into other hands, and he was utterly undone. After a while he returned, to attempt re-entering on his profession; but his spirit was broken; he felt his faculties for the stage impaired, and he retired, heart-broken, if ever man was. A few months

closed his anxieties ; illness, more of the mind than body, brought him to the verge of the grave, and the blow was given by an apoplectic stroke a few days since. After a short interval of speechlessness and insensibility, he expired. The stage has to lament in Terry a very able performer, society an individual of very varied and general acquirements, and his friends a cheerful, active, and kind-hearted man, extinguished by a cruelty which is now, as it deserved to be, its own reward!

We much regret that from having accidentally lost sight of the book, we had not an opportunity of already expressing our opinion of the Rev. W. Farquhar Hook's re-publication of a "Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the Roman Catholics of England." The work is manly and intelligent, it treats of the principal points of the question clearly and forcibly, and its selection and notes do honour to Mr. Hook's judgment and literature. We should also observe on the cleverness with which the printing department has been attended to. The work is highly creditable to Mr. Langbridge's provincial printing office.

The Society of Arts has extended its researches, and several pairs of really novel candle-snuffers were produced at its last anniversary. But let us take, *en passant*, their own panegyric.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Twenty-five prizes in gold and silver medals and money, were awarded. Amongst the most interesting of the cases which merited the Society's rewards was Dr. Dowler's musical instrument, called the Glossophone. This instrument is much smaller than the cabinet piano-forte, and partakes of the character of that instrument and the chamber organ. Another interesting case was that of Lieut. Williams, R.N. The gallant officer having lost an arm in the service of his country, turned his attention to the forming of a pair of oars, to be worked by one hand, and has succeeded. Models of the oars were produced, and the mode of working them pointed out to his royal highness and the assembly. The next invention, which attracted particular attention, was the repeating stop for a naval sextant, by Mr. T. Reynolds. The inventor is quite a youth, engaged in the West-India trade. By this invention observations can be made with certainty at sea during the night and in thick fogs, without the loss of time in repeating each observation before the succeeding one can be taken, as in the old method. A variety of other persons received prizes.

"His royal highness congratulated the Society upon the good it had performed, and was likely to perform ; and the meeting then separated."

We certainly can have no objection to any number of persons meeting for any purpose, (not disorderly), whether for playing at quoits, dislocating their own bones at gymnastics, or providing for the employment of the faculty, by drinking London-made champagne, sitting out three French farces in one night, or listening to a parliamentary debate. We have no right to dictate to other men's tastes ; and if any living being desires to see his royal highness of Sussex more than once in his existence, or desires to hear him speak at all, we cannot help them—there is no law for taste ; but we should be deeply indebted to any philosopher, whether blacksmith or bookworm, to inform us of any one particle of that good, which his royal highness declared the Society of Arts to have done. As to what they are "likely to perform," we are entitled to our personal

opinion, as well as the royal orator ; and that we shall be ready to produce upon occasion. Of instruments of the chamber organ family, we have had enough already for use, and we certainly have no inclination for any reinforcement to our street minstrelsy. If the Duke could supply us with an invention for instant deafness when the first sound of those *vagabondi* rings in our path, we should call him a benefactor. But it is our cordial wish that the Glossophone should be reserved for his highness's peculiar enjoyment. As to the sextant which makes observations without loss of time, during the night and in thick fogs, we shall believe in its faculties when we shall see it tried, but until then must feel that, as the *Brussels' Gazette* was famous for saying, "the news wants much confirmation." But we call on the whole blacksmith body to tell us whether the Society of Arts have advanced the comforts of society by a single saveall. The heading of a pin, or a new polish for the eye of a needle, are mysteries to which we never expected them to soar. But they have money ; they receive a great deal ; and they spend it very foolishly. Why do they not institute some experiments on their own account ? There are a hundred processes which the ingenious inventors are unable to carry on to perfection, through the mere want of funds. Why do they not take up the steam carriage, and try whether a few hundred pounds might not make something of it ? The present inventors are evidently deterred by the expense. Let them supply Gurney, or any other clever mechanist, with the means of beginning his machinery on a better scale, and they may do an incalculable public good. Is there nothing to be done with the inventions for printing, or has the printing machinery yet reached perfection ? Are wheel carriages perfect ? Can nothing be done to lessen the draught of waggons ? Are locks the only available modes of raising the water in canals ? Can we build no better bridges than mountains of granite, at the expense of a million a piece, and with yearly repairs amounting to twice the tolls ? Is the steam-engine available to all its obvious purposes ? Those, and a thousand other objects of the same class, might and ought to occupy the attention of a body possessing the means of the Society of Arts. There are many clever men among the members ; and while we are satisfied that they might render very great services to society, by thus contributing their advice and assistance to other artists, or by instituting experiments themselves on behalf of the society, we are equally satisfied that they must look upon the candle-snuffer discoveries, the medal system for pencil sketches, and daubs of flowers and beetles, by schoolboys and girls, as a mockery of every purpose for which such an establishment could have been originally contemplated.

Judicial and Divine Horse-Dealers.

What are the "lower orders," the *tiers état*, to say for themselves, when they see the highest calling each other names ? The Irish Law Courts present at this moment the agreeable spectacle of a pair of belligerent horse-dealers, they being no less than a chief justice and a bishop: two personages, deriving, from their public situations, about ten thousand pounds a year each, and both squabbling fiercely about the soundness of a pair of coach-horses. If this had happened between two fellows in Smithfield, we should call it at once by the plain name. But the dignity of the parties prohibits this, of course ; and neither judge nor bishop being capable of the suspicion of overreaching any body, we must consider

the whole affair to be—an awkward misconception on Lord Plunket's side that the Bishop of Kilmore sold him a pair of unsound horses, or, on the other hand, the bishop's misconception that Lord Plunket, having got a pair of very good horses, does not choose to perform his share of the bargain. Who shall decide when doctors of this class disagree? The lawyers have had two trials of their wits already on the subject, and they can make nothing of it. But the public make a great deal of laughing out of it; and those who think more gravely, are astonished that the charges of the love of purse, or the love of litigation, should be suffered to stain the characters of either judge or bishop. But all those things promote the end. There will be a reform yet: and the sooner it comes the better.

Mr. George Bankes has been flung out of Cambridge, he says, "triumphantly"—we wish him many such triumphs. We say, ignominiously; for he was flung out through a sense of miserable connexion with ministers. But for this he would have been returned. If he had adhered to ministers during the Roman Catholic discussion, he would have been returned; for Cambridge has never been famous for making a fight against power. If he had resisted ministers, he *might* have been returned; for Cambridge, with all its love of the powerful, is Protestant still. But by his nominally resisting, and actually returning; by his lofty pretensions to patriotism, and his actual contemptible servility with power, he awoke Cambridge to the feelings of gentlemen, and they flung him out, in utter defiance of the whole force of Government. Mr. Cavendish is a Whig, as we presume from his connexions; but whatever may be his politics, he is an English gentleman. His conduct will be fair and open; he will not be making harangues against the breakers in upon the constitution, in parliament, while he is condescending to secure a snug spot in their employ. So let all the Bankeses, past and future, be rewarded.

We regret that we are now so restricted in space as to be unable to give a sketch of a very interesting work, by Mr. Annichini, entitled, "An Analytical and Historical View of the Catholic Religion, with Reference to Political Institutions." The author, an Italian, having possessed sufficient opportunities of inspecting the working of Popery on Governments, declares, unhesitatingly, that it is incompatible with freedom. He routs, horse and foot, poor Wilmot Horton, whom, however, every body routs; and we think that this intelligent Italian's necessary ignorance of literary and legislative rank among the English, could alone have induced him to break such a fly upon a wheel. With some of the writer's theology we do not quite agree. The writings of St. John did not revive nor re-establish the Platonic doctrines—these being, in fact, the chief perverters of early Christianity. The book is cleverly written, and will outlast many of its contemporaries.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Five Nights at St. Albans. 3 vols. 12mo. ; 1829.—We have not seen so wild a story, and one so vigorously told as this, since Allan Cunningham's *Michael Scot*; but we must confess—exerted as the writer's best energies have been, and they are no common ones—we have been more struck by the richness of his inventions, and the facility of his paintings, than interested by the complications of his story, or awed by its machinery, or amused by its details, or successful in detecting those results which he, in the consciousness of his lofty daring, tells us “have been aimed at,” but which, in the possibility of failure, and to spare his consequent mortification, he refrains from aiding his readers to discover. The whole is wrapt in the marvellous, and in clouds too dense for common optics to penetrate and discern any useful design, if such design there has really been. No man can tell how he or others would act under the impulse of supernatural agency, and of course the writer, who describes such action, is safe from the censure that rests on human experience only; nor in such descriptions can he have any other object than to shew with what ease he wields the weapons of romance. No advantage can be gained for young or old by sheer extravagance; nor do we see *why* we should return to nursery tales, when the whole world and its ways, in their exhaustless variety, is all before us, and where surely *every* writer may find something to suit his powers, be they ever so exalted or eccentric. For vigour of conception—for strength and variety of phrase—for dexterity in developing his own complications—for delineation of character even, where human motives alone are operating—the writer, whoever he is, and he is, we presume, well known, though not in this line precisely, may challenge competition with any of his contemporaries. He will no doubt find readers in abundance less fastidious than ourselves, and some of more susceptibility and sympathy for the vagaries of unbridled imagination; but generally, or we are more than usually mistaken, more wonderers than admirers.

Though the scene is laid at St. Albans, and in the reign of Elizabeth, the tale has nothing historical about it. It is founded, it seems, upon no tradition—derived from no legend—but is purely a work of fiction—altogether a creature of imagination. The author details first and explains after; we must take the reverse course, or rather chiefly explain, for we shall have little space for details. From the Temple of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem had been stolen a precious relic—a crucifix—by the dark spirit, or magician, Amaimon, who had filched it in the disguise of a pilgrim's weeds. Every knight of the Holy Sepulchre, at his ordination, was told of the duty incumbent

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 43.

upon him to recover this sacred relic. Through three centuries numbers had fought with the monster who guarded the magician's den, and their bones still whitened the front of the cave. In the thirteenth century, the hero of the piece—Fitzmaurice—in the ardour of his daring spirit, undertakes this desperate venture, but before he sets out he prudently resolves to visit a famous exorcist of his acquaintance, to obtain some information or assistance for the better execution of his task. Amaimon, he learns, is far above his friend's hands—he had *three* lives, charmed by the life of the monster—a talisman worn next his own heart—and the crucifix itself; but, though his inferior in power, the exorcist furnishes the knight with a signet, adding, “if this fail to redeem the cross at first, it may redeem it for thee at last;” and then hands him a scroll, containing instructions how, in his exigency, to use the said signet. The bold knight kills the monster—and moreover tears the talisman from the magician's breast, but in grappling with him he receives a blow from the crucifix, which left a burning impress upon his brow, and laid him prostrate at the magician's feet, his slave perhaps for ever. “The lives thou hast taken,” exclaims the magician, “keep! they are yours. Groan beneath their bondage! I snap in twain the mingled yarn of mortal existence, which stretches from the cradle to the grave. In the deep earth, nor in the rolling sea, shall thou find a grave. Slave of my power, be slave of my slave. Behold, the shadow follows not the substance more closely, than this thing shall be upon thy steps, to vex, torment, and harry thee.” “This thing” proved to be Mephisto, a filthy and malignant spirit, the abhorred fruit of a Moorish vampire and a hag of Thessaly, &c. In this pretty predicament, the knight loses no time in breaking the sealed scroll, which contained an oracle in these puzzling terms—

When an idiot shall die,
And a mother's heart breaks;
When an idiot shall live,
Who a father's life takes;
When the friend slays the friend;
And the first is the last,
He takes up the cross,
And thy sorrows are past.

This was accompanied with an interpretation by his friend the exorcist, in prose—“In some region of the globe, but place and time are hidden from me, thou must find the number of the Apostles—nor more nor less—who of *their own free choice*, shall be brought together, to inquire of a great mystery, by thee made manifest according to thy will. When twelve are found, uninfluenced, *save by their several humours*, to know the causes of what they shall see or hear, they are subjected to *your*

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influence; but in whatsoever thou sayest to them, thou must disclose nor thyself—nor thy destiny—nor thine aim. Be towards them as man to man, and reach their wills *by human instruments alone*. Persuade, but command not; assume the oracle in thy responses, but only to sway their passions. Work wonders; but let not the wonder-working hand be visible," &c.

This oracle it is, then, the circumstances of which are fulfilled in the *Five Nights at St. Albans*. The knight had visited every quarter of the globe, and at the end of 300 years arrived in England, and pitched at St. Albans. Here dwelt—by the means at his command, he learnt—an idiot girl, who was a doating mother's much loved treasure. His enterprise had never auspicated so well before—he had constantly been defeated—some accursed chasm in the circumstances had left him to the scorn and mockery of Amaimon, and the avenging torments of Mephisto. At St. Albans, accordingly, he commences operations.

Two substantial yeomen returning from Dunstable in the dead of the night, were suddenly surprised by the strange appearance of the Abbey—it seemed on fire—or rather, glowing red-hot like a furnace. Spurring onward, they were still more surprised to find all quiet in the town, and the Abbey itself as gloomy as ever. One of them, Peverell, bolder than the other, rode up to the gates to discover the mystery, but could make nothing of it. The next morning, the story flew, and was in every body's mouth, and at night every body sat up in a vague sort of expectation. Exactly as the chimes of twelve began, the same marvellous sight did re-appear—the Abbey was again wrapt in flames, emitting neither heat nor light (how were they visible?) which again vanished at the last stroke of the hour. The miracle filled, of course, every soul, and the next day the town met to deliberate. At the meeting an old man presented himself (this was Amaimon, who of course was on the watch to counteract the knight) and demanded, who had pluck enough to enter the Abbey at midnight, and abide the rest. The challenge was promptly accepted by Kit Barnes, the blacksmith, who was something of a fanatic, and had just turned preacher of the gospel; and the old man, grasping his arm, whispered—"I will meet thee there." "Wrench me—tear me from that iron hand," screamed Kit, as he convulsively fell upon the ground, to the terror and amazement of the spectators. Recovering, however, from his alarm, he persisted, in spite of all remonstrance, in his resolution; and as the hour approached, was accompanied by crowds to within a respectful distance of the Abbey gate. At twelve precisely, the old man of the iron hand was seen within, waving a crucifix, streaming with fire, and Kit rushed boldly forward. The flames appeared to curl

round them, and distant shrieks were heard, when suddenly the doors closed with violence, and all was dark and silent. The assembled multitude had fled, but Peverell drew nearer, and listening, heard the low chaunt of a requiem, and presently beheld a funeral procession, and Kit, shrunk and withered, stretched on a bier. The vision soon vanished, and Kit in a few moments tottered out of the Abbey, more dead than alive, and unable, or rather forbidden, to tell what he had encountered. Peverell led him home, and placed him under the care of the woe-struck mother of the idiot-girl, who had the previous night, in her mother's absence, roamed from home and perished. The mother and Kit died.

The next morning Peverell was visited by a stranger (this was the knight Fitzmaurice) of gigantic stature, richly dressed in a sable suit, and black ostrich feathers in his bonnet. In a commanding, but yet courteous manner, he complimented Peverell on the cool courage he had shewn the preceding evening; and told a long story of a marvellous adventure of his own in Mauratania some years before, mixed up with a little diablerie. This, it proved, was told to prompt the honest yeoman to the prosecution of the Abbey mystery. "As a stranger," the Knight said, "he could not himself appear conspicuously;" and, finally, Peverell undertook to persuade some of his fellow townsmen to accompany them to the Abbey that night. Clayton, his companion on the Dunstable road, after some difficulties, consents; and the mayor, by the intervention of the crier, beats up for volunteers. Ten, from one motive or other—and all are nicely and ably scanned—offer their services. The whole twelve assemble at the Abbey at eleven, and are joined by Fitzmaurice. With the first stroke of twelve commences a scene of horrible conception—Kit Barnes and the goblin of the iron arm as phantoms—hideous incorporations of blue mists—noises of all sorts—howling, screaming, and yelling of wild beasts, mingled with low lamentations, gentle wailings, and stifled groans—voices blaspheming, despairing, praying, beseeching, and some in anguish exclaiming pardon, pardon!—then loud shouts of laughter, bursting in horrid volleys from infernal throats—death, in *propria persona*, hovering over all, in his terrific revels of every shape, and every age, and crime, and mode. Then follow clouds of serpents hissing fire—reptiles of all loathsome forms—fierce scorpions—gilded snakes, &c.—till, by degrees, all finally vanished, and silence again returned. One of the party was found dead—apparently of fright. Though thoroughly alarmed, the rest met again the following night, and again were renewed like horrible scenes; and another of the party perished—stabbed by his dearest friend in an attempt to kill a serpent that seemed to coil around him; and a third was found dead in his bed the

following morning, accompanied by strange circumstances.

Comes now upon the scene a young lady, the daughter of one of the twelve, who gets alarmed for her father's safety. She becomes a prime agent. By the strong persuasions, the irresistible blandishments of Fitzmaurice, she visits a potent witch, and by a curious but comparatively clumsy contrivance, is put in possession of the *signet*. After encountering the most revolting spectacles at the house of the old witch, she is finally prevailed upon to go herself to the Abbey, on the night which is understood to be the disclosing one. She follows implicitly the instructions of Fitzmaurice; and at the altar, in the midst of a scene of confusion quite unparalleled, we believe, in description, is driven to the utterance of words, which plunges her father into the grave, that instantly closes over him, and then loses her senses. The whole of the party had now successively perished except Peverell, the first and the last. Fitzmaurice is on the point of deliverance—nothing is wanting but possession of the crucifix, and that lies on the altar full in sight. Peverell is impelled by Fitzmaurice to push on to the seizure, and in spite of new and most appalling obstacles, he finally clutches it, and delivers it into the Knight's hands. The tumult suddenly subsides, and Peverell wakes to his senses, surrounded by all his friends, alive and kicking, except poor Kit—and Fitzmaurice, conclusively, *explains*.

At the bottom—we may as well speak out—the writer's purpose was to shew to what desperate undertakings men may be committed, when their peculiar temperaments, and even their common motives of action, are worked upon by a skilful hand. The attempt, in this view, is rather a failure—nothing can be so easy as to shew, on the most probable grounds, that three fourths of the twelve would not, and could not have encountered a second visit to the Abbey. Still the effort is a powerful one.

Romances of Real Life. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—The Hungarian Tales happened not to fall in our way; but they are everywhere spoken of in terms of admiration. These Romances are by the same writer, and their unquestionable merit—their very superior execution, is a further guarantee for the justice of the opinion we have heard of the other. The title will prepare the reader for surprises, or attempts at surprising. The incidents of the tales, therefore, are not common ones—they are not, however, so much startling, as they are extraordinary. They are out of the ordinary routine, only because they are the results, and yet the natural results, of disturbing powers.

The Maid of Honour is a story of Charles the Second's days, and not very creditable to the monarch himself, or his

chief agent in intrigues, Buckingham. We know nothing of the authority for the circumstances, but there exists, it must be presumed, some grounds, or the case will not come, with any propriety, under the class and title of *Romances of Real Life*.—Lord Greville marries a second wife—Helen Percy, and being disgusted with the court retires to his estates, where he grows gloomy, and harasses his wife, who is a very Griselda, by the coldness and churlishness of his manners. Suddenly he announces his intention of visiting a distant castle of his—his wife begs to accompany him—he refuses, but finally concedes to an importunity very unusual with her. At this castle, in the evening, while they were sitting together—she embroidering, or knitting, or something of the kind, and he buried in his darker thoughts, or perhaps asleep, appears the vision of his former wife. This very unexpected appearance brings about the *éclaircissement*, which, in yielding to his wife's desire to accompany him, Greville seems to have contemplated. It was no vision, he tells her—it was in reality his wife—she was still alive, and he was, of course, not Lady Helen's lawful husband. The real wife, who had thus presented herself, had been maid of honour to the queen, and subjected, like many others, to Charles's importunities. Greville fell in love with her—Charles detected his admiration, and urged the prosecution of his suit, and laid his commands upon Miss Marchmont to accept Greville for her husband. King's commands in these matters were more effective in those days than in ours—though reluctantly, she finally consented to the royal arrangement. She was devotedly attached to a Lord something Percy, then at sea, in command of a ship of war. After the marriage Charles renewed his importunities, and the lady had no other means of escape than withdrawing from the court—luckily, she succeeded in persuading her husband of the necessity of doing so, without disclosing her motives. In a few months, however, came a letter to Greville from Buckingham, lightly mentioning a battle at sea, and the death of Percy, and enclosing a note, with a black seal, addressed to *Miss Marchmont*. In receiving this note, and the news which accompanied it, her feelings overcame her, and she betrayed her secret, by inquiring if her own, own Percy was killed? Her senses fled, and she became permanently insane.

Some years after this event, Greville was struck by the charms of Lady Helen Percy—the one only obstacle seemed removable—murder was not to his taste—but he could and did spread the report of his wife's death, and married Lady Helen. Repentance came too late; the dishonourable act preyed upon his peace, and the birth of a son added to his misery—made him morose, unjust, unkind. While they were at the castle, the poor crazy lady was suffered

by the servants to escape from her room, and roam into the one where Greville and Lady Helen were sitting. Such was the explanation given by Greville to the injured Helen. Though indignant, and refusing to live longer with him—she compromised—she consented to conceal the facts—remained at the castle, and soothed her sorrows by taking charge and attending to the comfort of the insane wife.

The Court at Tunbridge is another tale, where Charles figures—a pendant to the other—in which the monarch again promotes a marriage, but this time for no sinister purpose. The sketch is of a lively cast, and the groups of courtiers are admirably described from Grammont's Memoirs.—The Princess's Birth-day is called a fairy tale without a fairy, and is a very beautiful little thing—gracefully told, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the volumes. Two princesses were destined by their uncle, the reigning sovereign, one for a regal husband, the other for the controul of an abbey. The first imprudently falls in love with a courtier, and the latter has no vocation for the convent. Still princesses know they can rarely have a will of their own—accordingly they yield an unwilling consent, and preparations are duly made for the approaching birth-day of the eldest, when the fate of both is to be fixed for ever. When that day arrives, comes a letter from the sovereign, announcing a little change in the arrangements. The courtier proves to be the very sovereign originally destined for the elder—and the sovereign's own son is on the road to convey the younger not to the abbey, but to the altar. Never were recorded two happier, or less premeditated, bridals. *The Reign of Terror* is full of revolting circumstances, but vigorously told. The season has not produced more interesting volumes.

Animal Kingdom, &c., Parts XVIII. and XIX. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S.; 1829.—This very handsome and superior work progresses with unabated spirit. The Class Mammalia was comprised in the first twelve parts—another part or two will complete the Birds; and the whole, when finished, will constitute by far the most perfect work on Natural History hitherto published, either in England or in France. The basis of the arrangement, as we have before mentioned, is Cuvier's; and the whole of his valuable materials are worked up, together with very considerable additions derived from the observations of Mr. Griffiths, and the communications of his able and numerous coadjutors. The aim of the editors has been to produce a work equally acceptable to the naturalist and the general reader, and each will accordingly find matter suited to his taste. It is calculated, moreover—what can scarcely be said of any other work of the kind—to be safely placed in the hands of young people. All indelicate de-

scriptions—so frequently introduced, especially by foreign naturalists—are carefully excluded—convinced as the editors are of their improper effect upon the young, and of science, as it is called, being little promoted by them. The plates are numerous, and the engravings good, from drawings made expressly for the work.

Tales of Flood and Field, with Sketches of Life at Home, by John Malcolm; 1829.—These are the sketches of an intelligent person, who has marked his own feelings, and given occasional and forcible expression to them in the various incidents that have occurred to him at home and abroad. He has seen a good deal of active life, and encountered perils, which he describes with felicity and effect. Generally, his foreign sketches are extremely good—lightly and tastefully handled; but those which are connected with his campaignings, are very superior to his "Home" scenes. As an officer he served in the Peninsula, under the Duke of Wellington, and like most military men, delights—at least loses no opportunity—to eulogize him.

"Passing along, amidst the vast and unknown crowd (he is speaking of London) I recognized a face, of which even the glance of a moment awakens a world of proud and glorious recollections. Fourteen years have rolled away since I last beheld it, and then but for an instant, as it shot past me through the blaze of battle, and vanished in its storm; but no one who has once seen can ever forget that of the Duke of Wellington: it is, moreover, but little changed, and still wears the same placid smile and calm dignity, which never for a moment forsook it, even in the mortal struggle and earthquake shock of battle."

What can be the value of such a testimony? We had occasion not long ago to give young and unbeneficed clergymen a hint to spare their panegyrics upon bishops, and others blessed with authority or patronage; and in the same way we venture to recommend subalterns to avoid these lavish tokens of their admiration. A curate is seldom in a condition, we take it, to judge correctly or usefully of his diocesan, whatever he may be of his rector; and, in like manner, the subaltern, though he may be competent enough to estimate his captain, or any of the officers of his own corps, can know little, on his own evidence, and with authority (and the testimony of military men of any grade in military matters, is always put forth as of more worth than that of a layman) of the commander of legions. Let both curate and subaltern wait till their position gives weight to their testimony; and should they never arrive at that commanding point, it may not be their fault: and the exalted individual will, in the meanwhile, do very well without their applause. Praise from subordinates is always suspicious, and why should any sound per-

son volunteer what *must* be open to offensive construction?

The Village Nightingale, with other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley; 1829.—A very agreeable little volume for young people, by the author of "The Birth Day," "Fairy Favours," &c.—calculated, in an easy and graceful manner, to illustrate the duty and beauty of kind feelings—to teach the advantages of moderation, contentment, and prudence—and enforce the propriety of charitable constructions. The *Village Nightingale* is the principal tale, and paints a good-looking, well-disposed girl, gifted with a sweet musical voice, and pushed by undue severity at home, and unwise admiration abroad, into an indiscretion, from the too probable consequences of which she is happily rescued by well-timed kindness and judicious treatment. The little incidents of the narrative, which are quite unforced, are told with great feeling and unaffected simplicity; and the short sketches which follow, are all worthy of accompanying the principal piece.

Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, by James Grant; 1829.—This *Life of Mary* is the production of Mr. Grant, the editor of a newspaper in the remote and obscure town of Elgin. The object of the writer was to present an account of the queen, in a *cheap* and unpretending form, at once sufficiently concise for such as have little leisure or opportunity for perusing historical works, and sufficiently minute to furnish them with a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the more interesting circumstances connected with her history. This object he has successfully accomplished. The narrative is a plain and satisfactory one, founded upon a full and free consideration of all existing materials, without following in the wake of any particular authority, and avoiding, for the most part, controversial matter. Though refusing to take generally the tone of an apologist, he has briefly and collectedly summed up the grounds of his conviction independently of other persons' conclusions. That conviction is decidedly favourable towards Mary, whom he considers as a person "far more sinned against than sinning"—as one of an easy temperament, driven into acts and positions which wore the aspect of indiscretions and even crimes, by the importunities or the treacheries of conflicting and interested parties. The divisions of a distracted country—the oppositions of powerful interests, and those interests headed by violent spirits, and alternately prevailing, and in a rude and excited period—these things will account for occasional intemperance and occasional inconsistency in the queen's measures. Her youth must always plead for her with elder and sober men—her beauty *will* with boys and girls. It must, moreover, never be forgotten, that several persons were executed for Darnley's murder,

and *all* acquitted the queen. The propriety and correctness of her conduct during her long and harassing confinement of nineteen years in England, is, with Mr. Grant, a security that her previous and early actions in her own country could never have been of that desperate and profligate cast which some have ventured to represent them. Elizabeth was her jealous enemy, and the friends and ministers of Elizabeth have been the chief describers of Mary's life. The historian of *Burleigh*, after examining the state papers relative to Elizabeth's treatment of Mary—though desirous of white-washing the minister at least—has been heard to observe—"She is as black as ebony, and Burleigh of the same colour." They stuck at nothing to misrepresent her, and prosecute their own views.

Rybreut de Cruce, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—Though manifestly the production of an intelligent and cultivated person, this is merely a novel—a sort of home—we do not mean *homely* tale, but one made up of a few family incidents, selected as striking, but bordering on the extravagant—scarcely, indeed, coming within the bounds of possibility in English society: relative, moreover, merely to boys and girls—teaching nothing, adding nothing to our stock of realities, and requiring little for its construction and materials beyond familiarity with works of fiction, and shewing few proofs of acquaintance with the actual business of life. It is, however, excellently well *written*—there is no attempt at finery—the language is natural, and the sentiments unforced—and, though seldom eloquent, is not deficient in vigour. The details are singularly minute, without being wearisome, and the signs of a direct and sound understanding are every where visible. The writer has capabilities for better things, and only wants opportunities to elicit and shew them. She is losing time in pursuing a course, which can only bring with it the approbation of very young gentlemen and ladies, and those idle ones.

The hero, Rybreut de Cruce—where could this strange name come from?—is left a child under the care of his aunt, during the absence of General de Cruce and his lady in India. The same kind aunt undertakes also the charge of two young girls, left without protection by the death of their mother, and the indifference of the father, who, to the abandonment of his family, had withdrawn to France, fascinated by foreign manners and foreign principles; and, afterwards, as his daughters grow up, and the story advances, engaged heart and hand in all the atrocities of the French revolution. The young folks are brought up together, under the tuition of a reverend gentleman, till Rybreut is some seventeen or eighteen, and the girls a year or two less, when suddenly is announced, from the father of the young ladies, who had not for years taken the slightest notice of them, the

arrival of a French governess, who is to occupy the family mansion, and take charge of his daughters, and bring them up in the love of jacobinism. This, of course, occasions great consternation; but resistance is impracticable; and the governess, to their surprise and comfort at first, proves the very personification of all that is charming, elegant, and conciliating; but she is accompanied by a very mysterious sort of an abigail, who creates a great deal of wonderment and speculation among principals and servants. Rybrent rides over every day, and keeps a sharp look-out, and receives the reports of the young ladies on the daily occurrences. Madame loses no time in her attempts to establish a "corresponding society" among the country gentlemen, but meets with little success. Her charms are more attractive than her principles; and badinage, more than politics, forms the staple of conversation among the few neighbours who venture to visit. Soon circumstances of a suspicious cast occur—strange persons are seen about the grounds—odd sorts of gipsies appear in the neighbourhood—and the governess, and Jaqueline, her queer-looking attendant, are eternally together—&c. By-and-by, a young man of fortune in the neighbourhood, some years older than Rybrent, becomes very assiduous in his attendance, ostensibly, on the young ladies, particularly the elder; but soon, also, a more than common understanding appears to exist between him and Madame, and even Jaqueline. Rybrent he affects to treat as a boy; but, taunting him with riding a pony, as being safer, he is challenged by that mature and fiery youth to ride against him, on any horse he pleases. Claverham accepts the challenge, and treacherously furnishes Rybrent with a rearing horse; but Rybrent subdues the restive animal, and rides the race; and Claverham, in a desperate effort to recover lost ground, is flung, and seriously injured. The accident establishes him in the house; and if he had stratagems in view upon one or both the young ladies, this gives him a decided advantage. Rybrent, the young ladies themselves, the servants, are all full of undefined fears; and, just at this moment, Rybrent is summoned to India, by the news of his mother's illness, and obliged to leave his young friends in their apparently perilous and certainly unprotected condition. Rybrent's aunt, too, dies at this time, and the tutor is the only person who takes an interest in their concerns—he engages to watch over their security—but proves very inefficient.

Claverham, according to the reports of the servants, is constantly attended in his chamber by Madame and Jaqueline; and the young ladies, from a sense of the utter impropriety of such proceedings, urge his immediate dismissal, on the supposition also of his being sufficiently recovered to bear removing. He refuses to go without being

allowed personally to take leave of them; and on presenting himself, supported by the governess and Jaqueline, he is, to all appearances, much too feeble to leave the house. Agatha had before seemed to be the main object of attraction, but now all his discourse and attentions are diverted to Clarina, the younger; and all his blackest villainy begins to peep forth. Though wealthy, he has an eye to the property, to which the girls apparently will succeed, in equal shares. He resolves to have the whole; and as he cannot marry both, to get rid of one. Admiring the elder, and not disliked by her, he yet chooses the younger, mainly because he shall thus supplant Master Rybrent, whom he detests, and whose attachment to her was well known. Agents for mischief are always at hand, and he had prime ones at command. The father of the young ladies had sent over two or three *sans-culottes*, to aid Madame in planting the tree of liberty; and these delectable persons had of course as greedy an appetite for blood and money, as for revolutionizing. They enter at once, *con amore*, into his views, and Jaqueline is constituted chief manager of the arrangements. All is now ready, Jaqueline presents herself to Agatha, and mysteriously soliciting an interview on a matter of life and death, conducts her to the remoter parts of the grounds, and insensibly drawing her farther and farther from the house, suddenly betrays her into the hands of a ferocious-looking Frenchman, and a woman of the genuine *poissarde* cut, who hurry her forthwith into a wattled hut. More surprising still, in a few minutes appears, on her knees, and with the accents of love, Jaqueline herself in male attire. She is, in truth, of the masculine gender, and had accompanied Madame as her *cher ami*, and had quickly fallen desperately in love with Agatha, and was resolved to save her from Claverham's clutches. While he was thus on his knees, in the act of explaining, comes Claverham himself, and takes a speedy opportunity of sending a bullet through Jaqueline's brains. Claverham had known of the disguise, and suspecting her, or rather his fidelity, chose to see personally to the execution of his own plot. Agatha, according to his original design, was now carried off to a smuggling vessel, which lay at anchor within a mile or two of the spot, to be conveyed to France, or drowned in the voyage. Claverham thus, for the moment, triumphs—no one suspects him. But in vain are all his efforts to withdraw Clarina's attachment from Rybrent, and Rybrent himself was now returning to claim her hand. On the very eve of the marriage, while roaming about with his gun, on the alarm of his dog, Rybrent came suddenly upon the wattled hut, and, to his amazement, found the long lost Agatha, lying on the ground, on the point of expiring. She had just been landed, after an absence of

two or three years, by the relenting *poisarde*, who had saved her from the hands of her bloody companions, but not from the gripe of a lingering disease. Circumstances now thicken—at first they tell against poor Clarina, and Rybrent renounces her; but, ultimately, all of course comes out clear, and Claverham perishes abroad in some miserable manner, and Rybrent and Clarina are united, &c.—but Agatha does not come to life again.

Stewart's Stories from the History of Scotland; 1829.—Mr. Stewart, of Douglas, is much and favourably known as an active compiler of juvenile books; and we have besides a volume of sermons now lying by us, "written not to extend his literary fame," he says, "but to obviate an invidious conclusion, drawn by some charitable persons—that he must have been too much engrossed by profane pursuits to find leisure for the discharge of his clerical duties, or the study of theology." This amiable conclusion comes no longer from the *Assembly*; Mr. S. might, like Home, write a tragedy if he pleased, and no longer, like him, be in danger of being unfrocked. But in the multiplicity and variety of his publications, Mr. S. has at last, with little felicity, we fear it will be thought, come in conflict and competition with the leviathan of his country. His *Scotch Stories* must inevitably endure the comparison, which few men would willingly encounter; but the author is not to be regarded as provoking the comparison, for *this* was the first publication. The volume before us is a second and enlarged edition, in the preface to which, the author expresses the relief he felt on discovering the competition was not so close as he had at first dreaded. Though similar, his plan in some respects differs. His object is to give detached stories, without troubling himself with any other connexion than that of mere chronological succession; while Sir Walter has linked his tales together, so as to form a continued history. Mr. S. again has adhered rigidly to historical truth, as a moral obligation, in a book destined for the instruction of children; whereas Sir W. has often indulged his love of romance, and declined not to mix up, in his own fascinating manner, the apocrypha of tradition with the established facts of canonical history. Mr. S., moreover, has adapted his narratives to the comprehension, he thinks, of the youngest reader, while Sir W. abandoned that attempt, because he found that a style considerably more elevated was more interesting to his juvenile reader. The author, in short, with recovered courage, and some complacency, concludes—"His little book is more, what it was intended to be, a companion to Mr. Croker's admirable *Stories from English History*:" and adds, "as the test of success—the preference has been given to his stories, in many instances, by children of the age for which they were de-

signed." Mr. S.'s last stories are—*Sharpe's Murder*, and the *Battle of Bothwell Bridge*. A second volume will bring events to 1745.

Life of Alexander the Great, by the Rev. J. Williams, Vicar of Lampeter; 1829.—This constitutes the third volume of Murray's well-conceived Family Library, and is incomparably the best life—the most careful and correct estimate of Alexander's achievements we have. The writer is a scholar—a ripe and good one; and, like Mitford, has gone to the original sources, that is, the nearest to the original extant, for his materials, and has exercised a sound judgment in the use of them. The sources to which we allude are not cotemporary ones—these have long since disappeared—nor do we know what degree precisely of authority to assign to them. The circumstances of the writers are all unknown to us. Singularly enough, they are all nearly of the same period, and that from four to five centuries after the times of Alexander. Judging from internal evidence, the signs and marks which indicate respect for truth and industry of research, the superiority is obviously due to Arrian and Strabo—to the first particularly, whose professed aim was to dispel the cloud of falsehood and absurdity which hung upon his hero's story. Upon Arrian accordingly, Mr. Williams mainly, or rather almost exclusively, relies—rejecting for the most part the stories which Plutarch, Athenæus, and Curtius, have put forth, though these writers are not fairly classed together. Plutarch and Athenæus were mere anecdote-mongers, and of course neither scrupulous nor discriminating; but Curtius wrote the history in detail, and is no otherwise inferior, in point of credibility, than as a flashy declaimer must always be to a sober narrator. He had the same authorities before him as Arrian, and was only misled by the meteors of his own undisciplined imagination. Of these authorities, Aristobulus and Ptolemy, both the companions of Alexander—the former has the character of an extravagant eulogist. Of both, in Curtius and Arrian, we have probably the pith, and have only to choose between them by the rules of common sense. Arrian, in relating a report, which he neither adopts nor rejects, observes, and the sentiment has been repeated a thousand times—"If it be true (the story refers to Alexander's reported visit to Darien's wife and daughters, in company with his friend Hephæstion, whom the queen mistook for himself, and whom he termed his other-self) I praise Alexander for his compassionate kindness to the princesses, and the affection and respect shown by him to his friend; and if it be not true, I praise him for his general character, which made writers conclude that such actions and speeches would, if ascribed to Alexander, appear probable." Scores of stories are flying about of eminent individuals, which, if not true, have something of

the quality of truth—if they did not *suit* the character they would not be told. In the same way Curtius is entitled so *some* regard. In describing him, as Mr. Williams does, as a clever writer, but a very ignorant man—there is as much severity at least as truth.

Mr. Williams's book, however, is strictly what it professes to be—a Life of Alexander. He indulges in no speculation—he has a most meritorious respect for testimony, and when nothing is known, has nothing to tell. The effect of this creditable delicacy is a want of ease and flow in the language. He has nothing to round his periods with. He sticks close to the chronological story, and keeps a steady eye upon the map—tracing his hero's marvellous career step and step, and, as far as modern geography will enable him, comparing actual localities with most edifying particularity. In many points he differs from his predecessors in this walk—learned and unlearned; Ispahan he sets down as the ancient Ecbatana, without giving the grounds of his decision; “but these,” he tells us, “are to be detailed at full length in a work now in the press—a work which cannot fail of arresting the attention of such as are interested in questions of this kind.” The writer's learning qualifies him for competing with Vincent, and his industry with Rennel; and the volume before us furnishes evidence in abundance of sound and independent judgment.

We have said Mr. W. indulges in no speculation—that is true generally; but there is one little excursion of his in this way, which is worth directing the reader's attention to, as containing sentiments which are not in every body's mouth, and at which some will be shocked, or be willing to be thought so. After lamenting the stop which the exhaustion of the troops put to Alexander's progress (he had contemplated reaching the Eastern Ocean, and returning by the Pillars of Hercules), on the ground that such progress would probably have thrown open the mysteries of the Eastern World, which now lies wrapt in clouds of mythology and allegory—he observes—

Perhaps these opinions are liable to be condemned; but, according to my views, much false logic and fictitious humanity have been expended upon the conquests of Alexander: for I see not how the progress of a civilized and enlightened conqueror among barbarous nations can be regarded otherwise than beneficial. An Alexander in Africa would be the greatest blessing that could visit that great continent. Since history has recorded the annals of nations, colonization and conquests have been the two main instruments of civilization. Nor do I see why Ashantees, Caffrees, or any other dominant tribes, should be supposed to have a prescriptive right to murder and enslave their fellow Africans, and to renew their atrocities three or four times in a century—much less why a Christian sovereign should be blamed, were he effectually to subjugate the

barbarians, and put an end to all such enormities in future.

The Royal Bengal Tiger, as the showmen have it, is very destructive in our days between Guzerat and the Lower Indus. “It is singular,” says Mr. W., “that the Macedonians did not see one. They saw his skin, and heard exaggerated tales respecting his size, strength, and ferocity. Is it a fair inference,” Mr. W. asks, “from his non-appearance in the vales of the Indus and its tributaries, that the natives of those regions were, at the period of the Macedonian invasion, more powerful, populous, and warlike than in our days?” To be sure it is—the country was more peopled and better cultivated.

Waverley Novels; 1829.—Standards as these novels have justly become, the beautiful edition, of which this is the first portion, is a welcome acquisition. It has the advantage of the author's own careful revision—it is uniform, ornamented, compressed, not in matter but in bulk, and illustrated with occasional notes, historical and local. But though thus revised and corrected, it is not, it appears, to be inferred, that any attempt has been made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. The author has only seized the opportunity of correcting the errors of the press and slips of the pen. The corrections consist, in fact, in occasionally pruning where the language is redundant—compressing where the style is loose—infusing vigour where it is languid—exchanging less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, he adds, “like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an unexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.”

The general preface contains a sketch of his early career in the region of fiction, with a statement of the causes of his long concealment, and those of his final disclosure—all communicated in his own inimitable ease of manner, with all possible *naïveté* and confiding simplicity. To this general preface, which will be read by every body with interest, though no longer new, is added a particular one for *Waverley*, comprising some account of the incidents on which the story is founded, and which originally appeared in the preface to *The Chronicles of the Canongate*. The same thing will be done for the succeeding stories. Some account, moreover, is promised of the places where the scenes are laid, that is, where they are in whole or in part real, with notes explanatory of ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in each romance—which will add to the value of an edition destined to live for ages.

Geraldine of Desmond. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—This is all far, far too elaborate in matter and manner for one half of it to be read by any soul breathing. It is toil and

trouble thrown any. The writer had better have written the Irish history and antiquities of the period in good set terms, and abandoned her love tale. Thoroughly has Miss Crumpe mistaken the taste of the readers she expected to gratify, if she imagined for a moment that her detailings of dresses and pageantries, however correct and curious, or her political discussions, however sound, and perhaps serviceable elsewhere, mixed up, and suspending the interest of a tale, small as it is, would suit that taste. Nobody will or can tolerate any thing so wearisome, when the object of reading is merely to kill time—and who has any other in reading tales of this kind? Facts, or what lays claim to the certainty of facts, will be attended to in a sober shape, and so will political discussions in their places, but not where the writer perversely confounds the memory, and blinds the judgment, by mixing the real with the fictitious—relating one thing in the text and another in the note—fabricating in one place, and rectifying in a second. Gravity is one thing and gaiety another. The lady, moreover, competent and cultivated as she obviously is, has missed the line of the “historical romance.” That line is easily drawn. No admitted facts should be disturbed or distorted. The imagination of the romancer is free only where the record fails. The story of Desmond had enough in it of what is now-a-days called the romance of life, and space and verse enough remained unoccupied by any known circumstances, for the indulgence of the writer’s fancy; but when—to give an instance—she impeaches the Irish chief before the Lords, and tries him, in the full pomp of judicial splendour, in Westminster Hall—she does it in violation of the known fact, that he was only examined before the Council. Why should the author try him before the Peers? Because she has collected certain details of ceremony in unpublished MSS., which she wishes to produce; but if such was the motive, it was her business to manage the matter better, and not at once pervert facts, and betray her own poverty. Miss C. seems to think she is sticking close to history, as is perpetually hinted, when an act or a phrase is assigned to one person which historically belongs to another. Desmond and his Countess, in flying from their enemies, once stood up to their necks in a river; but Miss C., for the purposes of her story, chooses to place her heroine, the daughter, in this comfortable position, and consign the mother, the meanwhile, to a convent. In his final extremity, Desmond exclaimed to the wretch, who butchered him—“Spare me, I am Earl of Desmond!” but the author makes him say—“Spare *her* (meaning the heroine), I am Earl of Desmond,” and then quietly observes in a note, as if the change of the one little word made none in the sense—“The substitution of *her* for

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 43.

me, is the only alteration I have made in Desmond’s dying words.” Historical facts, in short, are placed here, or placed there, just as it best suits what appears to the author the interest of her narrative. This, however, is plainly overstepping the bounds of the historical romance; no liberties should be taken with authenticated matters; and it is quite superfluous, for there must always be room enough for the play of fancy in the deficiencies of records.

The subject of the tale is the revolt and ruin of Desmond—the prince of a large portion of the South of Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth. The Fitzgeralds and the Butlers were hereditary enemies, and the chiefs personal foes. Ormond was a Protestant, a lord of the pale, and in favour with the court; Desmond, a Catholic, the descendant of a family of English origin, but *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*, the acknowledged chief of the Catholic party—the opponent of the pale—the resister of political oppression, and, of course, in ill odour at court. In a conflict with Ormond’s feudatories he was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Ormond’s castle—where, in disguise, his daughter gained access to him, and first fascinated Ormond’s son; and whence he was at last released upon galling terms. “Wrung into undutifulness,” as he well expressed it, “by his enemies, he entered into schemes for the rescue of his country, and the gratification of his own revenge;” but before the committal of any overt act, he was entrapped by the queen’s troops, and carried to London—whither his daughter again followed him. In his absence his friends pursued the plan, and found themselves in a condition to propose terms to the government; and Desmond was despatched by the government to Dublin to confirm them. Treacherously treated, or suspecting it, Desmond made his escape before the compact was signed, and openly took up arms against the queen, joined by a few Spanish forces, and sanctioned by the pope. Though occasionally successful, he was finally beaten in detail—his castles, one after another, destroyed—and himself a wanderer, and dying of hunger, was killed for the price that had been set upon his head. His vast estates were lavished among the courtiers—among some perhaps who had been mainly instrumental in pushing him to extremities, of whom Raleigh got 40,000 acres. Spencer, the poet, had above 3,000.

With these, for the most part, historical details, is mixed up a tale of no great interest, from the dearth of incident, consisting of the loves of Desmond’s daughter and Ormond’s son. She is of course all that is beautiful and intelligent, but, with all her accomplishments and wisdom, ardent and impetuous as the most uncurbed of Irish maidens. Tharles, too, is the observed of all observers—the *preux chevalier*—a most faithful and impassioned lover, and one

who encounters perils upon perils to prove his devotion, and win his lady's love. But filial duty, and the claims of patriotism, bind her to her father's destiny, whose wanderings she shares, and whose death she witnesses—the sight of which also, added to previous exhaustion, kills the unhappy maid herself.

The main object of the accomplished writer is, of course, to exhibit in detail the miserable management of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and this is successfully done. There can be little doubt the Irish were driven into rebellion for the sake of forfeitures. The queen herself, when reports of the rebellion were brought to the council, exclaimed—"If it goes on, it will be better for you, for there will be estates for you all." The most spirited parts of the work are the scenes where Elizabeth figures—coarse and imperious to the life! The reader will of course take our opinion relative to this performance—one of no little pretension he may gather from its magnificent preface—for what it is worth; but it is only fair to let him know, that "the work has been honoured by the approval of one of the first critics of the age—the Right Honourable the Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow"—that is, Mr. Thomas Campbell, who, it may be safely presumed, by the importunity of the author's friends and his own, has been forced into a complimentary opinion of what he probably scarcely glanced at.

The County Album, with Topographical Hieroglyphics, for the Amusement and Instruction of Fire-side Tourists; 1829.—To look at objects, and to read of them, are two very different acts, and in mature minds produce very different impressions. The visible and tangible thing must always have the advantage over the representative sign. What, then, must be the case with the young and unpractised? Shew the child a plough—let him see it work, and he will understand both the working and the object; but shew him the name only, or let him read about it only, and his mind will not so easily grasp it—it slips from him like water through the fingers. To force the child to lend his attention, and supply words suggested by the figures they represent, pictures—visible likenesses—have often been employed with excellent effect. Mr. Harris has improved upon this contrivance: and, in his County Album, has so framed his pictures as to make them emblems indicative of the products, staple commodities, manufactures, and objects of interest, in the several counties of England and Wales. The figures do not suggest the absent words directly, but by circumstances—thus for butter, the emblem consists of dairy utensils. This must stop the

hasty reader to consider its meaning, and may awaken in the *indolent* one a desire to know it; and these are the advantages specifically aimed at.

Independently of the hieroglyphics, which consist of 400, and are beautifully cut, the descriptions of the several counties, and the peculiarities, whether of nature or art, are correct and judicious, and may furnish information to both teacher and pupil.

Winter Evenings at College, &c., by a Clergyman. 2 small vols.; 1829.—These are two neat little volumes relative to the manners, customs, &c., of the old Greeks, conveying the substance, in a popular form, of what is commonly termed Greek Antiquities. The book is the work of a clergyman, and is published by Mr. Harris, of St. Paul's Church-yard—a gentleman, by the way, who, by his own exertions and superior acquirements, has done more probably towards elevating the style, and improving the character of juvenile books, than any one person, author or trader, in the records of publishing. The "Winter Evenings at College," however, is a book adapted for the service of an elder class of readers than his publications usually are—destined, in short, for such as are passing through the later stages of what goes by the name of education. The communications are made through the medium of a sort of dialogue, or, more correctly perhaps, lecture, with occasional interruptions, by a private college tutor, to his pupils. The topics are made to occupy sixteen evenings, and are discussed with accuracy and clearness, and sufficient minuteness. To the familiar description of the "manners, customs, sports, and religious observances of the Ancient Greeks," is added a brief account of the state of modern Greece, and some reflections on the revolutions of empires.

The tutor and his pupils are equally exemplary—the latter thirsting for knowledge—the former distributing copious potations, and wholly absorbed in the duties of his grave and responsible office. The portrait is, of course, perfectly *ideal*; the writer no doubt knows very well what private tutors at the University are, and probably means to give a delicate and friendly hint. Among the real and living tutors in this class, the service, if not the duty, is one hour—a short hour, a day, and the business and object, cramming for the public lecture; and we never knew, within our personal experience, or the range of our inquiry, the slightest attempt made by any one of them to go out of the common beat of communication. The connexion is merely a matter of bargain and sale—*quid pro quo*; the office is without responsibility, and generates neither concern in the teacher, nor gratitude in the taught.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE our last, the British Institution has closed its exhibition of the works of living artists, and opened one of those unrivalled selections from the labours of the old masters, which have done more towards the spread among us of a true taste for Art, and a deep and active feeling for its beauties, than any other expedient that has been resorted to within our memory.

The present collection is of a miscellaneous nature, and is perhaps not inferior to any one that has preceded it, in variety of subject, and unsurpassed skill of execution.

To those who have seen and examined this beautiful assemblage of pictures, we despair of giving any notice of it which shall satisfactorily recal any one of the leading works, much less so describe and estimate them as to meet and reply to the feelings and impressions which the sight of them must have produced. But we shall allude to some of them in detail nevertheless, no less to gratify the curiosity of our distant readers, than to urge those who are *not* distant, to immediately avail themselves of an occasional treat, which nothing but these annual exhibitions present.

It includes almost the highest praise that can be awarded to our English School of Art, to say that two examples of it, which form a portion of the present exhibition, are in all respects worthy to occupy the place which has here been assigned them among some of the most distinguished and perfect works which the Art has produced. The Holy Family, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is an exquisite production, including all the beauties of his manner, and not one of his faults—except perhaps in the face of the Virgin, which is feeble, unmeaning, and even unnatural. The two children are divinely human. We know of nothing of the kind in art superior to them, unless it be some few—a *very* few—of the children of Murillo. No other artist has painted children with so much purity and truth; and Murillo himself has failed to communicate to them that mysterious, and, as it were prophetic, look and air, without which the two children connected with this particular subject take from it much of its “holy” character. The children of all other artists who have painted this most favourite of all scriptural subjects are made too divine; and the children of Murillo are, generally speaking, too exclusively human: Reynolds has blended the two characters into one in a manner only to be felt, not described. The general composition of the picture unites the grandly simple with the perfectly natural and unaffected, in a most rare and admirable manner; and the landscape portion of the scene forms a noble adjunct to the whole.

Gainsborough’s “Landscape, with Market People,” (88) is the other English work

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who encounters perils upon perils to prove his devotion, and win his lady's love. But filial duty, and the claims of patriotism, bind her to her father's destiny, whose wanderings she shares, and whose death she witnesses—the sight of which also, added to previous exhaustion, kills the unhappy maid herself.

The main object of the accomplished writer is, of course, to exhibit in detail the miserable management of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and this is successfully done. There can be little doubt the Irish were driven into rebellion for the sake of forfeitures. The queen herself, when reports of the rebellion were brought to the council, exclaimed—"If it goes on, it will be better for you, for there will be estates for you all." The most spirited parts of the work are the scenes where Elizabeth figures—coarse and imperious to the life! The reader will of course take our opinion relative to this performance—one of no little pretension he may gather from its magnificent preface—for what it is worth; but it is only fair to let him know, that "the work has been honoured by the approval of one of the first critics of the age—the Right Honourable the Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow"—that is, Mr. Thomas Campbell, who, it may be safely presumed, by the importunity of the author's friends and his own, has been forced into a complimentary opinion of what he probably scarcely glanced at.

The County Album, with Topographical Hieroglyphics, for the Amusement and Instruction of Fire-side Tourists; 1829.—To look at objects, and to read of them, are two very different acts, and in mature minds produce very different impressions. The visible and tangible thing must always have the advantage over the representative sign. What, then, must be the case with the young and unpractised? Shew the child a plough—let him see it work, and he will understand both the working and the object; but shew him the name only, or let him read about it only, and his mind will not so easily grasp it—it slips from him like water through the fingers. To force the child to lend his attention, and supply words suggested by the figures they represent, pictures—visible likenesses—have often been employed with excellent effect. Mr. Harris has improved upon this contrivance: and, in his County Album, has so framed his pictures as to make them emblems indicative of the products, staple commodities, manufactures, and objects of interest, in the several counties of England and Wales. The figures do not suggest the absent words directly, but by circumstances—thus for butter, the emblem consists of dairy utensils. This must stop the

hasty reader to consider its meaning, and may awaken in the indolent one a desire to know it; and these are the advantages specifically aimed at.

Independently of the hieroglyphics, which consist of 400, and are beautifully cut, the descriptions of the several counties, and the peculiarities, whether of nature or art, are correct and judicious, and may furnish information to both teacher and pupil.

Winter Evenings at College, &c., by a Clergyman. 2 small vols.; 1829.—These are two neat little volumes relative to the manners, customs, &c., of the old Greeks, conveying the substance, in a popular form, of what is commonly termed Greek Antiquities. The book is the work of a clergyman, and is published by Mr. Harris, of St. Paul's Church-yard—a gentleman, by the way, who, by his own exertions and superior acquirements, has done more probably towards elevating the style, and improving the character of juvenile books, than any one person, author or trader, in the records of publishing. The "Winter Evenings at College," however, is a book adapted for the service of an elder class of readers than his publications usually are—destined, in short, for such as are passing through the later stages of what goes by the name of education. The communications are made through the medium of a sort of dialogue, or, more correctly perhaps, lecture, with occasional interruptions, by a private college tutor, to his pupils. The topics are made to occupy sixteen evenings, and are discussed with accuracy and clearness, and sufficient minuteness. To the familiar description of the "manners, customs, sports, and religious observances of the Ancient Greeks," is added a brief account of the state of modern Greece, and some reflections on the revolutions of empires.

The tutor and his pupils are equally exemplary—the latter thirsting for knowledge—the former distributing copious potations, and wholly absorbed in the duties of his grave and responsible office. The portrait is, of course, perfectly ideal; the writer no doubt knows very well what private tutors at the University are, and probably means to give a delicate and friendly hint. Among the real and living tutors in this class, the service, if not the duty, is one hour—a short hour, a day, and the business and object, cramming for the public lecture; and we never knew, within our personal experience, or the range of our inquiry, the slightest attempt made by any one of them to go out of the common beat of communication. The connexion is merely a matter of bargain and sale—*quid pro quo*; the office is without responsibility, and generates neither concern in the teacher, nor gratitude in the taught.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE our last, the British Institution has closed its exhibition of the works of living artists, and opened one of those unrivalled selections from the labours of the old masters, which have done more towards the spread among us of a true taste for Art, and a deep and active feeling for its beauties, than any other expedient that has been resorted to within our memory.

The present collection is of a miscellaneous nature, and is perhaps not inferior to any one that has preceded it, in variety of subject, and unsurpassed skill of execution.

To those who have seen and examined this beautiful assemblage of pictures, we despair of giving any notice of it which shall satisfactorily recal any one of the leading works, much less so describe and estimate them as to meet and reply to the feelings and impressions which the sight of them must have produced. But we shall allude to some of them in detail nevertheless, no less to gratify the curiosity of our distant readers, than to urge those who are *not* distant, to immediately avail themselves of an occasional treat, which nothing but these annual exhibitions present.

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is the person represented: we feel it enough to know that he must have been one bent, like another Atlas, beneath a world of human thoughts and contemplation.

The female portrait is equally characteristic, and full of intellectual expression; but the expression is that of feeling, not of thought—as it is in every case of female character as exhibited in a painted portrait. These two noble works are whole lengths, and nearly the size of life. Nos. 20 and 59 are two exquisite examples of Claude:—the first, though very imperfect, is full of truth and beauty; but the second, divine. Among the other landscapes in this room may be named, as peculiarly worthy of a studious attention, 25 and 40, both by Cuyp; the first, exquisite for the artful simplicity of its composition, and the second, peculiar for the elaborate beauty of its details. No. 43, *The Virgin and Child*, is one of those singular productions of Murillo, the very merits of which are their sole defects. The staring and bare truth of the Virgin and the Child in this picture are wonderful; but they are, at the same time, as disagreeable as they are inappropriate.

Passing by a noble picture of St. Francis, by A. Carracci, (60), and a grand Holy Family, by Camillo Procaccini, (61), we reach the only two other works in the north room that call for particular mention from us: these are (71), a little picture by Carlo Dolce, which, with all the faults and affectations of his style, exhibits an intense and passionate feeling for natural expression, and great skill in depicting it; and (73), *Portrait of a Lady*, by Rembrandt—a work which, for an almost miraculous truth and veracity of character, added to an extraordinary degree of individuality, we have never seen surpassed, and rarely equalled. This wonderful portrait may be looked upon as one of the chief gems of the collection.

In the middle room we meet with some exquisite landscapes. That by Hobbima, which includes a Church, (86), is one of the most exquisitely natural and unaffected works of the most natural and unaffected of all the old landscape painters. The beauty of Hobbima's scenes to an English eye, and of this one in particular, is, that you can scarcely believe the scenes they represent to be other than English. Where the artist found them, *out of England*, we are at a loss to imagine. It is certain that he would be troubled to find them any where else *now*.

Near the exquisite landscape just named,

hangs one of the very finest of Titian's portraits, and one the subject of which renders it singularly valuable and interesting; we mean (83), a *Portrait of Ignatius Loyola*. There is a steadfastness of purpose in this face, and at the same time a far-darting look about the eyes, which is singularly fine and characteristic.

But what an exquisite contrast do we meet with to this picture, (and to almost every thing about it, except the pure scenes of external nature,) in Murillo's *St. John*, (87). This is a picture vying with any thing we are acquainted with for purity and sweetness of character, no less in the expression than in every other quality—the handling, the colouring, the composition, the conception.

Close beside these divine works hangs the charming landscape by Gainsborough that we noticed at the outset, and another curious and most interesting specimen of the same master—a copy of the celebrated picture of the Pembroke Family, by Vanddyke, at Wilton House. 97, a *Portrait of a Venetian Senator*, offers another striking contrast to the two or three last-named, in all its features. In noble severity of style it is a worthy companion to the Ignatius Loyola noticed above.

The only other work our limits will permit us to notice this month is (110), "*A Shepherd with a Lamb*," by Spagnolette. It is long since we have seen so noble a picture by this noble and in all respects admirable artist. There is a vigour and spirit in the handling, a serene beauty in the colouring, and a grand simplicity in the composition and expression of this picture, which cause it to rank among the finest in the collection.

We shall conclude our notice of this exhibition next month.

Portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot.—This fifty-fifth number of the portraits in *La Belle Assemblée*, though not so elaborate in execution as many which have preceded it of the same series, will, by many, be esteemed worthy to rank among the best. There is a bland simplicity and nature about the character which is very striking, and which forms an agreeable contrast to the fashionable blandishments of many of the portraits which have gone before it in the series. The original is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the engraving by Giller, in mezzotint—a style well adapted to Sir Thomas's works.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

British Fossils.—Mr. Taylor has prepared a valuable list of the fossils hitherto discovered in the British strata, drawn principally from the works and authority of Mr. Sowerby, to whose indefatigable exertions in extending our acquaintance with the fossils of England, geology is under most essential obligation. The list details the genera in each of its divisions, alphabeti-

cally, giving for each genus the number of the species most characteristic or abundant in each formation, with the principal localities where they occur. It is not susceptible of abridgement, but some of the results which can be expressed by numbers have been thrown by the author into tables, of which the following is a summary:—

SHELLS.		Simple Univalves.	Simple Bivalves.	Complex Bivalves.	Multicolar Univalves.	Total Numbers.
{ Fossil, Recent.	Total Number of Species known (from Wood's <i>Index Testaceologicus</i>)	1961	874		58	2893
	Total Number of Genera.....	58	62 3		12	135
			65			
{	Total Number of Species	401	583 51		230	1265
			634			
{ Ancient Strata	Carboniferous Order, of Conybeare. (Species)	27	34	46	33	140
	Carboniferous Beds to <i>Lias</i> . (Species)	9	33	5	50	97
	Ancient Strata, to <i>Lias</i> inclusive. Total of Species	36	67	51	83	237
{ More recent Strata.	Inferior Oolite to Chalk inclusive (Species)	106	375	0	139	620
	Strata above the <i>Chalk</i> (Species) ..	259	141	0	8	408
	From the <i>Lias</i> to the more recent beds. Total of Species	365	516	0	147	1028
					147	

It appears, therefore, that the total number of known existing species being about 3,000, the number of fossil species is about 1,300. And the author states, among other inferences from his tables, that the ancient period is characterised by the complex shells, the middle by bivalves, the upper strata by the simple univalves; while, as we descend in the series of strata, we recede from the existing forms and proportions of numbers; 134 complex species, out of 237, being found in the ancient beds, and only 147, out of 1028, in the more recent.

Extirpation of the Spleen.—The extirpation of the spleen, performed with the necessary precautions, does not induce the death of the animal. M. C. A. Schultze, from whose memoir on the subject, read at the Assembly of the Naturalists and Physicians of Germany which took place last year, we derive the information, performed this operation twenty-seven times on dogs, cats, goats, and rabbits, and lost only one dog, which died the 26th day, but of which the vena cava had been cut, near the

stomach, six weeks before the operation. When once the wound is healed, it does not appear that any function is perceptibly deranged. The stomach digests well; only when the animals eat too much, or too quickly, vomiting supervenes with great facility, which may be well explained by the irritation communicated to the diaphragm and to the peritoneum by the effect of the extirpation. The secretion of the bile continues regularly, but in a smaller quantity. The lymph drawn from the thoracic canal has the same physical properties as those of other animals which have not been thus treated. If the extirpation be performed upon young animals it does not at all impede their growth; not the least influence appears to be exercised upon the nutritive functions. The generative function alone seems to suffer from the extirpation of the spleen. Thus dogs or cats, operated upon when young, constantly produce a smaller number than those belonging to the same litter which have not been thus operated upon. They bring into the world one, or at most, two young ones, though their con-

nexion with the male, for the most part, is attended with no result. In the same animals the functions of generation appear to be developed later than in others. Dogs deprived of the spleen shew a great tendency to run, and are unwearied in the chase.* M. Schultze has observed, that the blood of the splenic veins coagulates as readily as that of the other veins; this property of

coagulating appears diminished only when the stomach is gorged with water immediately before the operation.

New Table of Exchange.—The following corrected Table of Exchange, for the settlement of the sea-customs and invoiced goods, dated November 18, 1828, is to take effect at Bombay from and after January 1, 1829, viz. :—

Country.	Currency.	Value in Bombay Rupees
Great Britain and Colonies	Sterling. £1.	10 Rupees.
France and ditto	French Francs 24	10 —
Spain and ditto	Dollar. Doll. 100	225 —
Portugal and ditto	Milrea. Milreas 10	26 —
Netherlands	Florin. Florins 8	7 —
	Ducat. Ducs. 100	486 —
Hamburg	Marc. Marcs 16	10 —
Denmark and Colonies	Rigsbank Dollar. Doll. 100 ..	118 —
Sweden	Rix-dollar (Specie). Doll. 10 ..	24 —
Russia	Silver Ruble. Rubl. 100	168 —
Italy	Sequin. Seq. 100	494 —
United States of North America	Dollar. Doll. 100	225 —
Independent States of South America ..	Dollar. Doll. 100	225 —
Bengal	Sicca Rupee. Rup. 100	106½ —
Madras	Madras Rupee. Rup. 100	100 —
Turkey (Bassora)	Eyne Piastre. Piast. 133	100 —
Persia (Buchire)	Persian Rupee. Rup. 123	100 —
	Krosai Dinai. Din. 164	100 —
Muscat	Mamoodé. Mam. 35	10 —
Mocha	Dollar. Doll. 100	217 —

Dimensions of the Capital of the United States, and its Grounds.—The ground within the iron railing 22·5 acres. Length of foot-walk outside of railing 0·75 of a mile, and 185 feet. The building is as follows :—Length of front 352 feet 4 inches. Depth of wings 121 feet 6 inches. East projection and steps 65 feet. West ditto 83 feet. Covering 1·5 acres and 1,820 feet. Height of wings to top of balustrade 70 feet. Height to top of centre dome 145 feet. Representatives' room, greatest length, 95 feet. Ditto, height, 60 feet. Senate Chamber, greatest length, 74 feet. Ditto, height, 42 feet. Great central rotunda 96 feet in diameter, and 96 feet high. The north wing was commenced in 1792, and finished in 1800. Cost 480262·57. dollars. South wing commenced in 1803, and finished 1808. Cost 308808·41 dollars. Centre building commenced in 1818, and finished in 1827. Cost 951647·35 dollars. Total 1746718·36 dollars, or, a little more than £363,000 sterling.

Human Monster.—There has been

* We rather suspect that the author would not have observed this peculiarity if he had not been prejudiced with the vulgar idea, that the dogs who have been deprived of the spleen run well. To the above account we may add, that the late Sir Busiek Harwood, of Cambridge, having excised the spleen of a dog, remarked that the animal became immoderately fat. Unfortunately, however, it was lost before any further observations could be made respecting it.

presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, a drawing of a monster which was living at Turin in the early part of last March. This individual is a girl with two heads; the lower extremities only are common to the two individuals; the rest is divided, and presents the conformation becoming the natural state. The priest seeing in this creature two separate individuals, baptised them separately: one received the name of Ritta, the other was called Christina. Ritta seems to be in bad health. They were born at Sassari, in Sardinia, at the commencement of March, 1829. Their common height is that of an infant born at its proper time. It is not unexampled to see similar monsters reach an advanced, or in some degree, an advanced age. During the reign of James III. of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man double above the umbilicus, single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music. The two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the two upper halves occasionally fought. They lived generally in perfect harmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, or pricked, the two individuals felt it together. When, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. This

monstrous being died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other. *Rerum Scoticanem Historia*. l. 13, p. 444. Auct. G. Buchanan. In 1723, a bicephalous man was exhibited for money at Madrid. Sigebert also relates that he saw a child with the upper part double, single below. One ate, the other fasted. Frequently they fought. One having died, the other survived only a few days.

Origin of Aerolites.—La Place supposes aerolites to be projected from lunar volcanoes. Dr. Brewster attributes to meteoric stones a common origin with the four asteroids, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas; namely, the explosion of a planet interposed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Of the hypotheses which give a sublunary origin to meteoric stones, the one most generally received is that which supposes them to have been thrown from terrestrial volcanoes. Another theory has recently been proposed by a Dr. Butler, who regards the fall of meteoric stones as wholly a *magnetic phenomenon*; and falling stars may be considered as coming under the same description. The following extracts will give a general idea of this new hypothesis, giving meteoric stones a mundane origin:—It cannot be doubted that all solids as well as fluids, on the earth's surface, are in a state of continual evaporation. It is true that from the extreme slowness with which solids evaporate, it is impossible to collect and exhibit the quantity of matter which they throw off in a limited time. It is a recently discovered aerostatic law, that on a general view, the specific gravity of vapours is directly as the volatility of the bodies from which they are derived. The earths and metals do, in assuming gaseous forms, become lighter than any other gasses under similar pressure and temperature. It will follow that the highest regions of the air consist of gaseous metals and earths, or their inflammable bases, of which silicon aluminum, and iron, the chief constituents of the globe, may, with probability, be supposed the most abundant; and the origin of the materials of meteoric stones, is so far accounted for. Supposing the existence of strata of gaseous metals resting on the surface of the earth's atmosphere at that unascertained height, where the ultimate indivisibility of its atoms forbids its further expansion into space, what would be the consequence of any given volume, say a cubic mile, if this compound gaseous mass were, by any cause sufficient to overcome the air's resistance, and to preserve the mass from too great dispersion, to be precipitated to the depths of the aerial ocean, on which it had previously floated? In descending, its bulk would be gradually diminished, and its heterogeneous atoms approximated to one another by the increasing pressure of the atmosphere, till that degree of proximity would be attained, at which

dissimilar atoms, having a powerful affinity for each other, would begin to enter into combination. In this case, supposing the gaseous mass to consist of the usual elements of meteoric stones, the first combination which would take place, would be the union of the atoms of silicon aluminum calcium, and magnesium with the oxygenous atoms of the air. The particles of iron, nickel, chrome, cobalt, and sulphur, not having so strong an affinity for oxygen, would be confusedly enveloped in the fluid strong mass; and while it continued in a liquid state, would have an opportunity of becoming respectively oxygenated, by the force of adhesive attraction, into small homogeneous masses, the sulphur here and there uniting with the iron, and the earthy matters entering into a crystallization more or less hasty and imperfect, in proportion to the rapidity of solidification, which the quick abstraction of heat by the atmosphere would occasion. The acts of condensation and combination would be accompanied by the *evolution of a considerable quantity of latent light and heat, and terminated by a loud explosion*, occasioned by the sudden collapse of the surrounding atmosphere; in short, a blaze of light would be seen, and the condensed mass would appear in a fluid state, and at a white heat. When we consider that the earth itself is a stupendous magnet, that the *aurora* darting from its polar regions have a direct reference to its magnetic poles, agitate the magnetic needle, and are, therefore, almost certainly magnetic phenomena, it will be difficult to withhold our belief in the existence of an influence exerted by magnetism over the temperate and equatorial regions of the air; although probably from the excessive flatness of the aerial spheroid, and the consequent great altitude of those regions, the view of similar appearances is denied to the inhabitants of those latitudes. Admitting this, and reflecting how powerfully the kindred energies of electricity and galvanism control chemical affinity, we may be easily led to conceive *magnetism* to be capable of precipitating into the lower regions of the air, independent portions of its higher strata, in the manner required by the hypothesis. The strongest point in the hypothesis, Dr. Butler considers to be that of 52 substances, which in the present state of chemistry are considered as simple or elementary, only four are amenable to the laws of magnetism. Meteoric stones are found to consist of ten elements, among which are included the four magnetic bodies, iron, nickel, chrome, and cobalt; and as for the remaining six substances, five of them—silicon, aluminum, calcium, magnesium, and sulphur—are perhaps the most abundant constituents of the solid globe; and therefore the most likely, by the hypothesis, to abound in those elevated regions; and the sixth, oxygen, is derived from the atmosphere itself.

New Buttons, and Machine for making them.—Dr. Church, an American gentleman, has recently obtained a patent, or rather, has enabled a person at Birmingham to obtain one, for an improved manufacture of a button constructed in a peculiar way, with a metallic shank; the face of which button may be either of polished metal, or covered with a fabric, such as silk, florentine, or other suitable material. But the leading feature of the invention is a machine, by which the turning of a winch produces all the manipulation necessary for the formation and completion of a button, similar in appearance, though superior in quality, to those usually worn upon clothes. The various operations of shaping the discs of the buttons, forming the shanks, cutting out the pieces of cloth, and covering the faces of the buttons, being all effected by the agency of one revolving shaft. The machine, as a whole, may appear in some degree complicated, but upon a careful examination, it will be seen that each movement is simple and unerring, being effected by means of cams. This invention is not chimerical, which is sometimes the case with projects exhibiting considerable ingenuity, but is actually making the kind of buttons described.

Destruction of Vermin by Steam.—The plan of steaming vessels for the purpose of killing vermin and insects, and more particularly the white ant, is coming into use in India. The Comet, steam-boat, was hauled alongside a merchant vessel, and by means of apparatus prepared for the occasion, her steam was applied to that purpose in this vessel for several hours; the object was most completely attained. In addition to the certainty of this mode of affecting it, another valuable proof of its superiority to smoking, was displayed in this instance. Every leaky place in the vessel was shown by the water oozing out of it; and in this manner several leaks, which could not before be discovered, were made manifest. The steam itself, which escaped like smoke, could not be seen in the day-light, but the water oozing out is, of course, visible in any light. The expence of this mode of cleansing a vessel is very moderate, and far more complete than any other yet known; in fact, no other has ever been found effectually to destroy the white ant, not even sinking vessels, we believe, which is infinitely more tedious and more expensive, and, with large ships, out of the question.

Efficacy of Ammonia in counteracting Poison.—A young man at Cooper's Town, in New York, had accidentally overset a hive of bees, and before he could escape, they had settled in great numbers on different parts of his body and limbs, and stung him very severely. About half an hour after the accident had happened, he came in great agony to a physician, and had

scarce time to give an account of it before he fainted. Ammonia was immediately applied to the parts that had been stung, his legs, arms, and breast. He directly recovered from his faintness, and experienced no pain or other inconvenience afterwards. It is several years since this physician, Dr. A. Church, first used the aqua ammoniæ to counteract the effect of the bites of insects and stings of bees, and it has invariably produced instant relief, generally complete. He has often seen children crying in excessive pain from the sting of a bee, and on the application of the ammonia, they would immediately cease complaining, and become cheerful, so complete and sudden is the relief it produces. Against musquito bites, it is particularly efficacious. Dr. C. was led to the use of it in these cases from the instantaneous effect it was said to have in counteracting the operation of prussic acid. Dr. Moore, of Alabama, used it with great success in the cure of bites of venomous serpents. From his account, it is probable that the pure uncarbonated aqua ammoniæ is most efficacious; and if the application is sometimes more effectual than at others, it must be on account of its being sometimes carbonated, and at others not.

Antiquities.—In a gold mine in Transylvania, two remains of antiquity have been discovered, and excite the strongest curiosity. They are instruments of bronze, of which it is difficult to conjecture the use or the name. The first ends in a triangular mass, bearing on each of its faces a medallion ornamented with different figures, and surrounded with an inscription. One of these medallions bears the semblance of a person with a head-dress resembling the Phrygian bonnet—he is in the act of discharging an arrow, while he holds the bridle of a horse placed behind him. In the interval between these two medallions are various symbols, heads of the wild boar, lion, eagle, bull, &c. That part which may be called the handle of the instrument, bears an inscription, as also a singular collection of figures, among which may be distinguished a winged griffin squatted down before a sort of altar, on which is an eagle. The different inscriptions, or legends, which ornament this instrument, appear to be in what some learned Hungarians have denominated the characters of the ancient Huns. The second instrument is of a shape more difficult to describe; it has neither figure nor symbol, but on the bottom is a circular inscription of the same kind as those already mentioned. In the ruins of Sarmisgethusa, the ancient capital of Dacia, also in Transylvania, there has been found a fragment of ancient sculpture, on which is the head of a bull, in a state of perfect preservation, and various other ornaments.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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A Circumstantial Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity, exhibiting their Habits, Functions, and Opinions of such Persons as regard the best Means of prolonging Life. By a Physician.

A Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Mrs. Thompson, Authoress of "The Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII."

Observations upon the Condition of Negro Slavery in the Island of Santa Cruz, and some Remarks upon Plantation Affairs.

The Rev. Robert Burrowes, D.D., Dean of Cork, has just ready for publication a Volume of Sermons, on the First Lessons of the Morning Service for the Sundays, from Septuagesima to Trinity Sunday.

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A New Monthly Periodical is to be published in September next, to be entitled The Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science. To be conducted by an Association of Naturalists. It is to embrace all the departments of Natural History and of Geography, both Physical and Descriptive.

The Life of Dr. Richard Bentley. By the Very Rev. Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough.

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To Andrew Gottlieb, Jubilee-place, Mile-end-

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To Francis Day, Poultry, City of London, optician, and Auguste Munch, mechanic, of the same place, in consequence of a communication made them by a certain foreigner residing abroad, and inventions by themselves, for improvements on musical instruments.—19th June; 6 months.

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To Moses Poole, Gent., Lincoln's-inn, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an improved machinery for preparing or kneading dough.—19th June; 6 months.

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3. To Sir William Congreve, Westminster, for his new mode of manufacturing gunpowder.

12. William and Martin Beavan, of Morriston, Glamorganshire, and Riscar, Monmouthshire, for their improved smelting furnaces.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH GOSSEC.

This celebrated composer of the French school, was born on the 17th of January, 1733, at Verguiers, a village in Hainault. At the age of seven, he was sent to Antwerp, where he remained eight years as singing boy in the Cathedral. In 1751 he settled in Paris, where he engaged with M. De la Popliniere, whose orchestra he conducted under the direction of Rameau. Subsequently he was attached to the suite of the Prince de Condé, as leader of his band, for which he composed several operas. In 1770, he founded the Concert of Amateurs, where the Chevalier de St. George was first violin; in 1773, he took the management of the Concerts of Sacred Music; and, in 1784, he was appointed Superintendant, or Principal Professor of the Royal School of Singing and Declamation founded at the *Ménus Plaisirs* by M. Le Baron Breteuil.

At the commencement of the French revolution, he accepted the situation of Master of the Band of the National Guard; and many of Chenier's Hymns to Liberty, symphonies, &c. were composed by him, for wind instruments, and performed at all the public festivals. In 1795, when a law was passed by the National Convention for establishing a Conservatory of Music in Paris, he was chosen, conjointly with Messrs. Mehul and Cherubini, Inspector of Instruction and Professor of Composition to the institution; his chief pupil, Catel, being at the same time appointed Professor of Harmony.

During the heat of the Revolution, Gossec composed two operas, which were eminently successful; "The Re-taking of Toulon," and "The Camp of Grandpré." For the composition of the Marseillois Hymn, which was introduced with superb effect in the latter, Gossec has generally enjoyed the credit; but, in fact, Rouget de Lisle was the author of the air, which Gossec arranged, with accompaniments, for a full orchestral chorus.

There is no doubt that Gossec was a warm and enthusiastic revolutionist. He composed the music for the Apotheoses of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau—for the funeral of Mirabeau—and for the funeral hymn in honour of the French Ministers who were assassinated at Rastadt.

Gossec was the author of *The Elementary Principles of Music*, published by the Conservatory, in two volumes folio; and of

numerous Solfeggi, which are inserted in the book of instruction for singing, used in that establishment. His pupils have generally obtained the great prizes at the Conservatory.

Gossec's Music is light, pleasing, and spirited; occasionally evincing fire, and even grandeur in his patriotic compositions. He had never enjoyed the advantage of a regular course of instruction—he had never even been able to avail himself of a journey to Italy; yet he was intimately conversant with the style of the Italian and also of the German masters. His productions for the theatre, the church, and the chamber, are very numerous. Respecting his celebrated *O Salutaris*, the following anecdote has been related:—"In the year 1780, Messrs. Lais, Cheron, and Rousseau, three French singers, were in the habit of frequently accompanying Gossec to dine with M. de la Salle, secretary of the opera, at Chenevières, a village near Paris. The curate of the parish, who was well known to them, one morning requested the three singers to perform in his church the same day, on the occasion of some festival, 'With all my heart,' said Lais, 'if Gossec will write something for us to sing.' Gossec immediately asked for music paper, and, whilst the parties were at breakfast, wrote his *O Salutaris*, which, two hours afterwards, was sung in the church." It was subsequently introduced in the Oratorio of Saul, but not with equal effect. It has also been printed in England.

Gossec was a member of the Institute, and of the Legion of Honour. To a very advanced age he retained, in his conversation, and occasionally in his compositions, all the spirit and vivacity of youth. At the age of 73, he composed a *Te Deum*, in lieu of one which he had produced at an early period of life, but which had been lost in consequence of the manuscripts and plates having been stolen. At eighty-one, he continued to lecture on composition at the Conservatory; and, at ninety, he frequently used to spend a part of his evenings at the Feydeau. He died at Passy on the 16th of February, 1829, having, a month before, completed his 96th year.

SIR WILLIAM CURTIS, BART.

Sir William Curtis, Bart., was born about the year 1752. He was the third son of Mr. Joseph Curtis, a respectable biscuit baker

in Wapping; he and his eldest brother, Timothy, succeeded to the business. Another brother, Charles, was in holy orders. William and Timothy had an extensive and valuable connexion amongst mercantile ship-owners; during the war they also entered into several lucrative contracts with government; and, consequently, their income derived from trade was very great. In 1776, Mr. Curtis married Anne, the daughter of Edward Carthall, Esq., by whom he had several children. Previously to his marriage, he was connected with politics in the cause of Wilkes and liberty, and at that time was intimate with the Rev. J. Horne, afterwards Horne Tooke. He was a freeman of the draper's company. In 1785 he was chosen Alderman of Tower Ward, in 1788, he served the office of Sheriff; and, in 1795-6, that of Lord Mayor. In 1790, 1796, 1802, 1806, 1807, and 1812, he was returned one of the representatives in Parliament of the city of London; but, at the election in 1818, he was out-voted, and found himself under the necessity of accepting a seat for the borough of Bletchingly, obtained for him, it was said, by the interest of a very great personage. At a subsequent period, however, he was again a successful candidate for the city, from the representation of which he retired some years since.

For the services he had rendered to government, Mr. Curtis was, on the 23d of December, 1802, created a baronet, designated as of Culland's Grove, Southgate, Middlesex. Excepting upon the question of the property-tax, Sir William almost invariably voted with his Majesty's Ministers. Many years since, he entered into the banking business, in partnership with the Robert's family; and the concerns of the house have been very extensive, having had large shares in many loans, and keeping many of the first mercantile accounts. On the death of Sir Watkin Lewes, in 1821, Sir William removed from the Tower Ward to that of the Bridge-without.

Sir William Curtis was, for many years, an esteemed favourite of his present Majesty. Indeed, he appears to have been a favourite with all who knew him; even with those who differed from him in politics. His character for integrity stood high; his con-

vivial and facetious disposition rendered his company every where acceptable; and although hundreds of ridiculous jokes have, from time to time, been fathered upon him, he is well known to have been a man of good information, extraordinary shrewdness, and great knowledge of the world.

Sir William Curtis was president of the Artillery company, and treasurer of the Orphans' Fund. At the time of his death, he was, what is termed, the Father of the City; a post of honour in which he was succeeded by Sir Richard Carr Glyn.

Sir William had been some time ill; and he died at his marine villa, Ramsgate, on the 18th of January; having only six days survived his brother, the Rev. Charles Curtis, rector of Solihull, Warwickshire, and of St. Martin's, Birmingham.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

The Most Noble Amelia Anne, more usually recognized by the assumed pre-nomen of Emily, was the only daughter of the Right Hon. John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, by his second wife, Caroline, daughter of William Conolly, of Stratton Hall, in the county of Strafford, Esq., by Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, third Earl of Strafford. Her Ladyship was born on the 17th of March, 1771. On the 9th of June, 1794, she was married to Robert, then Lord Castlereagh, who became, on the decease of his father, in 1821, second Marquess of Londonderry; with whom, until the time of his Lordship's decease, on the 12th of August, 1822, she enjoyed a life of conjugal affection and happiness, rarely, if ever surpassed. The Marchioness was regarded as a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion; and, what was infinitely more to her honour, she was respected, esteemed, and beloved for the best and most amiable qualities of mind and heart. Her Ladyship died somewhat suddenly, on the 11th of February. The immediate cause of her death was cramp, which seized her first in the feet, and thence rapidly ascended to the stomach. A portrait of her Ladyship, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, appeared in No. 16 of *La Belle Assemblée*.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WITHIN the last week, the weather has taken a most favourable turn, daily and nightly exhibiting, without change or variation, in full measure, the benign and genial influence of the English climate. The wind has remained steady in the warm and kindly south-west, producing frequent showers to cool and fructify the parched earth, with occasional soaking rains, which penetrated the roots of all vegetables. The sudden improvement in vegetable life, and in the colour, from a dingy yellow, and rufous mixture, to a deep, glossy, and burnished green, has been most striking. It remains to be proved whether this auspicious change has come sufficiently early to indemnify the country for the disadvantages necessarily to be expected from one of the severest of our vernal periodical visitations. In France, the prayers for rain were most opportune, the precious boon has been obtained.

Throughout full three parts of the last month, a most critical season, little or no progress was made in the crops, unless indeed towards disease and deterioration. This is to be understood with respect to the grass, the latter sown spring corn, the wheats upon poor land, and the beans, peas, and spring tares. As to the wheats on poor uplands or clays, they have been so stunted and weakened by drought and cold parching winds, that it is the general opinion they cannot possibly yield a good crop, whether of corn or straw. Perhaps our expectations from even the best wheat lands are full sanguine. No doubt that wheat endures dry weather with less damage than any other grain—that it even succeeds best, and is most productive, under a dry temperature; but this ought to be understood of a wholesome temperature, and not infectious from parching and blighting winds. Some of our finest and most forward wheats were in ear, and progressing towards the flowering progress, during the continuance of the cold northerly winds, and it is scarcely possible that these wheats, however luxuriant and vigorous, could remain unaffected, or indeed escape considerable damage. On the whole, however, the best lands, whether under wheat or early sown spring crops, afford rational hopes of a productive harvest, towards which consummation, the late and present genial temperature has no little contributed.

The vicissitudes during the last and present year, between the extremes of moisture and drought, inundation and parching, have pressed heavily on the cultivators of the soil, already sufficiently burdened with disadvantages of another description. The hay harvest became general in the beginning of the month, and, upon the best meadows only, has proved moderately successful: on all inferior lands, the swathe has been so insignificant in weight, as scarcely to repay the expense of cutting. This misfortune has extended to the usually moist climate of our south-western counties, and to Ireland. Scotland seems to have been more fortunate; and the watered meadows in all parts form an exception, beside the advantage of their producing hay of a superior quality in a dry season. Watered meadows, however, bear a very small proportion in extent to the grass lands of the country. In many distant counties hay-making is customarily late: in such, perhaps, from the rains which have fallen, the produce may be more considerable. Hay has necessarily risen in price, and as, from the failure of the grass, the old stocks, both of hay and straw, have been in a constant state of consumption, those articles must be in request, and dear throughout.

The clovers, artificial grass seeds, and spring tares, with the late-sown spring corn, all wore a miserable, stunted, and blighted appearance, until the change of temperature occurred, and it seems the general opinion that it occurred too late. Of that, however, we shall be better able to judge in the next Report. The winter tares are said to be a fair crop. Of the beans and peas, the accounts are extremely variable; but in the famous pea country, Kent, that pulse is said to wear a very favourable appearance. It was not possible that the hops should escape the effects of the late season, so favourable to the generation, *equivocal* or otherwise, of insects; the consequence is, holding that article on speculation. The dry weather was, in one respect, favourable; it enabled the farmer to clean his turnip fallows, and they have been generally in a very fair state for the reception of the seed, accompanied by the fortunate circumstance of showery weather succeeding. Sheep shearing commenced too early for the health of the sheep, considering the extreme coldness of the season, a too usual error. It certainly could not be accelerated by any want of wool, for which there is even less demand than ever. British wool, the short species particularly, seems to have lost its ancient repute; the why and the wherefore is then a subject imperiously demanding a thorough investigation by our flock masters. In this view, the boasts we have lately read in the newspapers, of yearling South-Down rams judged to weigh eighteen stones dead weight, have no little surprised us. If size and weight of mutton be deliberately preferred, in point of profit, to fine quality in the wool, where is the just ground of complaint? In adverting to the state of lands above, it ought not to have been omitted that, as the season advances, the complaints of foulness in the crops of corn increase, the weeds of every description appearing to rival and contend with

the corn for possession, the yellow of the charlock being the most prominent object of vision for many miles. If there be no present remedy for this calamity, what will be the labour and expence of cleaning and renovating a soil, annually seeded and exhausted by weeds of every possible description?

The cattle markets are reported very differently from different parts of the country. In the North there seems a very brisk demand for both store cattle and sheep; in other parts, in consequence of the want of grass, there is no demand, all persons being desirous to part with their stock. The price of pigs, which had held up during years, beyond all precedent, has at last submitted to a fall of between forty and fifty per cent.; and as the breeders have lately set earnestly to work, that most useful stock may be expected still cheaper. It has ever appeared to us strange conduct in stock masters, who in seasons like the present are so loud in their complaints of want of grass for their sheep, that they should almost universally neglect those artificial grasses which have been so long known to resist drought. We have lately seen pieces both of lucerne and milelot, in full luxuriance, whilst the natural grasses beside them scarcely afforded a bite for a sheep. The Rutabagn, or Swedish turnip, so valuable, not only for its superior quality, but for its endurance, is also too much neglected. The loss of sheep by the rot in the south-western districts, is said to amount to upwards of one hundred thousand; and in Lincolnshire and the Fens, perhaps to nearly an equal amount; yet hitherto we have experienced no want of sheep, whether store or fat; and our markets are all abundantly supplied with beef and veal. As to the rot in sheep, every shepherd ought to know his doom, from which there is no possible exemption. Prevention only is available. Canine madness and the sheep-rot have ever been *opprobria*, and so, as far as can be rationally determined, will ever continue. Quackery, however, has always been a profitable trade, and, in all probability, will continue likewise. The horse market is precisely in *statu quo*, overrun with ordinary horses, with scarcely the relief of an individual worth the purchase. The import of cart horses still continues on the coast of Kent, but, it is said, of an inferior quality.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Lamb, 5s. to 6s.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Dairy Pork, 5s. to 5s. 2d.—Rough fat, 2s. 2d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44s. to 82s.—Barley, 25s. to 36s.—Oats, 9s. to 33s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 48s. to 90s.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 112s.—Straw, 36s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 23s. to 35s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 26th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—The sugar market has remained in a very languid state all the week; the total sales do not exceed 1,700 hhds. and tierces; the prices are in several instances a shade lower, but no further reduction can be stated. The stock of refined sugar is on a limited scale: there can be no further decline stated in the prices. By public sale, yesterday, 10,539 bags, Mauritius sugar, a good parcel, and the whole sold with more than usual briskness; the good brown sugars 47s. 6d. a 43s. sold at a small reduction: all the other qualities at very full market prices. In Bengal and Siam sugars, no sales are reported. In foreign sugars, several parcels of new yellow are reported to be sold 29s. a 32s. The only purchases of Brazil is a parcel of low to middle yellow Bahia, 19s. a 23s. There is no alteration in West-India molasses; some sales of good Demerara are reported at 23s. and very old landed 21s. 6d.

COFFEE.—The coffee market continues steady in price, but without briskness. The British plantation coffee has gone off heavily, but without any decline in the currency.

RUM.—The demand for Rum continues limited, there is reported considerable orders for export, yet the prices are so limited that they are not executed, on account of the general expectation of lower prices.

BRANDY AND HOLLANDS.—In Brandy and Geneva there is no alteration.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The tallow market has been steady all the week, and there is rather more firmness. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 4½.—Rotterdam, 12. 4½.—Hamburg, 13. 14½.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 7.—Trieste, 10. 8.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 49. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 43. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0½.—Oporto, 45. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 24.—Bahia, 32.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of
WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—**Birmingham CANAL, 292l.**—**Coven-**
try, 1,080l.—**Ellesmere and Chester, 110l.**—**Grand Junction, 301l.**—**Kennet and Avon,**
27l.—**Leeds and Liverpool, 437l.**—**Oxford, 680l.**—**Regent's, 23½l.**—**Trent and Mersey,**
(¼ sh.), 790l.—**Warwick and Birmingham, 270l.**—**London DOCKS (Stock), 85½l.**—**West**
India (Stock), 184l.—**East London WATER WORKS, 112l.**—**Grand Junction, 51l.**—
West Middlesex, 70l.—**Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½l.**—**Globe, 150l.**
—Guardian, 23½l.—**Hope Life, 5½l.**—**Imperial Fire, 105l.**—**GAS-LIGHT Westminster**
Chartered Company, 51l.—**City, 187½l.**—**British, 12 dis.**—**Leeds, 195l.**

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of May, to the 22d of June, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Everist, J. and R. Smith, Kent-road, coal-merchants
 Roper, P. H. Manchester-street, dealer
 Martin, M. and Bernard, Regent-street, paper-stainers
 Masters, J. sen. and J. Masters, jun., Cirencester, brewers
 Pecker, R. Mirfield, shopkeeper

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 130.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Ardlie, J. M. Hunsdon, master-mariner. (Kearney and Co., Lotherbury)
 Appleton, J. and J. B. Broomfield, London-road, porkmen. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street)
 Ashley, H. Watford, bookseller. (Casterton, Lotherbury)
 Bowly, W. Birmingham, hosier. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Stubbs, Birmingham)
 Barber, J. Alfreton, inn-keeper. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Hall, Alfreton)
 Bernard, A. Chatham, victualler. (Wildie and Co., College-hill)
 Brentnall, B. Ashton, miller. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Hayes and Co., Hales-Owen)
 Bennett, J. J. Plymouth, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
 Betterton, T. A. Ampney Crucis, seedsman. (Crouch, Southampton-buildings)
 Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
 Brown, R. H. Vauxhall-walk, hackney-coach-master. (Reilly, Clement's-inn)
 Brown, N. and A. Wallington, Aldersgate-street, coach-proprietors. (Wadeson and Co., Austin-frisars)
 Badcocke, H. Wells, mercer. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Welsh, Wells)
 Bushill, S. Coventry, builder. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Co., Coventry)
 Birks, J. Barnsley, druggist. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Clarke and Co., Barnsley)
 Birks, T. P. and H. White, and J. H. Allen, and A. Sillitoe, Newcastle-under-Lyme, silk-throwsters. (Hall, Gt. James-street; Dent, Hanley, and James, Bucklersbury)
 Brooks, C. Tonbridge, linen-draper. (Fisher, Walbrook)
 Beville, T. Pall Mall, tailor. (Bodenham, Furnival's-inn)
 Bruns, R. Blaby, baker. (Heming and Co., Gray's-inn-place; Stone, Leicester)
 Bayley, W. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Alonworth, Macclesfield)
 Browne, A. L. Jewin-crescent, money-servicer. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone)
 Barnett, J. Leeds, woollen-draper. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Smith and Co., Leeds)
 Button, T. Sudbury, tanner. (Dixon and Co., New Boswell-court; Ransom, Sudbury)
 Buisson, Joseph Marie Ursule la Rigaudelle du, Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Spencer, St. Mildred's-court)
 Bramall, B. Manchester, tavern-keeper. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester)
 Baxter, J. Gould-square, Crutched-frisars, wine-merchant. (Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane)
 Browne, J. Leeds, merchant. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Moore, Leeds)
 Bessey, J. B. Gt. Yarmouth, merchant. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Crickmay, Gt. Yarmouth)
 Cook, S. Alie-street, upholsterer. (Warrant, Austin-frisars)
 Chorley, J. Little Bell-alley, woollen-draper. (Arnott and Co., Temple)
 Clarke, T. Limehouse, corn-chandler. (Burford, Muscovy-court)
 Coe, J. W. Bath, silk-mercator. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)
 Coleman, C. Bury St. Edmunds, iron-founder. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds)
 Carle, Eli ed, Norwich, grocer. (Brunton and Co., New Broad-street; Rockham, Norwich)
 Carter, T. Oxford, pastrycook. (Miller, Ely-place; Looker, Oxford)
 Chapman, J. sen. Frome Selwood, clothier. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome Selwood)
 Clements, C. Liverpool, brewer. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Curry, Liverpool)
 Clark, T. North Shields, ship-owner. (Lowry and Co., Pinner's Hall-court; Lawrey, North Shields)
 Davis, J. Whitechapel, silk-dyer. (Whittington, Dean-street)
 Davey, W. Bude, merchant. (Goode, Guildford-street; Shearm, Stratton)
 Dorrington, J. Birmingham, brass-founder. (Chilton and Son, Chancery-lane; Benson and Co., Birmingham)
 Davies, R. Llanfurog, shoemaker. (Leigh, George-street; Lloyd, Ruthin)
 Doudney, J. Lombard-street, tailor. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)
 Davison, J. and C. Gould, Goldsmith-street, silk-warehousemen (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)
 Elliott, G. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Edmunds, Cook's-court; Carter and Co., Coventry)
 Everett, C. New Broad-street, merchant. (Freemans and Co., Coleman-street)
 Evans, W. Sheffield, miller. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings; Hoyle, Rotherham)
 Fleischmann, P. C. and J. B. Birmingham, merchants. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Haywood, Birmingham)
 Ferrand, W. York, plane-maker. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Ord and Co., York)
 Forsyth, J. Goswell-road, carpenter. (Minchin, Harpur-street)
 Foreman, P. St. John's-street, corn-factor. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn)
 Fisher, J. Great Bridge, Stafford, iron-merchant. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Holyoake and Co., Wolverhampton)
 Grace, F. Manchester, tailor. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris, Manchester)
 Groot, J. de, Wood-street, merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple)
 Germain, J. Plymouth, block-maker. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chapin, Devonport)
 Greatbatch, W. jun. Stoke-upon Trent, manufacturer of earthenware. (Price and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bishop, Shelton-hall)
 Green, A. Warkton, dealer. (Opton, Millman-street; Lamb, Kettering)
 Garbutt, R. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Walmesley, jun., Hull)
 Harper, E. and R. Caster, jun., Coventry, ribbon-manufacturers. (Edmunds, Cook's-court; Carle and Co., Coventry)
 Harris, J. Bermondsey, needle-maker. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartlett, Birmingham)
 Hall, J. Worcester, veterinary surgeon. (Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester)
 Hodgson, E. Bath, dealer. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Bath)
 Halls, J. A. Barnstable, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter)
 Herts, B. Bevis Mark, merchant. (Norton, Jewin-street)
 Humphreys, C. Christchurch, Surrey, timber-merchant. (Benton, Great Surrey-street)
 Hartnell, W. Bristol, slate-merchant. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Leman and Son, Bristol)
 Hoskins, J. and J. Baird, St. John's square, watch-manufacturers. (Hodson and Co., King's-road)
 Irvine, G. jun., New Shoreham, timber-merchant. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)
 Jones, T. Gardden, ironmaster. (Milne and Co., Temple; Roberts, Mold)
 Johnson, G. Watford, farmer. (Robinson and Sons, Half-moon-street)
 Ince, T. King's Newton, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby)
 Kay, R. and T. Villet, Eborac-le-Moors, agents. (Barker, Gray's-inn-square; Woodhouse, Bolton-le-Moors)
 Loy, W. Sheffield, meat and flour-seller. (Knowles, New-inn; Wheat, Sheffield)
 Large, T. Wells-street, carman. (Brooks, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
 Lyett, E. Nelson-street, bookbinder. (Shoubridge, Guildford-street)
 Marchant, J. Minchinhampton, innholder. (Dax and Son, Lower Bedford-place; Stone, Bradford)
 Merrell, E. Clement-lane, tailor. (Ogden, St. Mildred's-court)

Martin, J. Loughborough, broker.
(Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Postbrooke, Loughborough)
Mason, T. Gt. Russell-street, Bloomsbury, bookseller. (Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane)
Mayhew, T. Jun. Pancras-road, victualler. (Teague's, Cannon-street)
Nunney, W. Notting-hill, builder. (Lewington and Co., Walbrook)
Oxley, J. Barnsley, butcher. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Clarke and Co., Barnsley)
Ormerod, R. and J. Lees, Manchester, and Seacombe, iron-founders, &c. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
Ormerod, R. Manchester, dealer. (Malne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester)
Orme, M. Manchester, cotton-twist dealer. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester)
Paris, G. J. Bristol, victualler. (Pools and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol)
Price, J. J. Wentworth-street, pawnbroker. (Lewis, Ely-place)
Perrin, J. F. Old Broad-street, merchant. (Thomson, Walbrook)
Piterson, F. Birmingham, grocer. (Burkoot, Temple; Page, Birmingham)
Pike, J. and J. Clark, Frith-street, upholsterer. (Hamilton, Southampton-street)
Perks, Z. W. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, and King-street, Islington, grocer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
Penington, J. Liverpool, money-scriver. (Jones, John-street, Bedford-row)
Richardson, F. Camberwell, dealer in cement. (Becke, Northumberland-street)
Roue, W. T. Dean-street, agent. (Catterton, Tokenhouse-yard)
Renshaw, C. and T. Renshaw, Nottingham, hosiers. (Knowles, New-inn; Hulse, Nottingham)
Riding, J. and W. H. Liverpool,

merchants. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdesley, Liverpool)
Rawlins, T. G. Upper St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper. (Chippendall, Coventry street)
Roots, S. Smithe-Moor, dealer. (Hall and Co., New Bowell-court; Hall, Aifreton)
Richardson, J. Glamford-Briggs, stationer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson and Co., Glamford-Briggs)
Read, J. Warre, victualler. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Harper, Shropshire)
Spence, H. Deritend, currier. (Roe, Gray's-inn; Crump and Son, Birmingham)
Slater, J. and B. Liverpool, timber-dealers. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool)
Sneade, F. Chester, broker. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)
Sampson, J. Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, linen-draper. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Henning, Weymouth)
Stevens, John, Plymouth, ship-owner. (Blake, Essex-street; Edmonds, Plymouth)
Stevens, James, Plymouth, culm-merchant. (Blake, Essex-street; Edmonds, Plymouth)
Stevens, John Lee, Plymouth, coal-merchant. (Blake, Essex-street; Edmonds, Plymouth)
Stokes, W. and S. Liverpool, merchants. (Pritt and Clay, Liverpool Shrow), J. Shepton-Mallet, draper. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Phipps and Co., Shepton-Mallet)
Smith, W. Tealby, paper manufacturer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Rhodes, Market Rasen)
Septon, G. F. Liverpool, iron-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool)
Sparkes, S. Crewkerne, banker. (Paine, New-inn; Murly, Crewkerne)
Sandford, N. Salford, bleacher. (Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Rymer and Co., Manchester)

Serjeant, J. Weston-super-mare, grocer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Saunders, Bristol)
Todd, J. Oxford-street, ironmonger. (Chester, Melina place)
Thompson, J. Guisborough, carrier. (Carter and Co., Lord Mayor's Court Office)
Tickner, W. Wimpole-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Camp, New-inn)
Tipper, H. sen., Cirencester, timber-dealer. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Whately and Son, Cirencester)
Tolson, J. Jun., Dalton, York, camel-net-manufacturer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Moulden, Bradford)
Wells, R. Nottingham, paper-dealer, &c. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Jaland, Newark)
Wilson, I. Carlisle, mercer. (Clen-nell, Staple-inn; Saul, Carlisle)
Wroe, J. sen., J. Wroe, jun., and T. Wroe, Bradford, worsted spinners. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Bradford)
Walton, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Lee, Coventry)
Wilmot, G. A. E. Walworth, coal-merchant. (Scargill, Hatton-court Winterbourn, W. Fleet-street, tailor. (Luke, Cateaton-street)
Whitehead, J. and C. Lad-lane, ware-housemen. (Fitzgerald and Son, Lawrence Pountney-Hill)
Wikie, J. New-road, St. George's East, merchant. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)
Wood, S. and T. Blood, Lane-end, Stafford, earthenware manufacturers. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Young, Lane-end)
Woodbridge, J. Dudley, nail-ironmonger. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Fel-lows, Jun. Dudley)
Wardle, W. and W. W. Wink, Bath, silk-mercers. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)
Yates, W. sen., J. Yates, W. Yates, jun., and B. Yates, Cleckheaton, cloth-manufacturers. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Brighouse, near Halifax)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. R. Holden, to the Perpetual Curacy of Oldbury, Salop.—Rev. J. Gibson, to be Assistant Minister of the parish church of Sheffield, York.—Rev. J. P. Jones, to the Vicarage of Alton, Stafford.—Rev. J. E. Daniel, to the Vicarage of Weybread, St. Mary, Suffolk.—Rev. G. W. Steward, to the Rectory of Calster St. Edmund and Trinity, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Dickinson, to the Vicarage of Empton Dundon, Somerset.—Rev. T. T. Dolben, to the Rectory of Ipeley, Warwick.—Rev. H. Linton, to the Vicarage of Nossington with Yarwell, Lincoln.—Rev. R. Harvey, to the Rectory of Hornsey, Middlesex.—Rev. O. Mathias, to the Vicarage of Horsfield, and Perpetual Curacy of Horsham and St. Faith's, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Mellard, to the Vicarage of Caddington Beds.—Rev. J. C. Prosser, to the Living of Newchurch, Monmouth.—Rev. D. Felix, to the Vicarage of Llanilar, Cardiganshire.—Rev. J. M. Edwards,

to be Chaplain of the ship in ordinary, at Portsmouth.—Rev. H. Bolton, to the Rectory and Parish Church of Ashby and Obey with Thirne, and to the Vicarage of Docking, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Bathurst, to the Rectory of Hollesley, Suffolk.—Rev. L. Tugwell, to the Living of Longbridge Deverill, Wilts.—Rev. W. Ricketts, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland.—Rev. E. Jacob, to be Vice-President of King's College, New Brunswick.—Rev. J. G. Dobree, to the Rectory of Fleet Marston, Bucks.—Rev. G. Coldham, to the Rectory of Pensthorpe, Norfolk.—Rev. S. H. Banks, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowlinge, Suffolk.—Rev. J. W. D. Merest, to the Vicarage of Staindrop, with the Rectory of Cockfield annexed, Durham.—Rev. S. Smith, to the Rectory of Combeforey, Somerset; and to the Vicarage of Holberton, Devon.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has granted the dignity of Baron unto the Right Hon. William Draper Best, Knt., by the title of Baron Wynford, of Wynford Eagle, Dorset.—Sir James Scarlett has been appointed Attorney-General; Mr. Sugden Solicitor-General, M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 43.

and knighted;—and Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal has been also appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in place of Sir W. D. Best.—Earl of Rosslyn to be Keeper of the Privy Seal.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 21.—The Lord Chancellor stated in the House of Lords, that one of the highest* officers in the Court of Exchequer had for many years lived in Yorkshire, with a salary of £5,000 per annum, while all his duties were performed by a deputy who had £500 or £600 a-year!

23.—Captain Ross left Woolwich in his steam-vessel the Victory, with which he is about once more to attempt the discovery of the North-west Passage, at his own expense.

25.—A further sum of £150,000 voted in the House of Commons towards completing Buckingham Palace.†

— The three days' sale of West's gallery of pictures terminated, producing 25,000 guineas; 15,000 persons had attended the sight of them on occasion of the sale.

27.—The New Bazaar, Oxford-street, totally destroyed by fire.

June 1.—The Duke of Orleans, and his son the Duke of Chartres (recently arrived from France), conducted through the apartments of Windsor Castle, and through Windsor Park, by his Majesty. The Duke of Chartres is to make the tour of England, the Duke of Orleans returning to France.‡

* "Name him! name him!" said Lord Eldon. "Oh," retorted the Chancellor, "his name is —, but you all know who he is!" So the matter ended without the public knowing who he is. However, Lord Thurlow, just dead, possessed many offices, producing about £12,000 per annum, some performed by deputy, and some almost sinecures; for instance, Register of the diocese of Lincoln, Clerkship of the Hanaper, Patentee for making out Bankruptcy Commissions, Clerkship of the Custodies of Lunatics and Idiots, &c. &c. What had his lordship done for this country that he should have been thus paid? or what had these two *reverend* lords achieved who were allowed to reside abroad and spend the money of the *Protestant church* in a foreign Roman Catholic land, until they died? We allude to Earl Bridgewater, lately defunct at Paris, and Viscount Barrington, also lately defunct, at Rome! Both were golden prebends of Durham, and both held parochial livings besides!—Some years ago one of these *reverendissime* said to a friend, "I am so *envious*, that I will go and play the fool abroad!" He did so, and at length died in the *Elysian Fields!* (*les Champs Elysées à Paris!*).

† From the low, swampy, and disagreeable situation of this building, the French wits of the last century used to characterize it by *le Palais du pot-de-chambre de Londres!*

‡ The noble qualities and exemplary conduct of the Duke of Orleans powerfully atone for the errors of his father, Citizen Egalité. Acquainted with all the anxieties of private life, from his youth upwards, he has not lost the benefit of the lesson, although raised to the most enviable situation of any prince now existing in Europe. At 17 years of age he was a general in the French army, and rallied his troops three times at Genappe, under the command of Dumourier; and during the period of the troubles in France, he was of course one of the proscribed of the house of Bourbon. In the year 1793, he wandered an emigrant amongst the mountains of the Alps, in personal danger, and suffering extreme privations; destitute of friends or succour, broken in fortune, and exiled from his native land. In this exigency he applied to a college near Coire, in Switzerland, for the situation of teacher of mathematics, and, after a competition against several rival candidates, he obtained (at 20 years of age) the appointment by the force of merit, for his rank was unknown, and discharged its duties

June 2.—The Marquis of Blandford's motion in the Commons, for parliamentary reform, negatived: 40 for, and 114 against. "Can there, Sir," said he to the Speaker, "be any thing more monstrous, than that *seven* electors, headed by the parish constable of Gattton, should send *two* members to this house, and that *two* more should represent the interesting ruins and well-peopled sheep-folds of Sarum"!!!

4.—In the House of Commons Sir J. Mackintosh presented a petition from Mr. C. Bucke, of Islington, complaining of the imperfect state of the law for the protection of Literary Property.

5.—The Anatomy Bill, for cutting up Poor People's Bodies, thrown out of the House of Lords. "Parliament had a right to legislate on the *living*, but not on the *dead*," said Lord Harewood; "every man was entitled to Christian burial, and it was not proper to pursue men beyond the bounds of this world"!!!

— The Charities Inquiry Bill passed in the House of Commons, Mr. Brongham observing, that up to 1828, the commissioners had examined 18,000 charities, and that 20,000 more remained to be examined; that their exertions had already increased the available funds of the charities to nearly £600,000! Four years more he hoped would close their labours. Respecting the state of education, it appeared that in 500 parishes in 1818, there were 1,400 unendowed day schools; and in 1828, in the same parishes, there were 3,200 schools. The number of children attending the schools had also greatly increased, it being in

with distinguished ability for eight months. Thence he was driven by the same unceasing persecution to the shores of America; and although he resumed there his own illustrious name, he was not, on that account, better treated among our Trans-Atlantic brethren. When he was afterwards residing at Twickenham, in the year 1816, he was invited to dine at the anniversary of the Society of Schoolmasters, on which occasion he wrote to the treasurer, regretting his inability to attend, but enclosing a liberal donation to the charity. His Serene Highness's letter concluded by observing — "That among the motives which made him feel an attachment to Schoolmasters, was that of having been himself once a member of the profession. It was one of the many vicissitudes of fortune which had fallen to his lot, that at a period of severe distress and persecution, he had the good luck of being admitted as teacher in a college, where he gave lessons regularly for the space of eight months. He hoped, therefore, that the Society for the Relief of Distressed Schoolmasters would permit him to render his mite as a fellow schoolmaster."—There was magnanimity in the avowal. He was not ashamed of his necessities: he had reason to be proud of the merits they developed. The crown of France has been twice tendered to the Duke of Orleans by a numerous, powerful, and active party; and twice he has rejected it with disdain, and remained faithful to his legitimate sovereign and relative. Since the period of the restoration, he has led, at Paris, although a private, yet a most brilliant life. His splendid mansions of the Palais Royal and of Neuilly, are open, without distinction of peculiar favour, to the eminent of all parties; and, not unmindful of the kindness with which he has been treated in this country, he receives our English nobility in Paris with that marked hospitality which does equal honour to his heart and to his taste. He has presented his eldest son, the Duke of Chartres, to the King, who has thus become personally acquainted with three generations of the Orleans family.

1818 about 49,000, and in 1828 about 105,000. The parishes had not been picked out in any particular way, and if the increase on the whole country should be in proportion, and there was no reason to think otherwise, instead of there being only 480,000 children receiving education at the unendowed day schools as there were in 1818, there would be upwards of 1,100,000 acquiring that blessing.

8.—By papers arrived from Lisbon, it appears that Miguel is proceeding in the same unvarying character of sanguinary atrocity, having lately ordered 45 victims to be executed out of 100 prisoners!

9.—A public meeting of the London Missionary Society held at the Rev. Rowland Hill's chapel, when £2,500 was subscribed in support of the missions!!!

—The last meeting of the British Catholic Association held, the Duke of Norfolk in the chair. A resolution for dissolving the meeting, and a vote of thanks to Mr. O'Connell, and the great parliamentary advocates of emancipation, were carried unanimously.

10.—The *Ad Montem* fête was celebrated at Eton school, when the usual monkish degrading custom was put in practice by noblemen and gentlemen's sons, of stopping people upon the highway and demanding money!!!

—In consequence of the bill for altering the game laws having been thrown out of the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury said he should be very sorry to see his Majesty's ministers take up this or any other measure that "interfered with the amusement of country gentlemen!" Lord Wharncliffe said, "it was a most important measure of police, and he would not lose sight of the subject, if his Majesty's ministers did not take up the measure in next session."

—Dispatches received at the Foreign Office from our resident at Egina, Mr. Dawkins, dated the 23d of May, announcing the capitulation of the garrisons of Missolonghi and Anatolico, and the surrender of Lepanto, to the Greeks.

—Lord Grosvenor presented a petition to the House of Lords against bull baiting! regretting that this brutal custom should still be continued in any one part of the country!!!

11.—The case of the Leigh peerage decided, by rejecting the claim of Mr. George Leigh.

—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

12.—A coroner's inquest was held at Willesden on the body of George Mason, a youth aged 19 years, when it appeared that he had really been starved to death: as the verdict of the jury, after commenting upon the horror of the case, was returned, "that the deceased died of starvation and cold"!!!

—Mr. Sadler presented a petition to the House of Commons from Blackburn, signed by about 12,000 persons, complaining of distress, and praying relief. "Tens of thousands," he might say hundreds of thousands, of labourers, were completely pauperized, and sunk into the lowest depths of misery and degradation."* Colonel Sibthorp supported the petition, and asked what had been done during the whole of the session? Nothing, but that foolish, detestable, and atrocious bill, which gave emancipation to the Catholics.

* Lord Carnarvon had previously presented a petition from Birmingham (in the House of Lords) signed by about 8,000 persons, on the same subject.

Within the last few days he had received documents from Ireland, corroborating the statements which he had formerly made of the arrogant, insolent, and ungrateful conduct of those who were, in his opinion, devils incarnate—the Roman Catholic priests.

15.—A meeting held at the Crown and Anchor of the master ladies' boot and shoemakers, curriers, and others, interested in the leather trade, when a report was made of the state of their trade, by which it appeared that the importation of French shoes in London only, during the last year, had been "in or about 800,000 pairs!" and that "many masters, who, prior to the Free-Trade Bill, had been in the habit of employing 30 or 40 men, since then had not work for more than 2 or 3!!!"

—Rev. Dr. Free sentenced by the Archdeacon's Court to deprivation of the rectory of Sutton, and condemned in costs, for fornication, for desecration of the church-yard, and stripping off the roof of the chancel, &c.

19.—Royal assent given to the Ecclesiastical Court Officers' Bill.*

20.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey; 29 prisoners received sentence of death, and 118 transported.

22.—Mr. Hume moved in the House of Commons (alluding to the case of Mr. Wray) for a return of the number of Archdeacons of the Established Church of England and Wales in each diocese, and whether they were resident or non-resident during last year.—Withdrawn. The same day Mr. Harvey said he would next session bring forward a motion for inquiring into the state of all the crown lands.

24.—Lord Harcastle gave notice that he would next session propose some amendment in the Ecclesiastical Law.—Parliament was then prorogued; the following is the King's speech, read by the Lord Chancellor:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen—We are commanded by His Majesty, in releasing you from your attendance in Parliament, to express to you His Majesty's acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the dispatch of public business, and especially to the consideration of those important matters which His Majesty recommended to your attention at the opening of the Session.—His Majesty directs us to inform you, that he continues to receive from his Allies, and from all Foreign Powers, assurances of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of peace, and maintain the most friendly understanding with His Majesty.—His Majesty laments that he has not to announce to you the termination of the war in the East of Europe; but

* The extraordinary emoluments of officers connected with the distresses of individuals, have been represented as enormous; hence in a petition presented lately to the House of Commons, by Mr. Tighe, it was asserted that the Marshal of the King's Bench, had, in the due course of his fees, accumulated not less than £300,000; and at a recent meeting of the maltsters, it was announced by one of the gentlemen present, that the late Solicitor to the Excise, cleared £20,000 per annum by the emoluments of his office!!!—We find these facts mentioned in the same newspapers in which are recorded the wretched state of our population in the manufacturing districts, and the liberality of allowing a poor man 3 or 4 shillings a-week to maintain a wife and half-a-dozen children!!!

His Majesty commands us to assure you that he will continue to use his utmost endeavours to prevent the extension of hostilities, and to promote the restoration of peace.—It is with satisfaction His Majesty informs you, that he has been enabled to renew his Diplomatic Relations with the Ottoman Porte.—The Ambassadors of His Majesty, and of the King of France, are on their return to Constantinople; and the Emperor of Russia, having been pleased to authorise the Plenipotentiaries of his Allies to act on behalf of his Imperial Majesty, the negotiations for the final pacification of Greece will be carried on in the name of the Three Contracting Parties to the Treaty of London.—The Army of his Most Christian Majesty has been withdrawn from the Morea, with the exception of a small force destined, for a time, to assist in the establishment of order in a country which has so long been the scene of confusion and anarchy.—It is with increased regret that His Majesty again adverts to the condition of the Portuguese Monarchy. But His Majesty commands us to repeat his determination to use every effort to reconcile conflicting interests, and to remove the evils which press so heavily upon a country, the prosperity of which must ever be an object of His Majesty's solicitude.

*"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—*His Majesty commands us to thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year, and to assure you of His Majesty's determination to apply them with every attention to economy.

*"My Lords and Gentlemen—*His Majesty has commanded us, in conclusion, to express the sincere hope of His Majesty, that the important measures which have been adopted by Parliament, in the course of the present Session, may tend, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to establish the tranquillity and improve the condition of Ireland; and that by strengthening the bonds of union between the several parts of this Great Empire, they may consolidate and augment its power, and promote the happiness of his people."

MARRIAGES.

At St. James's church, T. Gable, esq., to Maria, daughter of the late Sir Christopher Wilmoughby, Bart.—R. Dering, esq., nephew of Sir E. Dering, Bart., to Letitia, second daughter of Sir John Shee, Bart.—At Hildersham, W. Stutfield, esq., of Tavistock-square, to Mary, only child of John Burgoyne, esq.—At Bramdean, Sir John Maxwell Tylden, Bart., to Miss Elizabeth Walsh.—At Bloomsbury, Rev. W. Brownlow, to Miss Fanny Chambers, grand-daughter of the late Sir R. Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal.—At Marylebone, W. Wood, esq., youngest son of Alderman Wood, M.P., to Miss Morris.—At Bath, W. W. Huntley, esq., to Emily Theresa Versturme, eldest daughter of Sir L. Versturme.

DEATHS.

At Willbraham, Rev. J. Stevenson, 92; he had been vicar of that place 67 years, chaplain of Trinity College 66 years, and rector of Allerton 53 years; he was senior member of Cambridge University.—In Fenchurch-buildings, H. Rivington, esq.—At Highgate, near Birmingham, Jane, wife of W. Hamper, esq.—Dr. C. Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford.—At Woodstone, Rev. J. Brighurst, 75; he had been rector of that place half a century.—

In the Isle of Wight, Arthur Vansittart, esq.—In St. James's-square, Capt. S. Erskine, second son of the Earl of Rosslyn.—In the King's Bench prison, where he had been confined since 1813, J. Pytches, esq., formerly M.P. for Sudbury.—At Hammersmith, A. S. Scott, sister of Sir David Scott, Bart.—At Oundle, Mr. T. Haynes, 70, author of several works on Horticulture.—Hon. Henry Leeson; he was drowned in Belvedere Lake, Mullingar, by being suddenly overset in a small boat while talking to his brother the Earl of Miltown.—At Brighton, Lord Thurlow.—At Plasnewydd Cottage, Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Charlotte Butler. She was daughter of the 16th, and sister to the 17th Earl of Ormond and Ossory, and aunt to the late and present Marquis of Ormond. For the last 50 years, Lady Eleanor Butler was the faithful and affectionate companion of Miss Ponsonby, at their beautiful retreat at Llangollen. It is impossible almost to describe the feelings of the inhabitants at her funeral; all the shops were closed, business at a stand, and scarcely a dry eye to be seen. All who could afford it were attired in deep mourning. The body was interred in the same vault in Llangollen church-yard, in which repose the remains of a faithful servant, Mrs. Mary Carrol, who accompanied those ladies from the sister kingdom, to their secluded seat, the abode of literature, taste, and benevolence, Plasnewydd, Llangollen.—At Ryde, Hannah Jane, wife of Sir H. Thompson, Bart.—At Winchester, Aaron Fernandez Nunez, esq.—At Bath, Lady Holbourne, relict of Sir F. Holbourne, Bart.—At Bristol, Adrien Moens, esq., Consul to the King of the Netherlands.—At Craikhope, William Beattie, 95; he lived under the same family from eight years old, and when the Roxburgh Border Society instituted a premium for the oldest servant in their county, it was adjudged to him.—At Ceul, Lady Mackenzie.—At Bath, Sir W. Burroughs, formerly M.P. at Taunton, and many years Advocate-General to the East-India Company at Calcutta, and Puisne Judge at that presidency.—In Portman-square, the Dowager Viscountess Melville.—In Great George-street, Lady Elizabeth Fane, 78, relict of J. Fane, esq., M.P. for Oxfordshire, and sister to the Earl of Macclesfield.—At Cadellry, E. Whittle, esq., 101.—At Northlands, the Rev. G. A. F. Chichester, youngest son of the late Lord Spencer and Lady Harriet Chichester.—At Midfield, Sir J. F. Drummond, Bart.—In St. James's-place, T. Bonham, second son of J. B. Caster, esq., M.P.—In the Isle of Wight, Lady Thompson, daughter of the late Hon. Sir George Grey.—At Soho, Birmingham, Marian, wife of M. R. Bolton, esq.—At Rosehill, Bath, G. Baker, esq.—At the Manse of Falkirk, the Rev. Dr. James Wilson, 76, author of "A History of Egypt."—The Hon. T. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Le Despencer.—At Cheltenham, the Hon. Sophia Walpole, relict of the Hon. R. Walpole, Minister at the Court of Lisbon.—T. Wilson, esq., merchant in the city, and Copsal for Denmark.—At Chester, John Singleton, 97, who rode Lord Rockingham's brown bay filly in 1776, the first year of the Leger.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the Palace Chapel, Malta, T. L. Gooch, esq., son of Sir T. Gooch, Bart. M.P., to Anne Europa, daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. H. Gardner, and niece to the late Vice Admiral Viscount

Gardner.—At the Mauritius, Capt. Barelay, 99th regt., aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Hon. Sir C. Colville, to Elise, youngest daughter of the Marquis de Rune.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, the Earl of Blessington.—At Madrid, the Queen of Spain.—At Wisbaden, the reigning

Duke of Oldenburg.—At Geneva, Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart.—At Paris, Prince Hohenlohe, the dealer in miracles.—At Hamburgh, Mrs. Hercules Ross, daughter of Sir A. Crawford, Bart.—At Brussels, Elizabeth Dowager Countess of Arran.—At Lima, C. Arundell, esq., 75, of the House of Wardour, formerly of St. Vincent, and latterly of Mexico.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—On Whit Tuesday 2963 children, and 385 teachers, of the Sunday schools in Newcastle and its neighbourhood, were assembled according to annual custom. A report was made, by which it appeared that there are now connected with the Newcastle Sunday School Union 128 schools, containing 18,076 children, and 2,390 teachers, whose labour is entirely gratuitous!!

Great improvements are going on at Newcastle. Blackett-street is about to be materially increased in length; a splendid square and crescent are to be erected; and a spacious new carriage road is constructing. A new street, the houses all to be in the old English style, is also contemplated.

The Chamber of Commerce of Newcastle have resolved to operate most zealously in the attempt to procure the removal of the restrictions upon commerce, to the East Indies and China.

DURHAM.—The foundation stone of a new bridge over the Tees, at Whorlton, was lately laid by Miss Headlam, daughter of the venerable Archdeacon of Richmondshire.

A young man who was engaged in repairing the roof of Durham cathedral, fell, on the 15th of June, from a height of 78 feet, upon the flags in the chapel of the Nine Altars, and only received a trifling injury.

YORKSHIRE.—A very severe contest took place at Northallerton on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of May, for the office of Registrar of the North Riding. The candidates were R. W. C. Peirse, and J. Walton, Esqrs. The former was successful, the numbers being for Mr. Peirse 546; and for Mr. Walton 470; majority 76. The whole number of voters that polled and paired off was 1,156; in 1783, when the last contest took place, only 374 freeholders voted. The qualification for a vote is, the possession of £100 a-year freehold property.

There are in Leeds workhouse, 16 male and 9 female paupers, whose united ages amount to 1,119 years, making an average of upwards of 76 years each.

Selections of sacred music were performed at Sheffield and Wakefield on the 9th and 10th of June, for the benefit of the fund for the restoration of York Minster. The performers all gave their aid gratuitously; at Wakefield £180, and at Sheffield £50 were taken.

It is finally resolved that a rail-road shall be formed from Leeds to Selby, at an expense of £150,000. Application is to be made to Parliament for power.

There were no less than 152 candidates for the mastership of the grammar school at Ripley, in this county, which was given away by the trustees

on the first Tuesday in June. The successful candidate was Mr. Thomas Heslop.

The 18th of June was observed as a day of great rejoicing in York, on account of the cessation of the toll over Ouse Bridge. The toll had existed for 10 years, being laid on to defray the expenses of building the bridge, and it was considered as very burthensome and oppressive. At twelve o'clock at noon, when the toll ceased, a procession of 13 mail and other coaches, with a number of private carriages, &c., passed over the bridge.

On the 13th of June, Huddersfield and its neighbourhood were visited by a most tremendous hurricane. The dust was collected in the streets in such an overwhelming mass, that nothing could be seen, and the passengers were in danger of suffocation.

The Junction Dock at Hull has been recently opened; it has been completed in one year and a-half, at an expense of £180,000; its water surface is about 6 acres, and it affords accommodation for upwards of 60 square-rigged vessels; a communication is, by this enterprise, now opened (independently of the Old Harbour) with the Old Dock, one of the most capacious in England: the additional quay room, along a line of 720 yards, is another convenience. Perhaps it may be hardly necessary to add that, in addition to the accommodation of the harbour, the Old Dock in superficial measurement covers about 10 acres, and the Humber Dock, including the basin, upwards of 9. —*Hull Advertiser.*

Barnsley has been for several weeks in a state of great excitement. The master manufacturers, owing to a lessened demand for their goods, have given out less work, and in one or two instances there has been a reduction of wages. The result has been, that popular meetings have been held, and the assemblies have been harangued by the disaffected, until the minds of the people have been prepared for any work of destruction; and several thousands marched in a body, threatening summary punishment upon several manufacturers; until at length the magistrates read the riot act, and called the Yeomanry to their assistance, when the meeting gradually dispersed, but not before they had revenged themselves by throwing volleys of stones at the Yeomanry, who received them with great forbearance. —*Leeds Intelligencer, June 4.*

"In consequence of the large and accumulating stocks on hand," says the *Sheffield Iris*, "most of the iron-masters in the neighbourhood of Sheffield have determined to effect another reduction in wages, and to discharge several of their workmen. At the Elsecar furnace, worked by Earl Fitzwilliam, all the workmen are under notice to leave."

A numerous meeting of operatives was held, June 15, at Aldmonbury, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the people present :—That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the nation can never become permanently prosperous, until the national debt has become a dead letter, and the public expenditure been reduced to the lowest possible amount.—That it is the opinion of this meeting, that machinery is injurious to the labouring community of this country; and that, inasmuch as it takes away their labour, and thus disables them from contributing to the revenue, it ought to be made to pay its ratio of the taxes.—That this meeting is of opinion that an organised system of co-operation ought to be immediately entered upon, in order to direct the energies of the labouring part of the population, to the removal of those acts of legislature which press exclusively upon them.—*Leeds Intelligence*, June 18.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Burringham Warping Sluice opened, May 29th, amidst a great concourse of persons whom the fine weather and novelty of the scene had attracted. The procession, consisting of 8 boats, preceded by the Gainsborough steamer, and an excellent band of music, sailed up the Trent, and shot through the archway of the sluice in gallant style, amid the discharge of cannon, the display of banners and ensigns, and the shouts of the delighted inhabitants of Burringham and the surrounding villages. The sluice is also intended for a navigation, and is allowed to be the completest work of the kind that has yet been erected on the banks of the Trent.

The public attention has been powerfully drawn to a correspondence which has been published between the Bishop of Lincoln and a clergyman of his diocese. The facts seem to be, that a clergyman, who had a family of thirteen children, was obliged to resign a curacy, with the income of which he eked out that of a vicarage of £60 a-year, of which he was incumbent, by a mandate of the Bishop requiring him to do double duty; and since this exercise of authority he finds that a considerable number of clergymen of the same diocese and archdeaconry, who have large incomes* and more populous parishes than his own, are permitted to perform single duty only. The ease, on the showing of the complainant, is very hard on the Vicar. We wait farther information before we decide on such a seemingly cruel case; remarking only, that the late Rev. Earl of Bridgewater, and the Rev. Viscount Barrington, *cum multis aliis*, were not so strictly looked after!

June 12. Arrived in the river at Lincoln, a London trader, and the sloop *Blessing*, of 75 tons, with cargoes; thus rendering Lincoln a port! The goods brought by these vessels were delivered in the town with the honours of music and banners.—*Lincoln Mercury*.

DEVONSHIRE.—In the Report of the Committee of Accounts made to the magistrates of this county, on the subject of the alarming expenses for criminal jurisprudence there, the Com-

mittee remark, "The Judges of Assize, as well as the chairman of the Quarter Sessions, have had frequent occasion to lament the trifling offences for which prisoners are brought before them for trial; and your Committee are of opinion, that nothing can be more detrimental to the general welfare, than the commitment of persons for trivial and insignificant offences, by which no example is offered to the public, and the individual returns to society corrupted by an intercourse with more hardened offenders in a gaol [frequently kept *six* months before trial!!!] and often deprived of the means of obtaining an honest livelihood by the stigma which a commitment fixes indelibly upon his character."

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The several Sunday schools assembled, as usual, at Worcester, on Whit-Monday, and went, in procession, to their respective places of worship, at each of which, addresses were delivered to nearly 3,000 children, and they were afterwards regaled with tea and cake. On Whit-Tuesday, also, 1,400 children belonging to the schools of the different denominations of dissenters, at Kidderminster, walked in procession to the Old Meeting House.

HEREFORD.—Last week, Dr. Symonds, of Hereford, caught a salmon in the Wye, which proved to be an old fish that had not spawned, though the belly was full of spawn, a very unusual occurrence, we believe, at this period of the year. The salmon are now more plentiful in the Wye than they have been for the last thirty years, a convincing proof of the obstruction the late Wear offered, and the benefits which have resulted from its removal, which every succeeding year will probably increase.—*Hereford Journal*.

The fine spire of Ross church has been completely restored to its original beauty; and no doubt will, for many years, continue to grace the landscape, and perpetuate the munificence of the "Man of Ross," and the good taste of those under whose superintendence the necessary repairs have been completed.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—After 12 years of litigation in the Court of Chancery, between Corpus Christi college, Oxford, and this parish, we have much pleasure in informing our readers that there is now a fair prospect of the suit being terminated by an amicable arrangement, and the funds arising from the ancient grant of Richard Pates, being applied to the purpose originally intended. Great thanks are due to the committee appointed by the parish to promote this desirable event, and we hope their praiseworthy exertions will be rewarded by the speedy formation and endowment of a free grammar school in Cheltenham, which shall be equal to any in the kingdom.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

On Whit-Monday the 24th anniversary meeting of the Bristol Methodist Sunday Schools was held at that place, when 1,600 of the children assembled at the Ebenezer chapel. From the statement read, it appears that the committee have at present under their care 19 schools, containing 2,960 children; there are nearly 500 teachers and superintendants, who all act gratuitously, and some of them subscribe besides to the fund. Since the formation of the society, in 1804, upwards of 31,000 children have been admitted into the schools!!!

* It appears from a late analysis, that the grand total of benefices, dignities, and minor canonries, in England and Wales, is 12,200; that they are divided amongst 7,669 persons, of whom 3,853 hold one preferment only; 3,304, two; 370, three; 73, four; 38, five; 13, six; 4, seven; 1, eight; 2, nine; and 1, fifteen!!!—*Clerical Guide*.

CAMBRIDGE.—Extensive remains of a Roman villa, and other highly interesting Roman antiquities have been recently discovered at Lillington in this county.—*Cambridge Chronicle*, May 29.

NORFOLK.—The first sea-vessel built in Norwich was launched from the yard of Mr. Batley, May 28; the ceremony was attended by thousands of spectators. The vessel, named "The Spring," is of 108 tons admeasurement.

The foundation stone of New Fye Bridge, Norwich, was laid, June 2, by the Mayor, in the presence of a large concourse of persons assembled to assist at and to witness the ceremony. The mayor noticed, with much satisfaction, the spirit of improvement which shewed itself in this city, not only by the evidence of public works, but also by that of the vast number of houses which had sprung up in almost every part of the civic jurisdiction.

June 8. A meeting of the inhabitants of Yarmouth was held at the Commercial Hall, Quay, for the purpose of establishing a Mechanics Institution in that town, which was unanimously agreed to, and a committee immediately appointed to form rules and regulations for its management.

Great improvements are going on at Lynn; a new market-house is immediately to be built; new granaries are to be erected; water-works are to be commenced; the gaol rebuilding; and a new set of alms-houses are constructing.

HANTS.—Some admirable improvements have been effected in the Chapelry of Winchester College, by the restoration of about 3,000 feet of beautiful stained glass, which was commenced eight years ago, and is now completed; the rich and mellow tints emanating from this splendid collection, have a most holy and characteristic effect.

On Monday night (June 8) in the Bourne Mouth Bay, 100,000 mackerel were caught by four boats, and multitudes escaped in drawing in the nets on the Bourne Beach. An equal quantity had been caught a few evenings before, the bay being now full of fish.

At Wadhurst, 28 persons have died, within the last month, of small-pox. Several of these sufferers had had it before; and whose faces, in two or three instances, were actually marked with the disease. Whole families have been carried off by the dreadful scourge, and scarcely a person has sickened with it but has perished, whether old, middle-aged, or young.

May 22. The *Brisk*, and the *Philomel*, arrived at Spithead from the Mediterranean. The latter vessel sailed from Malta on the 13th ult. By these vessels we learn that Count Heyden, with the Russian squadron, is progressively extending his blockade of the Mussulman's dominions, ostensibly to prevent supplies of provisions reaching Constantinople, and to cut off communication between Egypt and Candia. The latter seriously injures our cotton trade from the Nile, and the former is a considerable annoyance to our Levant trade. The Russians have very recently declared the whole of the coast between the Gulf of Saros, and the Gulf of Contessa, to be included in the Dardanelles blockade. This comprehends all the sea-side of Rumelia. When the *Philomel* left Malta, there were one Russian line-of-battle-ship and two frigates retitting, in great haste, to join

the main body of their squadron in the Archipelago. There was not much familiarity observed between the squadrons. The Russians were in constant dread of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's receiving orders to raise all their blockades.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

DERBYSHIRE.—The expenses for this county, from Easter sessions 1828, to those of 1829, amounted to £20,530. 5s. 6½d., the principal part of which was appropriated to the support of the criminal law: the county bridges, £1,834. 5s.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The newly-formed road at Seavington St. Mary, near Ilminster, is now traversed by the mail, and other western coaches. This alteration, so creditable to the trust, in the short space of three quarters of a mile, saves no less a distance than half-a-mile! The undertaking was commenced only 4 months since, and has, by energetic superintendence, been thus brought to its present early state of practicable usefulness.

BERKS.—In Reading gaol there is a poor staymaker, named Thomas Turbutt, who has been confined in that dreary abode upwards of 12 weeks for a debt of *fourteen shillings*! He has a wife and 6 children under 9 years of age, who are supported by St. Mary's parish, and he himself receives 6d per day from the same source.—*Reading Mercury*.

SHROPSHIRE.—On the 19th inst. judgment was given in the Court of King's Bench upon the long pending *Quo Warranto* cause—the King, v. John Salwey, Esq., a member of the corporation of Ludlow. It was shewn that Mr. Salwey was a member of such body of less than 6 year's standing; that he was at the time of his admission; and had ever since been, a person not residing within the liberties of the borough; therefore the court decided that he was not competent to be a member of the corporate body. It has been the practice of an influential party in the corporation of Ludlow for more than a century past, to choose about two-thirds of its members from non-residents, some of them residing at distances of 100 and 160 miles. A most animating scene of rejoicing has been witnessed in the town, such as bells ringing, flags flying, friends congratulating, and liquor distributed in abundance; with numerous placards, exhibiting expressions of indignation at the past usurpation of the corporate rights by *strangers* to the borough. The result of this *Quo Warranto* cause is not the only benefit rendered the town of Ludlow. The income of the corporation is £4,000 per annum, about £900 of which had for many years been appropriated to the use of the bailiffs. Hence large sums of money, intended for the benefit of the town exclusively, were alleged to have been given into the hands of persons non-resident, and before but little known in the borough.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, June 5.

SUSSEX.—The improvements and alteration in Chichester Cathedral are being proceeded with very rapidly—upwards of thirty men being now employed; and the antiquary, in particular—as well as the admirers of ancient buildings, will be gratified to learn that the whole of the white-wash and yellow with which the walls were bedaubed a

few years since, is now being scraped off. The screen in the choir is put back about five feet, and which, by judicious management was removed, whole.

During the gale on Thursday last, a vessel was driven on the heath at Lydd. No boats could get off to the assistance of the crew, who were, however, all saved and brought ashore through the activity of a fine Newfoundland dog. The surf was rolling furiously, and eight poor fellows were crying for aid, which the spectators could not afford them, when one man directed the attention of his dog to the vessel, and the crew joyfully made fast a rope to a piece of wood, which the dog seized and swam with to his master on shore. A line of communication was thus formed, and the eight mariners rescued from a watery grave.—*Sussex Advertiser*.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—The new rail-road from Kingswinford to join the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal was opened lately, and a locomotive steam engine was started, amidst an immense concourse of persons from the surrounding country. The rail-way is upwards of 3 miles in length. That part of the road along which the engine travels is $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length, at an inclination of 16 feet in a mile. With 8 carriages and 360 passengers, weighing 41 tons 18 cwt. the engine proceeded at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. With 20 carriages, 920 passengers, and 42 cwt. of coal, weighing altogether 131 tons 12 cwt. it travelled at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. With a light load it travelled 11 miles per hour, though not half the engine power was laid on.

WALES.—The extensive collieries of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire are all at a stand. There is a general strike among the colliers, owing to the proprietors proposing to lower their wages; the workmen refuse to work, alleging that they cannot support their families at the proposed rate without assistance from the parish. Much distress prevails among the working classes in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, Ruabon, and other parts of Denbighshire, in consequence of the decline of the iron and coal businesses. Some of the men have been hitherto partially employed on the turnpike road.

June 15, Lord Cawdor said, in the House of Lords, "as the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Courts of Common Law had been laid on the table, he was desirous of asking the noble and learned lord on the woolsack, whether it was the intention of His Majesty's Government to bring before the House in the present session any measure which might carry into effect the recommendations of those Commissioners? It was desirable the gentlemen of Wales should know what was to be done on the subject."—In reply, the Lord Chancellor said, "That he gave, some time since, instructions to the Commissioners to prepare their reports, and it was soon after made known, by the gentleman who superintended those reports, that some difference had arisen among the gentlemen of Wales respecting the division of Wales into circuits, but there was no difference of opinion upon the principle of altering the present system of Welsh Judicature. A gentleman was then employed to ascertain the true divisions of the proposed circuit, and when that was done a report would be made. Every particle of infor-

mation the Commissioners could furnish should be prepared for the inspection of their lordships, in order that they might legislate upon the subject next session."

At a meeting of manufacturers, in Montgomeryshire, it was lately resolved that it would be beneficial to their trade if the flannel markets were held in Shrewsbury.

SCOTLAND.—The fishermen at Nairn caught in 2 days, with 10 boats, nearly 45,000 haddocks, besides a considerable quantity of skate and cod fish. This take is quite unexampled in the annals of fishing in the north of Scotland. The haddocks, in consequence, were selling throughout the country for several days afterwards at the reasonable rate of 20 for a shilling. A few days since, 4 boats belonging to Portnochie, took a quantity of cod fish, which, when their size is taken into account, is perhaps more wonderful than the foregoing. The number is almost incredible—it was no less than four thousand odds.

Every thing is changed. In the place of Scottish squires riding to London on horseback, with servants behind to guard them from harm, they are now whirled to the capital in the short space of 36 hours. In place of clumsy coasters creeping into creeks at every ominous appearance of the sky, and scarcely venturing to lose sight of land, we have steam-boats that serve all the purposes of bridges, and enable beggars as well as lords to set out on their travels to foreign parts. In London, Dublin, Liverpool, Greenock, the tourist may step into a floating palace, draw on his night-cap, go to bed, and after a sound night's repose, awaken next morning in a different kingdom—thus rivaling the exploits of the hags, who whilom cloomb the welkin, mounted on a broom-stick, or the innocent victims they wickedly bewitched, and dropped from the clouds in a far country. The great modern wizard James Watt, has reduced to practice what was merely fabled of Sir Michael Scott. By applying the principle which lifts the lid of the spinster's tea-kettle, machines have been constructed which can pick up a pin and rend an oak—which combine the power of a community of giants with the plasticity that belongs to a lady's fair fingers—which spin cotton and then weave it into cloth—which by pumping sea water and extracting its steam, send vessels across the Atlantic in fifteen days—and amidst a long list of other marvels, "engrave seals, forge anchors, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air." Nor has the moral world remained stationary, while the physical was undergoing such wonderful revolutions. Of a truth the schoolmaster has been abroad, and, in our day, almost every district has its local journal—almost every village its library of useful and entertaining knowledge. The simplest hind has changed his character, and become a unit in the great sum of national sentiment.—*Dumfries Courier*.

• Every thing is changed, indeed! The following short extract is from a speech delivered in the House of Commons, about half a century ago, in March 1771, by the Right Hon. Charles Fox, ycleped "the Man of the People!"—"I suspect the capacity of the people to judge of their true happiness; I know they are equally credulous and uninformed.... What acquaintance have the people at large with the arcana of political rectitude—with the connexion of kingdoms—the abilities of ministers, or even with their own dispositions?"